THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE;

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME EIGHTEENTH.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

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CONTENTS

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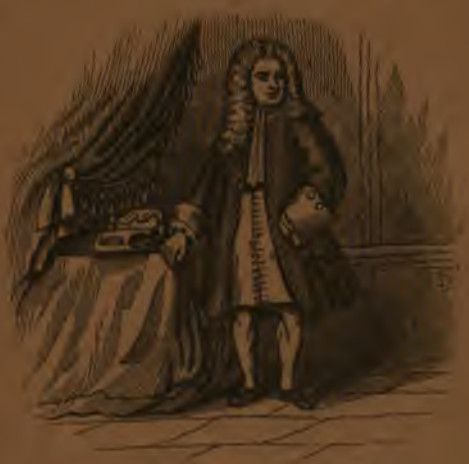

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Old and Young America.

Whenever any body of men finds that a good portion of the talent which formerly aided in its quarrels has become unwieldly, and its ideas tarnished, there is generally some quiet proclamation of a new creed, and proposals to new supporters. This done, the heroes of the old strifes are wo-begone to find themselves stored among the nation's respectables, while a crowd, more pliant, and exponents of the remodeled ideas, are no less astounded to find themselves towering among the nation's notables. Before the wry face of this obsolete, and the wondering face of this nascent politician, the best of written comedy wants marrow; a richer mine for gems of the ludicrous no man has yet discovered, and that playwright will make fortune and fame, who shall prolong the laughter which agonizes the nation at these revolutions. But these faces in sorrowful and joyful anger give us some questions.

What brings about these transitions?

Talent which has worked on the men and measures of an age without being crippled by defeats, is, generally, for farther use, good enough, and safe enough, if it has not gained too long a succession of triumphs. A succession of defeats, of course, discourages its farther use. Triumphs identify the victor with the times of their occurrence. They tie him to his old policy, no matter how unsuited to new ideas. He is likely to worry his adherents by considering their interest in his old successes equal to their eagerness for his new ones, and more than this, we may infer from a thousand facts, that such elated party leaders too often remember the tricks and subtleties which aided in their victories, long after their memory refuses them a good portraiture of those nobler strokes which

wrought out their glories. It is a grand thing to see men go on from triumph to triumph; but with us it seems the rule, to which exceptions are few, that one grand round of triumphs ends all of a statesman's course which is honorable or profitable. To gain the triumph, the statesman almost always forms such an alliance between casuistry and conscience as shall not soon be again available. He who is thus swollen into an embodiment of some hobby of to-day, is hardly likely so perfectly to embody the opposing hobby, which, in the natural course of things, will rule to-morrow. Whether the man in such an action avows himself a rascal, or saint, his changed covering must be gashed by the critics, and all the chances are that he falls under their stilettoes.

But how stand these two elements with us at present? Collating in the progress of our leaders, great and small, what they have promised and not done, what they have done and not promised, and what they do in accordance with principles previously avowed, we have materials for a most extensive induction. Noting the examples thus obtained, we find, first, an older class of thinkers and workers, with which, so far as the thought of a nation can be ruled, has been the dynasty of rulers over the prevalent national opinions. This body, in its best examples, owes something to some superficial study of ancient polity—much more to careful readings of English models, and most of all to a steady use of its common sense, in gathering just such knowledge as avails it. Sedate, and wanting in perpetual brilliancy, it bears elements of power with which it will ever contest stoutly for the immunities of the grand directing body. One of these is the grasp which it has on those portions of our political history which those in training for official work most admire. Another is its general identity with the solid and respectable in diplomacy,—another, the fact that it strikes quickly, for, in its constitution are principles, and discipline, and general tactics, well known at the commencement of a struggle by all its allies. On these accounts there are continual accessions to it from avowed adherents to the younger party, as well as from those who are making their first choice. The grand idea of this portion of the existing parties seems to be, that, in working out courses of political action their glory and emolument will come much more from grappling with the prosaic real, than toying with the plausible ideal. Their grand dread seems to be the coming of emergencies, when they must generalize hastily from scanty facts. Their grand study seems to be that of past disorders and remedies in the state, in order to prophesy, on the third principle which Compte recognizes, what shall be the law of the future.

Turning to what may be called Young America, we find that its great motive, in appearance, is eagerness for a quick national development. But there is another element, equally powerful, though not so showy,—the principle that veneration for past triumphs should not exclude fresh talent, which may be available for future triumphs. This is not necessarily a selfish element. It influences many who profit nothing, if it gains the mastery. No more is it altogether supported by men who have a curiosity to see younger and keener intellects pitted against each other, for it rules many whose whole life shows them admirers of the aged and dignified, rather than the young and shrewd. Those also greatly mistake the characteristics of these parties, who recognize in the older form the conservatism, and in the younger the radicalism of the day. The younger party clings to many ideas hatefully conservative, which the former will drop at its first opportunity. Some old theories, and rallying cries, which the former have been striving for a century to bury decently, have been energized by the latter, and put forth as things vitally important. To lead among the former, one must often cling to the common place; to hold a primacy among the latter, some noted examples seem to warrant us in saying that stoutly to maintain some magnificently impudent lie, to make unbounded faith in national destiny atone for thievery, and to sneer at all common argument, is all that is needful. Take for instance a case where rights are withheld, and where the national dignity demands some excuse that it may keep a decently straight face before its neighbors. The former at once allow, as every reasonable man must allow, that the rights exist—that in time they may be asserted, but that at present they are overruled by expediency. The latter will probably laugh at your arguments, put some ridiculous misconstruction on your historical evidences, and overawe you by the supremely brazen position that these rights do not exist. This younger party is, to all appearances, liberal and flexible. Its reasoners seem to have fermenting in their minds as many kindly elements, as have any thinkers, yet there is among them a fondness for prompt and stern measures, which would argue that, like John Adams, a leader in an opposing school, they had gained from all ancient history the single truth, that the mortal defect in ancient constitutions was the incertitude of the sovereignty. The quarrels between these systems are worth notice. To see some bully of the new school, wriggling in the logical grip of the older thinker, to see his knaveries ooze from him in that merciless squeeze, is great gain to bystanders, if mirth goes for anything. So, too, when some meek old fop of the other school, elephantine in fooleries and bigotries, is badgered by young ene-

mies, until their stabs and stings make him declare his willingness to receive inklings of a new creed, and to renounce his schisms.

In combining the various materials furnished for the public weal, the former seems more reliable; but to manage the combinations, the latter use an energy and tact which not unfrequently gives them the preference. The latter, in making these combinations, are often heedless, and sometimes wanton. Often they see, rising from their careless mixtures, political disasters, which scare them, as the Alchymist was scared, seeing the Afrite rising from his alembic. To us, neither of these systems seems hopeful. The world has seen their glitter often, and gained nothing worth keeping. There is complete heartlessness in either, though less perhaps in the older party. Both refuse at times to distinguish the cleric from the laic—the principle which evidently has a mission, from the principle which evidently has not. There is, in either, too great haste in the recognition of comfortable exceptions to the uncompromising rule, too great zeal in nourishing patriotism, and too little in nourishing justice, too much incense burnt before intriguing power and brawling power, too frequent blasphemies in setting aside the principle that truth cannot be gyved. W.

Trout Fishing.

BY SUI GENERIS.

Perhaps the reader never went a-trouting. Perhaps, also, he can fish better than the writer, who is, at best, "no great" of an angler. In either case, he would be pleased with the ground—a rough sort of a place, called Waterville, in New Hampshire—a place where there are no steam engines, but yet features of original grandeur and natural simplicity, that eclipse the passive beauty of artificial adornment.

A better playground for an amateur geologist can hardly be imagined. From all sides of a little valley, steep mountains rise, like that "which might be touched," and adown them, and among them, dash and race a great many water-courses, which form a rushing, foaming stream, appropriately named Mad River. Huge bowlders dam up the channels, and the *debris* of the spring freshets present a continual *chevaux de frise* to the resolute sportsman. After leaping about for a few days over the

rocks, which is, in fact, the only way of getting along, you would be as nimble as an Alpine hunter.

If you care to explore this place, go by rail to Plymouth, N. H., and thence as you like to Farmer Greeley's, who owns the best house among the seventeen that constitute the town. The district school is kept in his garret during the winter, and other good things are kept in his cellar and pantry all the year round. The road runs tilt against his door, and, when you get there, you will be obliged to stop. The exercise you will endure upon the road, and also your fish-catching, will make you very "valiant trencher-men," and you will eat at least fifty cents' worth at each meal, which is Mr. Greeley's entire charge per diem.

It is amusing to see how precision will relax her stiffness, and etiquette unbend her haughtiness, as soon as the country breezes blow their soft and careless welcome into the face of either precisian or fashionable cit. Perhaps the driver wears a seedy coat and a foxy hat, but you chat with him pleasantly for all that, heedless of what *le beau monde* would say. It is quite surprising what a reputation for *bonhommie* one may create in a very short time. On the other hand, too, you are liable to be set down as "stuck up," before you are aware that a carelses word has escaped your lips. The country people generalize very rapidly in regard to one's manners. You meet a farmer by the road-side, and he nods to you, though a stranger, in a neighborly way. Be sure and return a polite salute, or else, like honest Dogberry, he will thank God that he is rid of a knave. The best method of conciliation is, to be generally affable, exceedingly irreverent towards Lindley Murray, and all his tribe, to eat with your knife edgewise, and to drink from the saucer rather than the cup. But this talk is hardly trout-fishing, although it leads to it.

You must be sure to go to Waterville barbarously dressed. Whatever raiment will best resist the elements, that wear—stout cow-hide boots, well greased, answer a good purpose, and a ball of twine with a darning needle to "sow tares," is necessary. More obstinate stubs, to scratch and tear withal, you can never find, and many a tumble-down will contribute to mortify the flesh.

The trout in these cold mountain streams, are not fastidious. They will jerk a mud-worm as snappishly as a fly-hook,—and you may talk and make all the noise that is desirable. All your shouting will not drown the ceaseless roar of the waterfalls.

With what delight you feel the sharp jerk at the hook, and lo, the witless fish gleams suddenly in the sunlight, quivering, writhing upon the barb; every crimson spot aglow, the delicate fins outspread and translu-

cent with inimitable hues, and the whole an *alter et idem* which makes you grow in conformity to old Izaak, and in dislike to the verses of Matthew Byles.

There is now and then a bear seen in Waterville. Bears and blueberries have been associated together since the date of the famous "Rollo Books" at least, if not since the creation; and, whenever you come across a blueberry "patch" upon the mountain, you may be sure that it is a good place for bears; at any rate, it is unsafe to proceed to extremities with bruin, unless you have a well loaded gun, which is quite a cumbrous thing in fishing. The safest and most interesting method is to let him climb a tree. He walks up as easily as a fly upon the wall, by dint of his well armed paws. But you had best pause till he is well out of the way. There are also strange stories of wild cats that inhabit the woods, and an occasional catamount straying down from Canada to cater for his family, is included in their category. Strange sights and sounds are ascribed to them, but we never heard of serious catastrophes.

If you happen to lose your way, as we hope you never will, look what is before you. Either "an aching void" in the place where the stomach should be, or else a comfortless meal of raw fish to be eaten without salt. You will, of course, make a fire if you have matches; but if not, don't wear your patience and your fingers in stick-rubbing; try rather to forget that it is cold, and be thankful that you haven't a thermometer. You will be fortunate if you can amuse yourself by night with poking the fire, and estimating the value of a great pile of brush. In the morning it will be advisable to "shin up" a tree, and, having taken the bearings, to walk till you find some breakfast.

These primitive woods, however painfully their roughness enters into one at times, are still grand and venerable. It is a majestic landscape that spreads out a "silent sea of pines," undulating darkly to the horizon. Everywhere is that solemn, unfaded mantle drawn over the decaying plants, the sterile rocks, and all that is unsightly below, even as mild charity can cover a multitude of misdeeds. Everywhere stand up the lively trees among the ancient skeletons, whose mould affords them nutriment, and flourish amidst the decay of centuries. So stand the generations of men upon the burial places of other times, and heed it not.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. * * * *
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep.

How different is this old forest from the smooth woods, so trim and cleared, where picnics are held, and which pleasure parties pronounce "beautiful."

See that enormous mountain dome towering up from the rocky channel where you stand. Its summit is bald with innumerable storms, and its woody covering has been many times ripped and furrowed by the avalanche. Does it not symbolize eternity, strewn with the wrecks of time? And below the noisy torrent, now swelled, now dry, is foaming along, an emblem of our passionate and evanescent life.

Reader—we took you a-trouting, and choose to desert you upon this uncomfortable mountain, to get down as you can.

Song.

"Touch us gently, Time."—*Barry Cornwall.*

Touch her gently, gentle Time;
She is in her girlhood's prime;
Leave no wrinkles, anxious care,
On that cheek and brow so fair,—
Trials, oft ye must be met,
But, O come not near her yet,—
Pass her gently, rolling years,
Leave no lingering trace of tears.

Balmy, odor-breathing Spring
To her feet thy roses bring,
Strew her path with sweetest flowers
That e'er grew in Eden's bowers;
But, though all-surpassing fair,
With her they could not compare.
Bear her, Time, O gently by,
As thy winged coursers fly.

Tranquil be her path through life,
Little may she heed its strife,
Never may it be her part
To endure a wounded heart,
Never may she others find
Than the loving, true and kind.
Bear her gently, Time, along,
Midst the hurrying, passing throng.

Novels and Novel Writers.

"The noblest study of mankind, is man;" to search out the secret springs of action in the heart, to analyze its workings and examine its motive, to penetrate that "sanctum sanctorum," and unveil its concealed aspirations and earnest longings, is a labor worthy of the greatest genius. But in real life it is seldom that enough is known of any one to understand his innermost feelings, and, fortunately for our happiness, it is but rarely that any one is so situated as to call forth the slumbering powers of his nature, the deep sensibilities of his heart. Actual experience but seldom affords instances of trying circumstances, which arouse the deepest energies of the soul; by the contemplation of which we are exalted with admiration, pity, wonder and astonishment. The occasions for the exercise of the heroic virtues are but rare. Life can seldom be romantic; but what shall those poor creatures do whose lot is cast among the sober and sedate, whose unvarying routine of life dries up the higher and more generous impulses of the heart? Shall they find no relief from the dull monotony of their existence? no opportunity of knowing the virtues they can never see or experience? Here lies the province of the novelist and poet. He opens to our view every corner of the heart and gives the key to its most secret intentions. He portrays in "words that burn" the strong passions of man. He shows us human nature. Though his story may be false, for all that, it can teach as good a lesson. The patriotism of the elder Brutus and his stern virtue affects us as much, although a hundred Niebuhrs may deny his very existence. Truth in the tale is not necessary for an accurate study of human nature. Provided the circumstances are possible and the characters natural, we derive as much benefit from its perusal as if each person "lived, moved, and had his being" upon this earth. Certain it is that novels, by giving a false and erroneous idea of life and human nature, may exert a most pernicious influence upon the youthful and inexperienced mind; but it becomes the duty of every parent to guard against this by a careful supervision of their children's pursuits; do not give them fiction and not a single principle to guide their judgment; but first fortify their intellect by reason, then indulge their imagination by fiction. Upon the youthful and inexperienced, I say, because what appeals to their feelings is but too apt to give a wrong bias to their thoughts. But for those hardened in the ways of the world, whose sensibilities have been blunted by rough contact with their fellow men, they feel a defect in a work where the inner man is

feebly, and it may be wrongly portrayed, and derive no pleasure, and consequently no harm from its perusal.

To increase our knowledge of the heart then, is among the great ends of every good novel.

One of the strongest and most effectual means of denouncing and attacking the foibles and errors of our nature, is to expose them to the ridicule and sneers of the world; the keen and polished shafts of wit, the severe and cutting blows of irony are more successful than the closest and most convincing arguments. I am of the sect of Democritus, and have more confidence in his theory. I believe that his contemptuous treatment of men's follies was far preferable to the sober and earnest manner of his contemporary. What men are ashamed of, they will but seldom advocate, and to see their darling projects and cherished opinions held up to the scorn of a sneering and laughing world has but little influence to increase their veneration for them;—

> "They hear,
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal, universal hiss; the sound
> Of public scorn."

How can this be better exemplified than by the inimitable Don Quixote? In this extraordinary and immortal work, Cervantes did more to destroy the absurd institution of Knight Errantry, and to turn the public mind from the nonsensical and foolish romances of the day, than all the logic of Euclid or Aristotle could have accomplished in a century.

If "wit makes wise things foolish," and "gild whereso'er it strikes," how powerful and strong it is against the palpable inconsistencies of mankind,—

> "When to truth allied, the wound it gives
> Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives."

But from the faithful delineation of character, we may derive both pleasure and instruction.

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives sublime,"

and not less of fictitious personages than of real. 'Tis not the fact that "great men" have lived, that arouses "our soul to dare and will to do;" but their virtues, which we emulate; their talent, which we admire; their success, which awakens our ambition; or their misfortunes, which excite our pity; and cannot virtue, talents, success, or misfortune *conceived of*,

affect us as much as when *embodied in solid flesh and bone!* Cannot the sisterly devotion of Jeannie Deans, the chivalrous valor of Ivanhoe, touch our hearts as sensibly as if they had been fellow mortals and not creatures of fancy—mere children of the brain?

But the novelist, as the historian, aims at truth; the historian in particular instances, the novelist in general results; the historian finds it in facts, the novelist in principles. As the skillful naturalist, from a few bones, constructs the whole creature, not by an act of the imagination, but by close reasoning and study; so the novelist, in describing character, takes the few facts furnished by history, and, from his knowledge of human nature and by-gone times, fills out the slight sketch in a perfectly consonant manner. Who can deny that good "Queen Bess" is more fully, vividly and truly portrayed in the pages of Kenilworth; that the pedantic James, the Solomon of England, stands out in stronger relief in Lord Nigel, than in all the ponderous tomes of Hume and Lingard? In the novel we feel that we know them as mortals and understand their character, while in the history we see them only as kings and queens.

In every novel, save the most licentious and degraded, duplicity and crime are ever reprobated, while virtue receives all homage and respect. Even in some of Fielding's, the same book inspires us with disgust for vice and love for virtue; in Tom Jones we esteem the noble-hearted squire Allworthy, and the spirit and kindness of Tom himself, while the meanness of Blifil, and the hypocrisy of Thwackum, fills us with the greatest abhorrence.

But not only are the general principles of morality instilled by their perusal, but we obtain a far better idea of the manners, customs and habits of different lands and different centuries, than from any other source; as we examine the works of different ages, we see the progress of men in the minor and less important detail of life. The various modes of thought, the different classes of society, are here most strongly shown. It seems as if we ourselves were living in those days; we are carried back to by-gone times and mingle in familiar intercourse with our fathers, who have long since passed away "for aye!"

It is not as if we heard all this from another; we see it ourselves. The curtains of antiquity are drawn aside and we stand upon the stage and act our part in the great drama of life with men of another century. To learn the manners and customs from a dry and circumstantial book, is like a blind man's having the beauties of a lovely landscape told him. He knows that there stands a tree, near by runs a babbling and joyous

brook, yonder a steep mountain rears its lofty head to the skies; but the impression is vague and soon passes away; while those who can feast their eyes on the charming scene; who see,

> "The tresses of the woods
> With the light dallying of the west wind play;
> And the full brimming floods,
> As gladly to their goats they run;"

for them,

> "The world is full of poetry, the air
> Is living with its spirit. * * * *
> * * * * Earth is veiled
> And mantled with its beauty!"

But though the true purposes of a novel are so many, great and honorable, many there are among the hundreds, which, like a second deluge, are now inundating the literary world, which can only be recognized as the offspring of a diseased imagination, vitiated taste and depraved heart, whose only object is to gratify the lowest and most brutal passions of our nature, which secure our attention by pampering our sensual appetites; they flutter like the moth around the light of our better judgment for a moment, but soon wither and perish. Such is the character of those trashy works which swarm like locusts over our land. Their authors seek gain alone, lucre is their only incentive, and, like lawyers,—

> "Who must either starve or plead,
> They follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead.

They let out their mind to the highest bidder; they know men often "prefer darkness rather than light," and regardless of consequences, are willing to profit by an evil passion. "They prevent," says Hood, "the serene and beautiful face of literature from being seen in its loveliness, or felt in its power by its close approximation to the all-absorbing dollar." Let all men of taste reprobate and disown such books as theirs.

From what has been said, it will be seen that a novelist must possess an accurate knowledge of human nature, a keen sense of the ridiculous, skill in discriminating character, and wide and extended learning. There are but few in the annals of literature, who can lay claim to such a wide variety of talent; yet all who have attained any eminence have possessed some one or more of these distinguishing qualifications, and their works bear witness to their peculiar "forte."

Among the more ancient writers in their branch of literature, Smollet and Fielding stand unrivaled. From the similar tendency of their works, they are usually mentioned together, and may be deemed the "*fathers of English romance.*"

To our more fastidious ears and refined taste, many of their scenes

are coarse and disgusting; to a superficial reader they may seem licentious and vicious to an eminent degree; but look more carefully, and see with what matchless skill their characters are drawn. Good parson Adams, honest Joseph Andrews, the noble and virtuous Amelia, the libertine Peregrine Pickle, are not creatures of the imagination to us, but men and women, living and breathing in our midst; we know them as familiar acquaintances. They portray with truth and vivacity the manners of the day, and the domestic habits of their countrymen. How keen too is their wit, and with what cutting stabs they dissect the follies of the day! With a nice discrimination of what is really praiseworthy and what absurd, they spare no error, no foible, however doted upon and cherished by men, however well guarded by public opinion; but with a sarcasm as pointed as that of Moliere, they hold it up as an object of scorn and derision. Passing over the other ancient novelists as imitators, rather than as rivals of these two, we come to those of modern days; to the *romantic class, par excellence;* Mrs. Radcliffe and her host of coadjutors; in whose works a ghostly hand ever beckons us on, with whom we traverse haunted castles and mysterious corridors; starting apparitions and departed spirits are our companions. Hamlet's experience was nothing to that of her heroes and heroines; where he saw one, they see scores of perturbed spirits, who are

> "Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
> And for the day confined to fast in fires;"

to the *sentimental and mock heroic;* where each character is a model of perfection, whose mind, smooth as the surface of a quiet lake, is troubled by no evil thought to ruffle its serenity, by no stormy gusts of passions to disturb and agitate its tranquillity; the *political*, where utopian theories of government are sketched, where plans to revolutionize and ameliorate society are drawn; whose aim is to hasten the millennium, by disseminating socialist and radical opinions; to the *philosophical*, where sage views of fatality and destiny are put forth, where metaphysical disquisitions on the moral agency of man are entered into.

But though all these have their merits, how they disappear, and

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a rack behind,"

at the mere mention of Waverly! In no novelists of any age, of any nation or clime, do we find such genius. Like Jove among the Gods, "he is first and there is none second." Cooper has been named the "*Scott of America*," and in that he stands above all novelists of our country, his right to this most honorable title is undisputed. But the

great secret of his success lies not in profound knowledge of the heart, or strong and skillful delineation of character, so much as in wonderful power of description; his works are like a series of paintings, representing nature in all her loveliness before, her beauty was marred by the practical and encroaching spirit of civilization. *Natty Bumpo*, it is true, the "*Old Leather Stocking*," is a character exquisitely drawn and happily sustained. The habits of the aborigines also are faithfully portrayed; yet his chief merit is in his descriptive powers. Of all American writers, *Irving* and *Brown* have perhaps been most successful in creating personages.

If we compare for a moment the novelists of past times and those of modern days, we shall see that the former were more remarkable for their accurate delineation of character and happy exposition of manners; while the latter are preëminent in knowledge of the heart and in imaginative powers. Yet all unite in one great end, the aim of every honest man to ameliorate our condition as men, by improving our intellectual powers, by inspiring us with noble and high desires, by increasing our fund of information, by stimulating us to exertion, by teaching us that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;"

by exciting a noble ambition, and by urging us to

"Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

P. P.

In Memoriam.

"Æquo pede pulsat," etc.—*Flac.*

The poor old horse is dead,
Who grazed on the College green;
No more shall his hoary head
Or his ancient hide be seen.

Humbly submissive his look,
Silent and solemn his tread,—
Like an old coverless book
Whence all the glory hath fled.

Yet he was proud in his prime,
Stately, and active, and gay;
Hard is he dealt with by Time,
Seized by remorseless decay.

Not with the sword but the plough,
  Oft hath he followed the field;—
Death is the conqueror now—
  Even the stoutest must yield.

Fondly he lingered around
  This hallowed and classic retreat,
Content with the treasures he found,
  Which others o'erlooked at their feet.

No Pegasus was he, I ween,
  With wings like the fabulous steed
From whose footsteps gushed forth Hippocrene,
  On Helicon wonted to feed.

Nor yet did he spring from the ground
  When the skill of the sea-god was tried,
And Neptune discomfiture found,
  Because he a woman defied.

But if I may borrow a pun
  And escape from returning the loan,
This silently suffering one
  Was a walking edition of Bohn.

Pity his sorrowful lot,
  Honored perhaps in the past,
Now by his kindred forgot,
  Brought to the halter at last.

'Neath the fresh turf where he trod
  There let his body be laid,
Green o'er his ashes the sod
  His only memorial made.

PINDAR.

How a Merman got his Education, and how his people refused to be civilized.

At the bottom of the deep salt sea, in an arbor, made of white and red coral, on seats formed of the skull of the seahorse, sat a man and maid in tender converse; not of earthly mould did they seem—differing in this important particular, that they had no—in fact, not to put too fine a point on it—no legs, but rather tails. The mermaid had laid aside for a moment her looking-glass and hair brush, and her yellow locks floated over her blue skin in luxuriant golden ringlets, while her webbed fingers were

clasped in the hand of her companion, resembling, most of earthly things, a goose's foot. Not long could they talk thus in peace and quiet; the great whale came floating along, crushing the arbor with his side, like an egg shell; the monster sharks came and rubbed their cold noses against the mer-people; and the swordfish, in his anxiety to render like homage, had nearly put an end to the love making, this story, and the life of the mergentleman at once, by impaling him on the nose of his servant. It was an excessively damp day, but the lovers seemed used to it—in fact, I have been informed that the process of acclimation at the bottom of the sea is similar to that in some of our Western settlements—if you do not die you become used to it in a year or two. The merman and mermaid waved their tails at one another and parted, the maid occupied as intently as ever in brushing her hair, which she ever and anon anointed from a bottle of Barry's Tricopherous; and the man, in search of dead men's eyes, to form a necklace for his ladye-love. In the course of time they married. In the course of time, they—in fact—their family consisted of three instead of two, and a little merman kicked around among the star fish and the polypuses, and was frightened by the great kraken, and indulged in the incidents common to children of the sea and earth. The merboy was christened with great solemnity Noddi—the baptismal process consisted in pouring a quantity of air on him, brought from the surface in a huge oystershell by his god-father, a Triton. Air and water change places completely with the mer-people. They use air as we do water, and have wells dug to such a depth that a current of air constantly ascends and furnishes them with a supply sufficient to sustain life. Noddi grew as it is natural for infants to do, and by his extraordinary activity and smartness, obtained among the friends of the family the name of the great Noddi. His tricks upon travelers—the strangers with legs, whom he considered to have no business on the sea—helped to swell the log-book of many a vessel, and added materially to the awe with which the deep is regarded by landsmen. He would file away the chain of the sailors' fishing apparatus—and immediately there was known the wonderful strength of the shark. He would move a ship in a calm, and a new current was set down. He would stop the sounding lead near the surface—and straitway a new shoal arose in the chart. He would hold the rudder immovable—and they believed that the giant polypus of the northern seas was not yet extinct. In short, he grew so very unmanageable that his family determined to do what many another family has done—send him to college; and that for the same reason that has brought all of us here—because they can do nothing with us at home.

The great Noddi's god-father had accompanied Neptune on board of many vessels on the line, and had learned much of earthly affairs. He had heard of college, and had a most exalted idea of what was there taught. It had been in his tail for a long time, (the tail is the thinking part of these people,) to send some mer-youth to *terra firma* and let him bring back the knowledge of the men with legs, and be a benefactor of his own race. He knew that the difference of conformation would present a slight obstacle, to say nothing of the difficulty of walking erect on a tail, and after directing his attention for some time to the subject of gocarts, he decided that the only way was to split him up. The great Noddi decidedly objected—but was overruled by the voices of the whole mer-people, who were curious and impatient that he should risk his life for them—the great Noddi resigned himself—a great physician split him up—the operation was successful—and the great Noddi walked before the mer-people on a pair of artificial feet, like a son of earth. The last arrival of bodies were stripped to furnish his wardrobe—his shirts were washed and starched—he was enjoined not on any account to uncover the lower part of his body, lest his scales should be known and shown for a price—gold and silver were heaped upon him, and he departed with fear and trembling, as he heard the injunction to come back soon, and mentally wondered when. He came to this college, and nobody knew it. Weep, oh ye ancient maidens and motherly-care-taking boarding-housekeepers! Wail, and rend your eyes, and gnash your hair and tear your teeth! for there has been a secret here in college and ye knew it not—a curiosity has come and gone, and ye recognized him not—a boarder perhaps at your own table, and ye noticed not with your sharp eyes the difference between him and his fellows—do not think that you will yet find out the name by which he went on earth, for I am the sole repository of the secret, and wild horses could not tear it from my heart! No! never, while life remains, will I reveal the secret! As he clasped my lily-white hand in his web-fingered piece of ice, his eyelids quivered, and his sea-green whiskers waved sorrowfully. He did not say anything, neither did I, but we understood one another. And I am still as the grave, and never will his companions who sat with him before the same fire and recited with him in the same division room, not a year ago, never will even they, with any certainty, be able to point to his lithograph, and say this was a merman.

At home, at the bottom of the sea, they awaited Noddi anxiously for six years, and often at their tea-parties and quiltings talked of him, the mermaids especially, with delightful anticipation. At the expiration

of the period, the great Noddi without waiting for Commencement, walked to the end of Long wharf and plunged in, directing his course to the paternal mansion. The Triton straitway called together a concourse of the mer-people, and the great Noddi stood forth, mentally comparing himself to Herodotus at the Olympic games, a subject on which he had exercised his talents for composition. The great Noddi spoke and the mermaids stood on tiptail, and crowded together so that the crash of several looking-glasses was heard. The great Noddi said that he had been nearly four years at college—the rest of the time at a preparatory school—he had mixed little with the people with legs, but had learned much by observation, as he had an invincible antipathy to asking questions. He said, "they are a great people—they live in houses and have trees. I will imitate the trees by stretching seaweed over frame-work made from the dead ships. (Immense applause.) They go over the earth without trouble, by means of steam; I will teach you to do likewise. (Cheers.) They plough the surface of the ground, so as to make it appear covered with straight lines in beautiful regularity; we will also do it. (Applause.) Then they scatter grains over it and it becomes covered with a new sort of seaweed growing in straight lines." (Cries of wonderful, which were increased when he drew from his pocket a specimen of this grain.) I will not repeat the rest of his speech, in the conclusion of which he stated as the reason why he had returned so soon, the new fashion of pantaloons, which was not adapted to the conformation of his legs. The great Noddi then set to work immediately to make trees; after many attempts he succeeded in erecting a frame-work, and shouts of wonder went forth from the mer-people. Instead of swearing by Neptune, they swore by the great Noddi that it was incredible. Then they shouted for steam, but groaned when he was compelled to omit the experiment, on account of the scarcity of warm water, and because they had no engine. The ploughing failed also, because there is no level ground at the bottom of the sea; and when he attempted to scatter the grain on the ground, it utterly refused to fall and ascended to the surface, where it was impossible to rescue it from the little fishes. Just then a strong undercurrent happened to be passing that way, and unintentionally knocked down the great Noddi's trees, which were not very firmly rooted, and in their fall, killed a couple of mermaids. The people grew angry, and called on the great Noddi for some practical result of his studies; they asserted that by all his gas, (yes, they called it gas,) they had hitherto been not a step advanced in civilization, and instead of swearing by him, they swore at him. The

great Noddi stood majestically forth and made a speech; were they insenble to the honor of having him among them? to the benefit of the teaching he could give them? how, if he had level ground, he could teach them how to arrange it in straight lines—if he had a locomotive and a railroad, he could go almost as fast as they could swim—if he had a telescope he could teach them how to look through it—if he had a rocking chair he could teach them how to sit in it. A cry of contempt here interrupted him, and the great Noddi indignantly bounding upwards disappeared from their sight, and they remained in their ignorance and bliss. The great Noddi was seen no more.

MORAL.—Do not attempt to graft plums on a pear tree.

Chatterton.

I.

THERE WAS a daring boy, who lived and sung,
Then sank unnoticed to a nameless tomb;—
Unnoticed, save by cruel scorn, that wrung
A fearful warning from his self-sought doom,
Or by the trembling hand of love, that flung
The last lone relic of Autumnal bloom
To wither on his grave, and mark the spot,
Which, ere it withered, was by *all* forgot.

II.

But not forever. Oh how oft does God
Give lasting honor to whom man gave shame;—
Dash down the mighty to the dust they trod,
And raise the feeble to eternal fame!
So, Chatterton, the whispers of thy sod
Have grown to thunder-rolls, and bear thy name
To every land where merit is approved,
Or genius honored, or a true heart loved.

III.

He never knew the kind directing care
Of father, teacher, friend. The father died
Before the son had drunk the vital air,
And in her lonely home the mother plied
Her busy needle, thoughtful to prepare
Neat garments for the infant at her side;
But all too careless of that opening scroll
Which bore the records of a struggling soul.

IV.

She sent him to a village tyrant's school,
  Who strove to impart his stores of varied learning;
To hamper genius, and guide by rule
  The living fire with which young hearts were burning,
The proud boy bore his blows, the name of fool,
  The laughter of the scornful crowd, and spurning
The thankless tasks which they could praise or chide,
Sought but himself, and fed upon his pride.

V.

A time-worn volume of forgotten lore
  Was now his only friend. Each frowning page
His flashing eye would eagerly explore,
  And search for wisdom 'neath the dust of age.
With reverential awe he could adore
  The very worms, in this, their heritage.
He blessed the leaves that crumbled as he read,
And kissed the finger-marks of sages dead.

VI.

That volume was his destiny. The past
  Became his present, and a wondrous dream,
Filled with the unremembered great, was cast
  Upon his lone life's melancholy stream.
He bent o'er faded parchments, and amassed
  Such knowledge as the thoughtful *few* esteem,
Wond'ring if his dumb teachers were exempt
From all *he* suffered,—and from all he dreamt.

VII.

Yet not alone from antiquated book,
  Blurred picture, and the twilight cloister grim,
Or broken headstone in some churchyard nook,
  Which the slant moonbeam pales with lustre dim,
He caught strong inspiration; but the brook,
  The laughing lake, the gleeful birds that skim
Along its sky-deep waters, and the flowers
That leap to life beneath the dancing showers.

VIII.

Proud oaks, that wave in brightness on the breeze,
  As if just dipped beneath a lake of light,
All dripping with the sunbeams, and the seas
  That roll forever in their dusky might,
And eve, with sunset's golden harmonies,
  And spirit whispers of the thoughtful night;—

These were kind nature's heralds, to unbind
The trembling thought-wings of his eagle mind.

IX.

Alas! bold heart, a train of long delays,
  Ending in doubt, despair, and martyrdom,
Followed thy hopes, which shone, like parting rays,
  That lash the cloud's white edges into foam,
And stain the evening with a rainbow blaze,
  Then fade forever from its darkened dome;—
So first they shone, to his young heart's excess,
Then fled, and left him in his loneliness.

X.

The happy dream of that young heart is o'er;—
  Its rising star of promised fame is gone;—
The vestal fire of genius gleams no more,
  Its inner gloom-encircled shrine upon;—
The garb of gladness his bright spirit wore,
  Droops like the shroud-folds of a skeleton;—
Till weary fancy fills the world with foes,
And nature's self seems smiling at his woes.

XI.

"Oh Misery, sole heir of all that pride
  Of young ambition fondly deemed mine own!
I cast myself on thine eternal tide,
  And dare thy terrors, dauntless, though alone.
Triumphant death! I claim thee as my bride,
  Now and forever, thou and I are one.
A wakeless sleep henceforth my only aim,—
And thou, immortal Silence, seize my name!"

XII.

Across the waters of an unknown sea,
  With these bold thoughts, the frenzied spirit fled,
Spurning the scornful gifts of charity,
  Where naked genius begs its bitter bread
From scarlet-vested fools. "I will be free,"
  He cried, and sought his freedom with the dead.
False friends, preach not, but grant your victim slain
The proud forgetfulness he died to gain.

XIII.

But ye, true hearts, whose memory of wrong
  Startles no echo from Death's voiceless cave,

Whose human vengeance dares not to prolong
  A thought beyond the equalizing grave,
Pour forth your sympathies in tears of song,
  And mourn the fate of him you cannot save.—
His *evening-star* of fame will cleave the gloom,
And shine forever o'er that lonely tomb. L.

Five Years in an English University.

Five Years in an English University. By CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: G. P. Putnam, 1852.

CONCERNING Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, and the book whose title we have placed at the head of this article, we have a few words to say. We presume that most of our readers know *who* he is. *What* he is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, and what title he has to the confidence of the student public, we propose briefly to set forth.

We may save ourselves any labor in research by receiving in good faith the account which our author has so kindly furnished in the second chapter of his somewhat remarkable work. To the "Oro te, quis tu es?" which he has prefixed to the ingenuous relation therein contained, he does, apparently, his best to give a satisfactory answer. From it we learn that he entered Yale in his fifteenth year, with the usual Freshman aspirations for honors— succeeded in obtaining three prizes, and an English Oration—occupied the year subsequent to graduation in talking politics, and in running up a "pretty large bill for cakes, ice cream, and sherry-cobblers," and, finally, there being no one, as we are told, "able to instruct, or inclined to sympathize" with him, packed his trunks for England. If Mr. Bristed had written *inclined* to instruct, or *able* to sympathize, we conceive that, while the sentence would have lost nothing of its point, it would have gained much in credibility. It serves perhaps, as a convenient excuse for the idleness which wasted a year in unprofitable, though not uncongenial employments.

We come, then, to the entrance of this "young New Yorker" upon University Life in England. The necessity of the prologue thereto has not struck us so forcibly as it did Mr. Bristed. We pass over the contents of the first volume as hastily as we may. We have no doubt that it contains a tolerably correct representation of the life of a Cantab of a certain sort; ever vacillating between the attractions of dissipation and the pleasures of a *rowing* man,—and the more honorable enjoyment that

repays the exertions of the student. We do not mean to be understood that the former gained an ascendancy, nor to underrate the classical acquisitions of Mr. Bristed. It is sufficiently evident from his book, that these are of no mean order, and his controversy some years since with Profs. Felton, of Harvard, and Lewis, of Union College, proved that in the field of classics he was no unworthy antagonist, even of those distinguished gentlemen. That his five years in an English University was spent to advantage of one kind, we have no doubt. As a scholar, in spite of his unsuccessful strife for a "First Class," which we are willing to attribute to ill health, we think he may take rank with some of the first of the *young* men in this country, who have devoted themselves to the attainment of classical erudition. By young men, we mean young in scholarship: in age perhaps from thirty to forty. His account of the May Examination, of the Classical and Mathematical Triposes, and of the Scholarship Examination, (in which latter he was successful,) are calculated to convey to us, whose notions of such things are limited to the terrors of the "Biennial," a very high idea of the standard of scholarship at Cambridge.

But what is the practical result of all this? is the question that, as young Americans, most naturally occurs to us. And with the view to the getting of a correct answer to the inquiry: What are the objects which Mr. Bristed has at various times set before himself?

"Meaning, then, with God's help, to be a clergyman, I wished first to make myself a scholar, and for this purpose resolved to spend some time at a European University."

Six years later, with the spirit of American Institutions smothered in his breast by the gradual assimilation of his habits and character to those of the English, we find recorded in the same volume the declaration that he would rather be a Fellow of Trinity, than anything he could rationally hope to be in his own country. What has become of his former purpose? Is this the legitimate effect of a University education in England? Has it promoted the end at first contemplated? Has it not rather changed the whole man—his views, his purposes, his plans? The natural result, it would seem, for Mr. Bristed relates his own experience as worthy of imitation by others, is to convert Americans into Englishmen, to check the growth of republican sentiments, to create and foster an attachment to the spirit and form of monarchical government. But this is the Institution which is displayed before our astonished eyes, as a bright and shining light; which is to be unto us in the remodeling of old, and the construction of new Educational Systems, "by day a pillar of cloud, and by

night a pillar of fire." And this brings us to a part of our task from which we would gladly be relieved: the consideration of the strictures of Mr. Bristed upon American Colleges, and the plan he has superficially set forth in the last chapter of his second volume.

Though a graduate of a Literary Institution may feel no affection for his Alma Mater, courtesy toward the officers with whom he had been for four years in intimate relation, would seem to demand some consideration on his part, however much he might disapprove certain particulars of its government or direction. It was with no little pain that we read the concluding chapters of this work. We were well aware that its author had become thoroughly imbued with the prejudices and spirit of English University Life. But we had not supposed that this would furnish an excuse, even in his mind, for coarse abuse, and unwarranted attacks upon Yale. To this must be ascribed the almost universal dislike that, in spite of its racy tone, its originality, the unquestionable ability it displays, has attended the perusal of Mr. Bristed's book. Its intense egotism, even its excessive illiberality, might be pardoned; but there is no one of us who does not feel called upon to resent the insult, which, offered to the Institution, becomes in a measure personal.

But, turning from a subject so unpleasant, upon what does Mr. Bristed ground his assertion of the inferiority of American Colleges? Upon the fact that they are ill calculated to lay the groundwork of a future education, professional or otherwise, by a thorough discipline of the mental powers? Manifestly not. Upon alleged defects in their system of government? With the exception of some trifling details of discipline, we remember no charge against them in this regard. Is the tone of morals lower here, the prevalence of dissipation greater, are the temptations to vice more numerous, than in Cambridge or Oxford? Far otherwise. Divesting the argument of the chapters before us of all coloring, the point contended for is simply this: that our Collegiate system is less fitted than that of the English Universities to make classical and mathematical scholars of the first order. Now is the end, which we acknowledge to be attained to a remarkable degree of perfection in these Institutions, a desirable one? If not, then the whole castle in the air which our speculator has so ingeniously wrought of such frail materials, upon such unstable foundations, falls to the ground. Considered as an end, we answer, most decidedly, no. Ours is eminently the age of advancement in practical wisdom. Never was the utilitarian spirit more prevalent, never more productive of positive good, than at the present day. Of all countries, our own witnesses its most rapid progress. It is among the men of

republican America that the genius and philosophy of Bacon find the truest appreciation. We resolutely reject the speculations of Aristotle, with the cry, "Give to us that which maketh to grow rich, and great, and good." What then is the use of our Colleges? To educate a generation of scholars, to train up subtle theorists, philosophers, none even profess to do. To convey to every one of the hundred graduates that yearly leave our University, an accurate knowledge of one branch even of classical literature, is manifestly impossible. It is not even desirable. A certain amount of study expended in this direction is necessary, or at least advantageous, to render mental discipline complete and thorough. We all acknowledge it; we all desire it. In a word, we conceive the real aim of our Schools and Colleges to be this: to fit men by a course of study not too extended to be impracticable, nor too limited to fail of its end, for future usefulness and excellence in whatever department they undertake.

The grand mistake then of Mr. Bristed is in viewing as the end that which should properly be regarded as the means. With his ideas upon the subject of education, we no longer wonder that to him the system pursued in our Colleges, seems deficient and wholly inadequate for the purpose. We grant that it is so. Not that the proportion of *good* scholars is greater there, than with us; but that the facilities for turning out *first-rate* scholars are superior. From his own showing, the average excellence in scholarship we take to be rather below our own; but the few who have taste or inclination for one branch or the other of learning, can be gratified to the top of their bent. But what in the consideration, the most favorable of all to them, is the result? Evidently, the man who devotes himself to classics for ten or fifteen years, (we include the preparatory schools,) may attain a very high degree of proficiency. And so of mathematics. But the balance of his mind is lost. He becomes one-sided, and if ever called to resist great external pressure, must fall. There is a law of gravity which obtains in spiritual as well as in material existence. With good reason might Mr. Bristed, himself, a striking instance of the truth of our proposition, prefer to vegetate as Fellow of Trinity, rather than mingle in the active pursuits of life; to rust in idleness, rather than incur the danger of destruction by continual contact with the roughness of the Actual, which brightens into splendor or grinds into dust whatever is subjected to its attrition.

We take our leave of Mr. Bristed with no unkindly feeling, save such as he has himself provoked. As an accurate and elegant scholar, as a brilliant writer, as a man whose talents must gain distinction in whatever path he marks out for himself, we admire and respect. In his book there

is much that is valuable, but much also that deserves condemnation. For his English loves and prejudices we have no sympathy. His aspersions of a class of our students known as beneficiaries, which however true they might once have been, are now but foul slanders upon men universally respected for their attainments, and regarded for their social qualities, and his assaults on what ought to be most sacredly venerated, have everywhere met with the rebuke which their wantonness has so richly deserved.

With him we have done: but we hope at some future time to notice some of the really valuable suggestions for government and education which this work contains.

Sydney Smith as a Workingman.

We most firmly believe that any man of us who wants literary profit, and pleasure in gaining that profit, will find just what he seeks in the works of Sydney Smith. From the same source too, one gets better ideas of a truth-teller's mission, and more hope in a truth well told. He who plunges into the current of the author's feelings, will, of course, feel a shiver at his peculiar notions of the world's peculiar ways, but, this over, you roll in an ocean of fun. Heaving about you are the greatest ideas, foaming around you is the most creamy of humor, sparkling on all sides is the most brilliant wit. Although in your gambols you have at times a sense of brine and bitterness, you never feel the worse for it. Here is the distinguishing characteristic of Smith's sarcasm. He is fierce, and at times merciless, almost, but—after his deadly blows—there comes a course of action for which you love him. He has in criticism, killed as many customs as Macaulay has killed men, yet he always sets about their burial so kindly and solemnly, and his dirges are always so pathetic, and his provision for succeeding customs is always so disinterested, and he always recalls in your mind such a vivid picture of the prime sport you had in seeing the system run down and slaughtered, and he has such a soothing way of proving that his victim was a rascality, and that he would not harm anything else for all the world; that you always forgive his critical hardness of heart. To see what Smith and his compeers of the Edinburgh did, you must refer to the whole history of their times, or to what is easier, the short preface to the American edition of his Miscellanies. You had no doubt before of his

mental force, if you knew anything of his works, but seeing this, you would deny that the pen of any man could do such execution. Yet there the record stands, not to be gainsayed, and only be doubted, previous to the reading of the essays which did the business.

Nowhere can a politician determined to battle for right, find better models. When our author steps forth as honest, truth-seeking Peter Plymley, writing plain letters for Catholic emancipation, you have your ideal of cogency; skirmishing with the supporters of the Corporation and Test Act, he presents your ideal of political subtlety; making war against the man-trap and spring-gun system, your ideal of sarcastic energy, battling against the ten thousand other abuses which hived under the English plan, he presents all you wish in your ideal of mental strength. Perhaps there never was a man who hated every thing like cant more, or bungled in the expression of his hatred, less. His hatred never faltered, and his fierceness of attack was never weakened. Where the hated system was, or who supported it, he never asked. The Primate of all England, feasting at Lambeth, is punished for a little offense, and in the same moment an humble Methodist Missionary in the agonies of sea-sickness, is punished in the same manner and for the same sin. Both canted, and both had to be chastised. Although a single injury to a Methodist, as such, from any one else, would have made him the champion of the whole sect; the fact that they were elate with prosperity, gave him an opposite tendency. He even at times seems bigoted, but it is all in seeming. As a party, he disliked the Methodists much and the East India Company which helped them, more. He hated all alliances between Christianity and mammonism. He therefore proves to the entire satisfaction of the Hon. Company, that a great many clear sighted people consider them liars, and to the religious body aforesaid, that in their Indian course they proved themselves fanatics. Having done this, he serves up in capital style some of the strange acts of both these Associations; among the latter, giving us the well known episode of "Bro. Carey's Piety at Sea." He pounces freely too upon the Game Laws. Beginning with some very clear estimates, thus getting a fast hold on the English attention, he launches such appalling reasonings at the nabobs who upheld the enormity, that they writhe more than their fathers did under the Papal interdicts.

There is a heartiness too in his attack on the Society for the Suppression of Vice, which carries all before it. There were a thousand things in the Society to arouse his scorn. It was at its own best estimate, a poor thing, but at his estimate, it was infinitely insignificant. It was just

such a mark as he loved. Not because it was weak, but because it was miserably narrow in its operations, and miserably broad in its blunders. It mistook the sphere of its operations, and continued hopelessly in its mistake. It seemed to our author then incumbent on him, as a man who made such things his business, to kill it in spite of its pious title. Therefore he laid down a basis of sound principles to begin with; he then launched against it some excellent reasoning, and after all, a long account of sins, open, and of the very class at which the Society aimed, but which being conducive to its ease, it had entirely missed. You feel for the men whom he crushes, but he has such a capital method, that you love him none the less. In the Essay entitled "Too much Latin and Greek," he shows up the English University system after a fashion vastly different from that of our Mr. Bristed. Granting very much, he cuts beautifully into the heart of their plan. With great bitterness, he combines great acuteness, and in the end points out a path to success, of which these Universities, stiffened as they are with their age and importance, have since, in a measure, availed themselves. But, perhaps in our anxiety a few paragraphs back, to make an antithesis, we have upheld Macaulay's merits as a fearless critic of men, to the prejudice of our author. This was by no means our intent. In the art of using all kinds of weapons in all kinds of ways, no man equals Macaulay. The art of discovering pretence and frowning it down, of analyzing the motives of men, and the existing state of society which bears upon their motives, no man surpasses Smith. In a certain kind of invective—the kind which at one moment relies solely on logic, and at the next on our sense of justice which seizes the most ludicrous particulars, and puts them to the best use, no man equals him. The distinction to be drawn between these two great critics, is seen at once, by every one who remembers Macaulay on John Wilson Croker, and Smith on John Bowles. We stand amazed at the knowledge shown in the former criticism, and the impudence in the latter. One is almost sorry that Macaulay is so fearfully accurate; it for a time almost shakes your belief in the comprehensiveness of his intellect—in its ability to take in a grand conception, but a reading of his Milton or Dryden gives us a perfect cure. So with the other, one is almost tempted to believe that Smith's reasoning is effrontery—most amazing effrontery—but still wanting a firm basis; but, turning to his Essays on Ireland, or America, or a host of similar pieces, we have a cure, as perfect as in the other case. To many, Smith seems to stand in prose, where Swift stood in verse, yet there is hardly any foundation for such a thought, except their similarity of profession. Admiring both of them

as you must, you are forced to own, that the railleries of the latter are infinitely more suspicious than those of the former. Reading one of Swift's best efforts at satire, pitfalls innumerable stand in the way of your respect for the man, though you continually grow in respect for the man's work. No matter what are the talents of a public censor, or what his chance for bringing his talents to bear on society, if there runs beneath, such a current of egotism, as moistened and weakened many of Swift's ideas. On the other hand, that man doubles his force, who, being master of such mental resources, is actuated by some great principle, as Smith was actuated by love of British prosperity. Whether Swift is an ardent statesman under Harley, or an ardent churchman under Bolingbroke, we see that the prime movers in his character are egotism, a consequent wish for advancement, and, after he lost the See of Hereford, vexation. Under the energies of Smith was a spring infinitely more equable, and, as far as lasting effect goes, infinitely more powerful. True, he sometimes betrays a disappointment at seeing men inferior to him in talent, superior in station—at seeing, continually, men promoted to these stations for abjuring that manliness to which he clung so devoutly. But this feeling strengthened him. It made him strive constantly to show that honest genius beneath the surplice, takes higher rank than stupidity beneath the rochet and mitre.

As a philanthropic writer—a writer determined to thrust the canons of reason and morality, among every-day customs and laws, just where men needed them, he resembled our own Channing. There seems a likeness between them, in that their opponents hedged them about, and yet were worsted—that the opposition had wonderful strength in numbers, while they themselves had wonderful strength in position. Each bore the apostolate, which the needs of his country and his time warranted, and both hewed out for themselves strongholds, from which no man could dislodge them. In their methods of attack, there is little resemblance, and in their weapons none. As divines, they were not at all alike, for Channing, so far as available genius went, was for a time Primate of the American Church, while Smith, to a great body of Tory thinkers, undoubtedly stood, in many respects, just as Theodore Parker stands to many of our Conservatives. In promulging his ideas, he cared nothing for custom, as custom. He had certain old ideas of justice, which set him above custom. He worked unceasingly. Where a weak man was persecuted by a strong man, he was sure before long to interfere. Where Cant was substituted for patriotism, you always find him battling. Any pleasant little myth that smoothed the conscience

of an oppressor, found no favor at his hands. Though the conviction lowers our ideas of human nature, we cannot help thinking that had there been in his nature less manliness, and more meanness, we should all be now remembering him as one of the world's great men, universally known and honored. W.

The Old Country Church.

WHAT a crowd of associations cling round the old country church! How suggestive is the word of numerous singing meetings, of moonlit walks at their close, perhaps a stolen kiss at the father's door-step, and the half-pleased, half-angry air with which the rustic beauty slapped the cheek of the offender! Memories of long-gone pleasures, of eyes that looked lovingly then, now estranged by death or absence, of tongues that spoke kindly, and hearts that beat warmly, all crowd upon the mind with the mention of the old country church. The joys of boyish days come thronging back like sheeted ghosts, to haunt the chambers of the memory, and affright the heart with the thought of the wild hopes it once cherished, and of the tomb which engulfed them.

A Sabbath at the old country church! How vividly we can recall it! Early in the morning the necessary farm-work is all finished. The roomy old kitchen, not yet recovered from the effects of its over-night scrubbing, is hushed into silent amazement at its own order. Naught but the slow ticking of the tall old clock, and the cat purring her morning hymn in the chimney corner, disturb the old room's Sabbath musings. The whole house is still, save where the merry voice of childhood breaks out in expostulation at the coldness of the water, and is instantly quieted by the maternal "Hush, dear, it's Sunday." The good man is laboring with a dull razor over a field of a week's growth, and emerges from the final towel with countenance remarkably red, diversified with sundry cuts and gashes very much redder. All are robing themselves in their best "to go to meeting."

The heavy vibrations of the bell swinging slowly, solemnly, half fearful to break the sacred stillness, come in through the open window, borne on the soft summer air. 'Tis only the first bell, but the tidy mother hastens to finish the children that she may have time for her own toilet. The house is a good mile from the church, and Charley, the old family horse, is no rival of Lady Suffolk.

The father goes out to the barn, and with careful hand and watchful eye, that he may not soil his best coat in the operation, harnesses Charley to the old wagon, that has for years carried him and his father before him to their place of worship.

The wife and the little ones are carefully seated, and at the good man's cluck, as he draws up the reins, old Charley, with dignified and Sabbath-suiting trot, sets forth. As they proceed they are joined by others who fall in on all sides. Sober farmers like themselves, with staid brown wagon and discreetly-minded horse. Gay young rustics, with yellow-wheeled vehicles and peculiarly shaped hats, leaving a cloud of dust behind them as they hurry past with less decorous speed. Pedestrians too are on the way. Mothers and fathers with their babes in their arms, and youngsters toddling at their heels, or clinging to the maternal skirt. Blooming lasses in best bonnet and clean gown, looking askance and smilingly at the yellow-wheeled gallants aforesaid, or mentally comparing apparel with some friend or may-be rival.

The old church stands in the middle of the village on a little hill, from which it looks down on the less consequential buildings beneath and around it. It is tall, it is large. The color is a dead white, unrelieved even at the windows, which are ignorant of shutters. The door opens to the east, and there is no outer porch. The south side has a beautiful prospect of some twenty wooden horse sheds painted red, and filled on Sundays with steeds of most wonderful appearance, and all sorts of nondescript vehicular contrivances.

In the rear lies the grave-yard, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." The stones are almost all mossy—yet here and there we see a black-veiled figure bending where the stone seems newer, and the turf looks fresher.

But the male part of the congregation are on the church steps watching carefully every arrival, while the females pass quietly in and stop for a moment's gossip together, before they take their seats. The bell which has been ringing for the last time, some ten minutes, begins to toll, though you can hardly hear it from the inside. With the tolling of the bell comes the old white-haired minister, with grave look, heeding not the fearful, reverential glances of old and young, as he moves slowly up the echoing carpetless aisle. After him come hurrying in the men, and their heavy boots sound loudly. While the minister is waiting for them to be seated, we will take a glance at the inside of the church.

The walls are high, oh! so high! and painted or washed a dull yellow. The galleries, running round three sides of the room, are white. Some

daub of a village-painter has labored to embellish the ceiling to represent

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> And all the blue ethereal sky;"

for most remarkable clouds appear all over it, while in the western corner, a huge thunder-cloud frowns fate for all careless sleepers. The pulpit is about half-way up the west wall, of white pine, and reached by long flights of stairs, so narrow and steep that we fancy it an easy task for the good pastor to defend his desk from the intrusion of heretical or unsound preachers. The red cushion has been worn thread-bare by frequent thumpings, and the Bible it supports is a curiosity for an Antiquarian Society. The pews are square, and so arranged that when well filled, some of the occupants shall sit with their backs to the preacher.

But the low voice of supplication, simple, yet earnest, recalls our roving eyes, and we find that service has commenced. But what strange noise salutes us at the close of the prayer? It is nothing, good stranger, but the clatter of the seats, which move on hinges, and are raised while the people stand at prayers, producing by their fall an uproar little conducive to the solemnity of the long drawn nasal, Amen. And we see, too, in the corner of every pew, long narrow boards designed to stretch across the front of the seats, furnishing a convenient depository for hymn-book, arm, not unfrequently, head.

The sermon is long, doctrinal. Heavy breathings in various directions, and drooping heads, attest its interest. The psalm is quavered out to some old tune, and the choir is assisted by the whole congregation, even to the silver-headed old deacon who totters with age as he stands in his appropriate place, beneath the pulpit.

The service is over—the men all throng out first, the women come slowly behind. Then follows the Sabbath-school and its distribution of books, while the old folks chat beneath the eaves. Then the wife produces her basket, and the frugal luncheon is eaten. The rest of the "nooning" is consumed in gossip, or in reading for the thousandth time the inscriptions on the tomb-stones. One of them was written by him whom it commemorates, and tells its own story—

> "In youth he was a scholar bright;
> In learning he took great delight:
> He was a major's only son,
> It was for love he was undone."

But the bell tolls again, and the few who went home to luncheon come

pacing back. The old minister goes in as before, and the service commences afresh. How slowly sped that summer afternoon in our childhood! How lullingly buzzed the flies on the shutterless window pane, and how noddingly we assented to the propositions of the sermon, as intelligible to us then as the propositions of Euclid! How, as the pastor elucidated, "fourteenthly," would we peep through the bars at the top of the pew, to catch a glimpse of those bright eyes we thought so much brighter than any other! But those eyes looked as demure as the parson's own, though we knew all the while they were brimming with mischief. And so alternately loving and sleeping, the afternoon passes. The dull voice is finally hushed, and the dull sermon finished. The last hymn is sung, the last foot creaks on the bare floor, and the old church is left to its solitude.

Such was the old country church on the Sabbath. It had too its singing meetings, its spelling schools, and its town meetings. This was in our childhood. But innovation has laid its destroying finger on the hallowed old building. When I last saw it, it had been turned round, remodeled, repainted, refitted, and carpeted—it retained no vestige of its former grandeur. The old church had gone; and as I looked on the change, I sighed to think of the old joys, old hopes, old friends, gone with it. P.

Ad Sodalem nuper e Vita Discessum.

Saepe Noti cupidus nauta evitare periclum
  Litore prospecto grato inopine perit.
Saepe nives eluctatus tenebrasque viator
  Prae foribus riguit, marmoreumque gelu
Incaluit neque complexu, neque conjugis arte.
  Te quoque, proh! maturum, eripere aeque Deus
Instituit: rapuit: nobis concedere fas est.
  Consilium perculsum, interiitque labor
Enixus nimiam molem, traxitque ruinam
  Stant tibi cupressi jure corona patri,
Et citius nummum extorsit Libitina proterva.
  Suffuso lacrymis vox mihi grata subit—
"Dilexit tollitque Deus queis perbreve tempus."
  Arescunt lacrymae; conticuere preces.

J. M. W.

Leaf-Falls.

"The melancholy days are come; the saddest of the year."—BRYANT.

THESE Autumn-leaves! My hopeful breast no soft emotion heaves,
For these sole, sad memorials, departing Summer—leaves;
One bard may pipe his eyes and wail these "melancholy days;"
My pipe I tune to cheerful strains; I sing fair Autumn's praise.

I own the dog-days charm me not; I ought, I know, to feel
No ardor but poetic fire, while broiled like any eel;
But I, at such times, only dare to roam in meadows gay,
When gathering blue-black clouds o'erhead put out the eye of day.

True, I have tried my very best to taste solstitial joys—
For instance, that big melon-patch we knew so well when boys;
But too short seem those blissful hours, when flits across my mind,
Bryant-like, a melon-cholic thought of the pangs they left behind.

No, leaflets, no! I deem your fall no monitor to be
Of blighted hopes, of withering blasts, of chilling frosts for me;
Youth, hope are mine; where palsied age sees emblems of despair,
I read the presage of new joys—new antidotes to care.

From maple-grove yon leafy shower comes thickly fluttering down,
Purpled and golden Autumn-flowers—bright red and russet brown:
But through their wreathed prospective vague more distant things I view,
Whose gold and purple dyes conceal their own more sombre hue—

So through these balmy, golden hours of forest leaf-falls sere,
A long, bright vista opens wide of Winter's joyous cheer:
E'en thus may Hope forever gild futurity to me—
Such vista through death's chilling blasts wide-opening may I see.

Now to my mental vision, reaching through those wavering leaves,
Bright webs of subtle broidery my hopeful fancy weaves;
And first a huge, square, lowroofed room in dusky light appears,
Whose heavy, naked rafters wear the smoke of scores of years.

The plastered walls no painter's art nor tapestries adorn,
Though those rude rafters overheard all hangings do not scorn;
From every beam a festoon or a garland pendent sways
Of onions or dried-apples which the good-wife's care purveys.

The dark brown walls, on three sides round, a well-scrubbed wainscot lines,
But yawning wide across the fourth the huge red fireplace shines.
That dear old fireplace! whose deep caves so many a Christmas fire
Has vainly striven to reach and fill, though heaped breast-high the pyre;

Whose chimney-corner snug has held so many a little chair
Whose childish owner lies full cold in yonder graveyard there;
On whose broad sheets of crimson flame so many an eye has traced
Bright pictures of delight—dread forms of once glad hearts laid waste!

High in the wall, on either side, three windows small are set,
Through which of anything without, slight notion one would get;
Their squares of smoky sea-green glass so tangle up the rays
That through them pass, no common panes could explicate the maze.

The matron proudly has arrayed, on quaintly fashioned shelf,
Six pewter platters, silvery bright, with humbler ones of delf;
In that corner rests the Bible, high above, against the wall;
In this, the quiet, tall, Dutch clock stands sentry over all.

But no deserted hall is this; though wintry tempests drear
Howl loud without, the piercing blasts they neither feel nor hear,
Those groups within, for the chimney's throat of stone still louder roars,
Though little snow-drifts whistle through the crannies of the doors.

Upon the broad brick hearth in front a heap of embers glows,
Where scores of pippins stand arrayed in tempting, sputtering rows;
From scores of shovels heating there popped-corns in volleys flash,
While hammers and flat-irons here the sturdy shag-barks crash.

Behind, where highest mounts the blaze, from a black old-fashioned crane
In the big iron kettle seethes the juice of Southern cane,
Whose thickened mass, till it shines snow-white, is pulled by whiter hands;
On the table near the oldest cask of sparkling cider stands.

But see! the rustic feast is done. Now quickly wheel away
Tables and tall rush-bottomed chairs—room for the rustic play!
Now round the great apartment rush, in swift commingling whirls,
The throngs of sturdy, boisterous lads and merry red-cheeked girls.

On every side with agile limbs they shun their blinded foe,
On chairs they leap, or, stooping, creep beneath the table low;
From their seats beside the hearth the old folks gaze with placid smile,
The spinning-wheel in the corner hums busily the while.

Such view of wintry joys gleams through the falling Autumn-leaves,
But joys beyond these rural ones the eye of hope perceives.
Now fades this picture on my sight—now shifts the second scene
In rosy light from those Autumn-leaves that thickly fall between.

A second smaller room I see, whose neatly-papered wall
Is covered o'er from roof to floor with pictures great and small.
On this side shines "The Haram's Light" and puffs her brown cigar;
Here, painted Nymphs disport as gay at least as most Nymphs are;

Above the mantel-piece are hung, in quaint arrangement nice,
Great store of pipes of every kind, of every odd device;
Above, huge gloves, wire masks, and foils with nicely rounded tips,
The whole surmounted by that famed "fast-trotting horse Eclipse."

But no great oak-logs o'er the room their genial radiance shed;
A low, black Olmsted peers around from its goblin eyes of red.
No syrup-caldron bubbles there; but up in spiral curls
Rise high the fumes of a richer draught than the East-Queen's melted pearls.

But see! the bowl is ready now; on the big round table set,
Each comrade there draws close his chair, to his comrade closer yet;
And few seconds pass before each glass stands ready for THAT TOAST
With "Bumpers all! no heel-taps now! To Her whom each loves most."

Now bright eyes flash, and glasses clash; to the heart the warm blood flies,
For through each crystal goblet peers ONE pair of laughing eyes:
Then, while flushed cheek and quivering hand the heart's deep feeling tells,
In loud and manly harmony the joyful chorus swells.

"Drain, boys, drain the beaker dry,
  There's no nectar meeter
For the toast we drink—fill high!
  Since there's no dew sweeter,
Save upon Her rosy lip,
Than the mountain-dew we sip.

"Pledge, boys, pledge, for o'er our bowls
  Balmy odors lightly
Rising, greet our soul of souls—
  So Her accents sprightly
Breathe a perfume richer far
Than Sabæan odors are.

"Then drink, boys, drink, for o'er our hearts
  Now, e'en now is stealing
Some such bliss as Love imparts,
  When with kindred feeling
Souls and hands alike entwine
For a joy almost divine."

But see! the bowl is empty now; and round the table there
A thick white cloud of fragrant smoke hangs o'er each tilted chair;
And oft the merry tale is told, the merry song is sung,
For hearts are light, and loosened are the jesses of the tongue.

But hark! the College clock strikes—*one!* Without the moon beams bright,
And soon dark forms are moving fast o'er the crispy snow-drifts white;
O'er head, the glittering arches ring, as oft they've rung before,
With "Gaudeamus Igitur," and sprightly "Vive a l'amour."

Strange sounds ere morn these burghers heard; strange sights at morn they saw,
Of signs misplaced and gates unhung; the minions of the law
Who met those roistering giants, found full well how Tight-'uns fight,
And long their children told how they "kept watch and warred" that night.

Such visions dim of wintry joys my mental eye perceives,
Still gazing through the golden showers of fading Autumn-leaves. K.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR KINGSLEY.

We are pained to be compelled to announce the death of Professor James L. Kingsley, who expired at his residence in Temple street, this morning, August 31st, 1852, at the age of 74 years. Professor Kingsley was widely known throughout the country as a scholar of no ordinary merit. He was born in Windham, in this State—was a graduate at Yale College in 1799, and has been connected with Yale College in the Department of Classical Literature, for half a century. In this position he has been conspicuous for his accurate scholarship, his extensive and varied knowledge, and his fidelity to the interests of sound learning. He withdrew from his active connection with the College, about a year since, but consented to remain as Professor Emeritus.

Professor Kingsley was a man of retiring disposition and quiet habits, yet few have attracted or attached so many warm-hearted friends; and the tidings of his death will bring profound sorrow to thousands who have shared his instructions and counsel.

His last illness was short. Sustained by the faith in God which he had cherished through a long life, he met calmly, the approach of death: with expressions of unfailing trust, he peacefully surrendered his soul to Him who gave it.—*Palladium.*

The students of Yale College, at a meeting held in the Chapel, on the 23d inst. for the purpose of commemorating the death of Prof. Jas. L. Kingsley, adopted the following resolutions, reported by Mr. D. A. Goddard, chairman of a Committee appointed for that purpose:

Whereas it has pleased the Allwise Ruler of our destinies to remove, by death, Professor James L. Kingsley,—

Resolved, That we desire to express our common grief at the loss of one who, for more than half a century, has labored earnestly and devotedly for the welfare of our loved institution;—who at once a teacher and a constant student, was so eminent for varied and thorough learning, and so esteemed for amiable qualities of disposition, united with the Christian virtues. But though the "shining mark," which has guid-

ed so many to learning and honor, has at last tempted the arrows of the Destroyer, it becomes us still to acknowledge the beneficence of Him "whose ways are not our ways," and to recognize the wisdom of His overruling Providence.

Resolved, That we ourselves found in Prof. Kingsley a faithful teacher and a kind adviser, gaining respect by fullness of years, and affection by the example of a well-spent life, we regard his death with feelings of unmingled sorrow.

J. A. Welch, *President.*

A. H. Tracy, *Secretary.*

DEATH OF PROF. JOHN PITKIN NORTON.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, at the residence of his father, John T. Norton, in Farmington, Professor John P. Norton, of Yale College, aged 30.

This much lamented man died of a rapid decline, Sunday, Sept. 5th, at 1½ o'clock P. M. at the house of his father, John T. Norton, Esq. in Farmington. Prof. Norton was appointed a few years since, by the corporation of Yale College, to a new professorship, that of Chemistry applied to agriculture and the phenomena of vegetable and animal life.

At two different periods, he passed nearly three years in Europe, under eminent professors, and was diligently engaged in preparing himself for the duties of his appointment.

Returning in 1847, he began his courses of both theoretical and experimental instruction.

A respectable class of diligent and interesting pupils was soon gathered around him, and has been continued and increased in all the successive years.

Prof. Norton has been also much before the public, both as a lecturer and an author, on the subjects which he had cultivated, and so high was the estimation in which he was held on account of his talents and attainments, that his efforts were sought for in a distinguished city* of a neighboring State. In the desire to meet that demand and at the same time to fulfill his duties in New Haven, he performed winter journeys twice weekly, week by week, during the late severe season, giving a lecture daily until his health failed in the spring.

A southern voyage and a residence in Florida, in March and April, gave his friends strong hopes that his health would be restored, and he commenced his journey homeward with fair prospects; but at Washington the measels arrested him, and his health, although, at times, improved, has fluctuated from that time, and for some weeks the hopes of his friends had been almost extinguished. His decline towards the last, was very rapid, but his Christian hope sustained and cheered him in his closing hours, as it had been his solace and guide in health.

His funeral was attended on Tuesday afternoon, from his late residence in Temple Avenue.

OBITUARY.

At an adjourned meeting of the Senior Class in Yale College, Oct. 5th, Mr. Albert F. Heard, on behalf of the Committee, reported the following Resolutions, in view of the death of a beloved Classmate:

* Albany, his native city.

WHEREAS, The hand of Death has again been in our midst, and with relentless purpose has stricken down our Classmate and brother, JOHN HENRY BARRETT, of Portland, Me.,

Resolved, That while we grieve at this dispensation of Divine Providence in seeing one whom we had learned to love and respect, suddenly removed from time to eternity—and mourn the loss of a friend whose manly character and amiable disposition had won so much of our esteem—we recognize in this affliction the hand of Him who chasteneth but in love, and doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we, as a Class, would fain relieve the sorrowing hearts of the family and relatives of the deceased, by earnest and cordial assurance of our deep sympathy with them in their bereavement.

Resolved, That in token of our respect and love for his memory, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

A. J. WILLARD, *Chairman.*

CHARLES BROOKS, *Secretary.*

DEATH OF JONATHAN F. WELLS.

At a meeting of the Junior Class in Yale College, held Sept. 17th, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an Allwise Providence to remove from our midst by death, our beloved Classmate, JONATHAN F. WELLS, therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to this affliction, we deeply mourn in our brother's death, the loss of one respected as a scholar, and esteemed as a friend: whose abilities gave promise of future usefulness, while his many good qualities endeared him to all.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the relatives and friends of our deceased Classmate, in this their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the Class wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and be published in the New York Daily Times and New Haven Palladium.

L. H. POTTER, *Chairman.*

CARROLL CUTLER, *Secretary.*

TRIBUTE FROM CLASS OF '52.

The Chmmittee appointed by the Class of 1852, and to whom was entrusted the management of Autograph Books and Lithographs, would, in behalf of the Class and at their direction, offer the following Resolutions, as expressive of the feelings of the Class:

Resolved, That we appreciate the kindness of Mr. Michelin in engraving and gratuitously distributing to the Class the highly appropriate and tasteful representations of Yale and its Elms, intended as a frontispiece to our Book of Autographs, and that the thanks of the Class are hereby presented to him.

Resolved, That Lithograph Likenesses of the members of the Class, executed by Mr. Michelin, have met with our satisfaction and approval; the highest testimony of

our appreciation, as we think, being found in the fact that though often attempted, yet never before has the project of the Lithographs of an entire Class been successfully accomplished.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Class are due to Mr. Michelin, for the kind, gentlemanly, and accommodating manner in which he has listened to our suggestions, and criticisms, and for the desire which he has uniformly manifested to gratify in every way in his power, the wishes of the Class.

In behalf of the Class,

C. D. SEROPYAN, *Chairman of the Committee.*

THE HARVARD AND YALE REGATTA OF 1852.

The much-talked-of Regatta on Lake Winnipiseogee, came off as announced in the brilliant red papers industriously circulated through all that region. The Undine, Shawmut and Atalanta, were entered on one side, and the Oneida, from Harvard, appeared as the sole competitor. We shall not speedily forget the crowd assembled to see—nor that novel spectacle which was seen, when the boats ranged themselves for the trial in the shadows of those great mountains.

The races were advertised for August 3d and 5th. The first day was clear. The cars and steamboats brought thousands of spectators, and in that little town of Center Harbor, it required much effort to "live and let live." A "scrub race" came off in the morning, and a handsome silk flag, obtained by private subscription, was handsomely won by the Oneida. In the afternoon the decisive trial was held. The superior sagacity of our Harvard rivals was then observed, for, while we dieted on raw beef and ale, *they* went and quietly *greased* their boat. Our *grit*, as it proved, did not equal their *grease* and grit *combined*; for, in a two mile pull to the windward, we were distanced two lengths. The first prize, a pair of black-walnut oars, silver-mounted, was presented to the Oneida amid the congratulations of all.

The second day a violent rain put a damper on all further aquatic diversion, and compelled the valiant marines to roll ten pins, smoke, drink, and what not. In the afternoon, however, by the consent of all, the second prize, a silver-tipped boat-hook, was awarded to the Shawmut, as having been second in the race of Tuesday.

Eventually the storm lulled, and as a token of respect to the few visitors assembled, the uniforms were brought out, the oars manned, and a sort of dog-trot rowing was exhibited, and then songs were sung, and cheers were given, until our throats were sore, and all said, "Well done."

A pleasant trip to Plymouth, a little town snugly nestled among the hills of Grafton County, terminated the entertainment of the week. We can fairly say that the *great* gun was reserved till the last. We shall not speedily forget our courteous and rotund host, Mr. Burnham, nor the light-footed maidens that waited on the table.

Great praise is due to the diligence and courtesy of the Railroad Companies, who carried the boats and their crews between Worcester, Boston, and the Lake, and set them down safe and sound. We hope to ride with them again at the same rates. To the Proprietors of the Hotels at Concord, the Lake, and Plymouth, we can only say, that when we think of them, our hearts are as full as our stomachs

were. In short, we were "taken in and done for at short notice," and very handsomely too. We hope a new trial may result, another year, more favorably for Yale. U.

ANNUAL FOOT BALL CONTEST—'55 vs. '56.

[CHALLENGE.]

SOPHOMORES, ATTEND!

The Class of '56 hereby challenge the

CLASS OF '55, TO A CONTEST

AT

"FOOT BALL,"

and await their appointment

OF

TIME AND PLACE.

In behalf of the Freshman Class,

Signed, { EDWARD A. WALKER, GEORGE B. BACON, LEVI L. PAINE.

[ACCEPTANCE.]

"What maddened folly that could dare
Rush headlong on a tiger's lair."—*Keats.*

TO OUR YOUTHFUL FRIENDS OF THE CLASS OF '56.

Your Challenge to play the ancient and honorable game of Foot Ball is hereby accepted—and we appoint

2½ O'CLOCK, ON WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13TH, 1852,

AND THE FOOT BALL GROUND AS

TIME AND PLACE.

N. B.—A Bladder Ball, enclosed in a leathern case, is required.

In behalf of Class of '55.

Committee, { GEO. A. KITTREDGE, A. McD. LYON, WM. H. L. BARNES.

Editor's Table.

If any of the tender-hearted in this row of barracks could have one look—just one—at the countenances of "us five," as they have been exhibited at the meetings this term, what a kind feeling there would be toward us! What a subscription list we should have! What a jingling would there be in the Editorial pockets! On the other hand, if any of the hard-hearted in this same locality could look in upon us and glance from phiz to phiz, what a softening there would be in all the flints which that sort of gentry carry beneath their waistcoats! For any man, chicken hearted or lion hearted, one single glance at the Honest Editor, or the Punning Editor, or the Facetious Editor, would do the business, but one glimpse, yea, an inkling of a glimpse at the Grand, Gloomy, and Peculiar, as he calls the meeting to order, and for the first time surveys the void from which the coadjutor who gets up this number is to extract literary nutriment for all College; an idea of this, we say, would do our work completely. Then there is another set of looks around the table; and, on the whole, the general "style of face" is a mixture of the dubious and queer as the following is read.

LINES FOR MY BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER'S ALBUM.

As the plump oyster in the sands,
'Mid priceless pearl drops makes his bed,
So 'mong these gems from friendly hands,
I'd rhyme thy glorious Gingerbread.

Of old, the bard swept o'er the strings,
In fury's wildest, fiercest measure,
Then to the winds dull care he flings,
Thus sings he earth's best, richest treasure.

"Of all the fishes in the sea,
Yellow, or green, or gray, or red,
Of all the cakes my Mother bakes,
Give me the golden Gingerbread."

When erst 'neath poet's skillful hand
A heaven-born goddess stood before us,
And as she waved her potent wand
Fair nymphs rung out their cheerful chorus,

Fair type of thee, as near thee stand
Thy kitchen nymphs the Green Isle bred,
Thy wand, the spoon within thy hand
To stir thy matchless Gingerbread,

The Olympian crew, at rich Symposia,
Good, clever roysterers and jolly,

Smacked their sweet lips o'er heaven's ambrosia,
As ruled the hour majestic folly.

Poor heathen! blind Old Homer's puff,
(At least as in translations read,)
Proves e'en ambrosia wretched stuff,
Beside thy peerless Gingerbread.

With you I played the book-worm's part,
Oft o'er my tasks my brain was aching,
But pitying powers repaid such hours,
When came that blessed day for baking.

Plague on these halting, stilted lines,
Betokening brains of dullest lead,
A boon! a boon! the Muse repines,
Give her a "hunk" of Gingerbread.

Here begins a race. The "Facetious" takes the lead in fine style with some general remarks on the article above lauded. The "Honest" is just behind with an assent as to merits of *genus*, but a decided dissent as to *species*. He specifies the "cards of gingerbread" known in his "General Training" experiences, as the prime subject for poetics, and comparisons are instituted not at all favorable to New Haven manufactures. The punning Editor looks around desperately for a chance to exercise his vocation—alas! for him, alas! for any man, who essays a pun on the subject in hand. Grandly and gloomily, then, the worthy Chairman turns to some private business matters—some strenuous measures—some—in short, beloved reader, one or two measures in particular which you shall, as soon as possible, feel in their full strength.

Speaking along back of Editor's peculiarities, brought to our minds the death of Martin, of '51. We used to see him, and hear him, and read his writings, but we were separated from him by the great gulf fixed between Senior and Sophomore, and only knew him as a man of talent, and an earnest citizen. He was one of the few in whom patriotism is a reality. For this, however much we differed from him, we honored him. The outward workings of this feeling sometimes created merriment among those who looked sharply for laughing matters. Many of our readers will remember his excellent speech on Presentation day, laying down the duties of his classmates to the State, and the sallies of Ned T—— immediately after. This same fervor was seen in many other places; hence the point of Sam R——'s remark, that he last saw poor M. "walking up Broadway with the Yale Lit. under one arm and the American Eagle under the other." No young man started from Yale with better prospects, but he has died from over exertion. More lately death has wrought a frightful work among us. Of Prof. Kingsley we need say nothing; it is folly for us to attempt the least eulogy on him. Prof. Norton, we never saw; his works all know. Wells we knew only by reputation; the good opinion of his classmates you will find on another page. Barret we knew and respected. Our love for him is the fruit of no desire to give a poor compliment. We loved and respected him as a

man of kind heart, sound mind, and unassuming manners. As a scholar he worked much—too much, and if we were to single from the class one in whose integrity all should place implicit confidence, we should ask no better candidate. The testimonial to his memory is found with the others. Noticing these deaths, and those among the Alumni, who does not ask the cause of such a great mortality among the students and young graduates of our Institution? In a future number will be found an attempt to answer this question, and some suggestions as to the methods by which authority might mend the matter.

The Banner, which has lately made its appearance, compares most favorably with those of previous years. It sets the number of Students at five hundred and seventy-seven; the Medical class, not yet assembled, is not included. Speaking of Medical matters, reminds us of a "minute" of a Medico-chemical examination once held not a thousand miles distant. It may be old; if so, blame the chemic who told it; it is new to us. In a certain laboratory there once lectured a Professor, who, however intrepid in many experiments, and however skillful in many more, had a way of entrusting many of his most onerous duties to his second assistant. It was remarked that whatever exploded or blazed very freely was generally held by Sam, the functionary aforesaid. So, too, if any fingers were scalded or clothes burnt, Sam was generally their owner. Time of the occurrence to be noted is the examination. Scene, young man looking wildly at the Professor, who asks blandly, "Suppose I wish to test Nitric Acid, what would be my first operation?" *Tyro.*—"You would taste it?" *Prof.*—"Taste it? it would burn my throat out!! I repeat the question,—How would I test the acid?" *Tyro.*—"You would make Sam taste it." How the Professor maintained his dignity under this, history saith not. Speaking of answers to questions, suggests numberless curiosities in this kind of literature, which College life has given us. The last we heard, was as follows: *Question*—What was the Piraeus? *Answer*—A Grecian meat-market.

How we have hated the lithograph system as proposed in a late Class Meeting! But the majority must rule, and prudence was victimized by patriotism—at least we thought so; but we are a convert now to the doctrine itself, and so will be the rest of the grumblers with whom we fraternized, if they will go to the room of Mr. Seropyan and see the pictures of the last Class in their binding. The book is splendid, barring a few badly executed pictures, and even they appear to very good advantage in such rich binding and gilding. The work seems like a second diploma for one—like a diploma from his fellows—a diploma which proves that the saintly element is not yet extinct and that he has a good slice of it. Speaking of saintliness reminds us, on the "*lucus a non*" principle, of the want of that virtue in a communication before us, on the grievances of the Seniors in the Chemical lectures. Suffice it to say, that we acknowledged the justice of his opinions if not his language. We have never been there when the verses of Horace Smith did not strike full on our mind's eye:

> "Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
> Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
> And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering and jam."

Irreverent, to be sure, but strong, which is our need at present. Dear reader, did you ever see anything to match the impudence in the acceptance of the Freshman

challenge, published in to-day's Memorabilia, especially where it so graciously advises the "Young Gentlemen who have just entered College," that a "bladder ball, enclosed in a leather case, is necessary." It is so demure, so rich, or rather as a good friend of ours, who perches up near the N. W. corner of North College, top loft, says, "real rum." To the ambitious young man who so kindly volunteered to enlighten our contributors on verse writing, we say with Sneerwell in the Critic, "You are so unlucky as not to have even the skill to steal with taste." To ourselves, in the matter of this Editorial chat of ours, we are forced to apply the concluding sentences of the same quotation, "The body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine." Still, we can't help speaking of our labors during the past week and a half. The Muses and all "those sort of persons" have tyranized over us of course—how can one get out the Lit. without it? Like all other Editors we have to complain of the "Devil" and his most awful works in the shape of terrible mistakes in setting up type, but all yield in point of horror, to a search for subscribers we instituted in North and South Middle. It was destined to us last week that Plutus, and Carlyle's McCrowdy, the incarnation of Political Economy, should be our divinities. Tumbling up the stairs into all sorts of odd corners, as the "Banner" led us, we made some fifty or sixty new acquaintances. There were some whose kind feeling toward the Magazine makes them bright examples; but there are some scapegraces in every class, from the Senior who kindly offered us the influence of his name, but declined payment, to that Freshman, saturated with the very essence of grass, who so greenly informed one of us that he liked the Lit.—thought it was the best College periodical he ever saw—but it was foolish to take it when he could borrow from his neighbors. But we are tired. Who wouldn't be, after such a reminiscence?

We have received the North Carolina University Magazine for August and September; the Georgia University for the same months; Randolph Macon, Georgia, Stylus for May and June, and Nassau Literary for September.

N. B. Subscribers to the Magazine alone, are entitled to write for the Yale Lit Premium. The "fifth Wednesday" is October 20.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

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VOL. XVIII. No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

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BY THE

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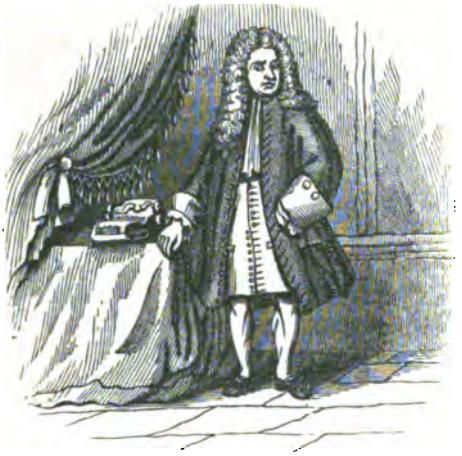

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1852.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

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MDCCCLII.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. NOVEMBER, 1852. No. II.

College Hearthstones.

NESTLE! The winds are growing brave and cold. They rattle the shutters—they shake the doors—they come slyly in at the window-pane which some vagrant pebble has shattered. There is a rushing sound of might, too, among the old elms without, but there is no melody. The leaves that used to rustle music have fallen. The harp is unstrung. The days, when we sat upon the grass, under the old trees in the College-yard, panting with heat and wondering what kind of a sensation cold would be, are, for the present, gone. The sunbeams are pale and chill. The mornings are no longer cool, but cold. You shiver through Prayers and Recitation. Great coats and mufflers stalk the streets, all day. The winds are whistling to the great fierce dogs of winter. They are coming. We seem to hear their baying, and the timid Summer-spirit, beautiful and delicate, has been frighted away. Winter is surely coming. Cheerful, old Winter with its rigors! Come then and sit down by my fireside. It is but an humble one. None of your great old-fashioned country fire-places, where they pile the logs—real veritable logs on the great broad hearth, and the fire glows and roars fiercely—nor yet is it one of those cosy, city firesides, where a comfortable but fastidious elegance seldom warms itself into real ease; but a student's grate, warm, and burning so quietly as not to disturb the very even tenor of our thoughts. It has charms you will not find elsewhere. Come and sit with me of an evening. Chill and cheerless without, it shall be glowing within. The old lounge shall be drawn up before the fire. That old lounge—who knows through how many Academic generations it has been transmitted? It is old, and

quaint, and full of comfort. Then too, the family of chairs! The venerable one-armed squeaking, rocking-chair—a heritage from your College great-grandfather, which full of years and scars, seems, as it sits vacant by the grate, to seek your patronage. Tick! Tick! says the clock upon the shelf. Forth and back ever, in its arched journey goes the pendulum. Do not look at it. It will spoil all its poetry. It is but a lean and little representative of the chronometrical race. Genus, wooden—species, Jerome's. How utterly insignificant it is when compared with your recollection of the old family clock at home—the heir-loom of a hundred years! How grand and majestic its portly figure, as you remember it standing in the hall, and looking most severely good-natured out of its great, honest, Dutch face down upon the childish sports of yore, ticking ever on at its endless task, and hourly plying its great hammer, till the whole house echoed with its clamor! That is the clock for me! The guard over such jewels as hours and minutes should have some air of stateliness, as well as form and comeliness. It is a desecration of our ideas of propriety for men to set up such wooden images of time—to deprive this modern *lar* of all its dignity and durability. But never mind! It is cheaper. Wood costs less than brass, so the age demand a change. It has it, as it has everything else it needs. Tick! Tick! goes the clock—such as it is. The minute hand shall make many a circuit before we sleep to-night. Heap the anthracite upon the fire! Let it crackle cheerily, and the grate glow. Let the lamp be extinguished, and the dingy, indented ceiling blush in the mellow hues of the fire. Oh! there is no light like the firelight. Then your pale-faced student friend looks ruddy, and the smile of comfort that plays upon his face has a strange beauty. Two things it does which oil, or fluid, or gas cannot—it warms the body and the heart.

Bring out the cigars! Shedden's best! Let no unseemly look of repugnance come over face, manly or fair. Give us sweet smiles and silvery voices to beguile our solitary and idle hours, and we will be total abstinence. It is a bad habit. We know it. We feel it. Prof. S. says it is so, and we all believe him. It is disgusting—it is a poison—it is enervating both for the time and permanently. It makes the strongest mind think less clearly, and provokes day dreams. It does no man good, and injures every votary. It is the very kin of intemperance. All this and more we know. We agree exactly, save in practice, and in the knowledge that it has a charm—a pleasure which cannot be guessed or told. There are few companionships like the weed. So shall the smoke curl its way upward. So shall aerial wreaths encircle us. So shall our

firelight gild them. So shall friendships be begotten, and confidence provoked. Touch not the practice with too unkindly hands. Is there no beam in thine own censorious eye? See to it that this mote of thy brothers be not the lesser! Smoking is a *petit* vice, and a pleasant one. It is the student's solace. Within College a never failing source of comfort. It dulls the edge of the mind, making the pleasures less ecstatic, but ills more endurable. It makes hours glide dreamily. The nauseous weed of the tyro has a pleasant savor to the adept. It has a charm of sluggishness—makes slaves of the strong, and is an inexorable master. We will be slaves to-night! The smoke wreaths curl. We will talk of those never-failing subjects of conversation among students—the past and future. What stores of confidential disclosures! If you have aught of yourself to tell that will lessen my esteem, let it be unspoken. But let nothing else be hidden. How days of yore come back to our memory. Pleasant days such as you will never see again. Boyhood glows, as it never glowed before. The thousand little cares and sorrows are swallowed up in oblivion. School days, with their queer ideas and adventures, swell the great train. The red country schoolhouse—the old school-room—the schoolmaster—venerable tyrant that he was, with his spectacles, his ferule, his birch, his odd sly manœuvres, to detect the guilty, his stentorian voice of reproof, his strong arm of justice, the whistle of the descending rod, the pain, the tears, the shame, his solemn, sorrowful looks—then his pleasant smile of approval, his little partialities, the long discussions among the little boys about sundry plans of retaliation when you are big, and the spell of admiration which chains you to the side of some great boy, who will flog the hated master if he touches him. How earnestly you desire to add a cubit to your own stature! You would not wait then. But somehow the time never comes with your great friend. You yourself have now grown in stature and in wisdom, and your cherished plans of retribution have given place to feelings of gratitude. So the honest old schoolmaster goes unpunished. Oh! how time write wrinkles on the brows, and changes on the hearts of men! Then you call to mind a thousand little frolics and adventures which were fraught with thrilling interest in those days, and are yet pleasant to remember. The early fruit which was pilfered. There was the rude raft which went to pieces with you, in the middle of the pool, making infinite merriment. There was the great snake, seen in the pasture, which made you run screeching and shuddering away, while your companion, a fearless little fellow, stayed behind to defend his sister, and despatch the reptile. You admired that boy, and envied his nerves.

You dreamed of the monster long after, and woke a dozen times just as it was about to encircle you in its slimy folds. You hate and fear the whole race, from the tiniest to the huge hissing monster that gives you a spasmodic shock from which you do not soon recover. How carefully you trod the old familiar paths near that spot for a long time afterward, always carrying a stick, and avoiding the tall grass and bushes, starting at every rustling sound, and terrified at your own foot-falls !

But there were dark days. Clouds crept over the spirit of your joyousness. There is no place, save the fire side, where death brings such darkness as in the school-room. Take a man from the pulpit, the bar, the Change, the plough, any sphere of active life, his circle of friends is larger, the public loss is greater. But the world grows old in bereavements, the feelings have grown callous, and there are no tears in every eye, no bitter grief and gloom in every heart, as at school. You remember a bright, fair, little girl, who had been your playmate before either could remember—a schoolmate always—your best friend. That was a Platonic love for her, but none the less a love. Her seat is vacant once again. There is enquiry. She is ill. Worse. Still, you hope. The old bell from the church wakes you at sunrise with its solemn tolling. You count anxiously the slow strokes. It is her age. You creep sorrowfully down stairs. Mother says, Bessy is dead. Tears tell nothing of the bitterness of your sorrow.

Then there was the boy with jetty hair and great lustrous black eyes, with rosy cheeks and dimples, who sat next you, and knew all your secrets. He was lame, and timid as you were, you have fought many a battle in his defense. You would have died for him. His was a sweet character, and, with his beauty and goodness, he came next your heart. He was a brother. One Sabbath there came a sudden stroke of illness upon him. The next morning you went sadly and alone to school. A great, good-natured girl bent over the next form, and asked after your sick brother. You felt a choking sensation, and did not answer. The question came again. It was too much. You laid your head on the desk and sobbed aloud. Then the kind-hearted teacher came and laid his hand upon your head. He did not ask you why you wept. He did not chide. A great hot tear-drop fell burning on your hand. Oh! how kindly you felt towards him for that token of common love and common sorrow! How grateful you felt when he told you to lay aside your books and go home! You went across the fields by an unfrequented way, and were glad no one met you, or saw you weep, for you boyishly thought such irrepressible outbursts of grief unmanly. But that was not

the saddest. Months after your brother slept, and did not wake. The toll of the bell—the kind attempts to console—the mournful solemnities, were all unheeded. You were completely absorbed with grief. When the earth rattled upon the coffin, and you turned away from that hallowed spot, no wonder a spell of utter loneliness and woe came over you. Many summers have made his grave green, but you love not his memory less. Often his image mingles in your dreams, and when some old scene has been reënacted, he seems to float, on golden pinions, away from your vision. Is it all a dream?

But the fire in the grate is expiring. The clock tells the early hours. Your companion has been silent and you have not told half you would. Good Night! is exchanged, but not until you have appointed another time to resume your chat. G.

The Garden of Eden.

Fair, happy spot! Time's swelling tides have rolled
  O'er sparkling sands their twice three thousand years,
And even Time hath grown infirm and old,
  His visage furrowed with the lines of tears,—
Since man, blest man, thy flowery pathways trod,
  And by thy river murmuring music, strayed,—
Or held sweet, holy converse with his God,
  Beneath the Tree of Life's o'erhanging shade.

Fair, happy spot! our fond, paternal home!
  Outcasts from thee, to thee we sadly turn,—
O'er earth's wide waste, poor wanderers we roam,
  Nor find the rest for which our spirits yearn.
We seem to see thy blissful form in dreams,
  And thither fly at some inviting voice;
We hear a welcome in thy silver streams,
  And every murmur bids the heart rejoice.

Here is no sin, no tumult and no strife,
  Here full relief from every form of woes,
And 'neath the branches of the Tree of Life
  Sweet peace, in deep, exhaustless current flows.
Earth hath no spot beneath her softest sky,
  No pearly grotto 'neath the azure sea,
No fairy realm where art and nature vie,
  Whose rarest beauties can compare with thee.

In waking dreams, when Fancy unconfined
  Disdains the ties that bind this grosser clay,
Methinks I leave these restless scenes behind,
  And soar at will, on pinions light, away.
Some gentle spirit guides my wandering flight
  Until, the wide expanse of ether spanned,
The lofty hills of Eden greet my sight,
  And at its utmost boundaries I stand.

A deep, dense forest, like a massive wall
  That fair enclosure with its shade surrounds,
Where phantoms grim, the stoutest heart appall,
  And nameless terrors guard the sacred bounds.
Since that sad day, when thence our parents fled,
  No mortal eye hath seen this blest abode,
Though now as erst, each summit rears its head,
  And flows the river still as once it flowed.

A secret path is opened to my view,
  The tangled branches gently pushed aside,—
O'er arched with leaves, a long, dim avenue
  Leads to a rustic gate unfolding wide.
No flaming sword high o'er the entrance hung,
  Waves in its dreadful circuit through the air,
No cherub bright his glittering guards among,
  As sentry stands, forbidding entrance there.

With joyful step I pass the proffered way,
  And through the lofty portal enter in,—
Within these precincts I would ever stay,
  Nor earth's most tempting honors care to win.
With humble thankfulness I bend the knee,
  Here on the hallowed spot where Adam trod,
And look with love and gratitude to Thee
  Who framed,—thyself,—this spacious temple, God!

And this is Eden! here, at last, I stand,
  And on the glorious prospect feast my eyes,—
Before me stretched this fair and favored land,
  The woods, and streams, and hills of Paradise!
Each shady glen, with rock, and quiet dale,
  Green sloping pastures, soft and flowery meads,
With many a nook and sweet sequestered vale,
  Through which a narrow, winding foot-path leads.

Here reigns with gentle sway, perpetual Spring,—
  And 'mid the waving branches, ever green,

Bright birds their mellow chansons hourly sing,
  And gushing fountains leap and play between.
No ravening beast here wanders to devour,
  No blasting Simoon poisons with its breath,
And thou art shorn of half thy dreaded power
  By sin conferred, O king of terrors, Death!

Earth hath her spots to glory, consecrate;
  Her battle fields enshrined in deathless Fame,
Her noble ruins which, despite of Fate,
  Still boast the splendor of their ancient name.
Greece hath her Athens, Thebes and Marathon,
  Italia her once imperial Rome,—
And Palestine, the mount whose height upon,
  Fair Salem's temple reared its golden dome.

Around these scenes with solemn interest fraught,
  The wanderer lingers with delight and awe,
And thither oft we stray in pleasing thought,
  To bend the knee at shrines we never saw.
What thronging phantoms round these ruins vast,
  Hold still communion with their greatness fled,—
When all that is, seems buried with the past,
  And all the living numbered with the dead.

But Rome and Athens yet shall be forgot,
  Their splendor dwindle, and their names decay,
Though "deathless Fame" should consecrate the spot,
  Yet deathless Fame, with Time, shall die away.
But earth hath one more highly blest abode,
  Whose name, transferred, shall live beyond the skies,—
And man, accepted by a gracious God,
  Partake anew the joys of *Paradise*. J. K. L.

Oedipus—Nestor.

Huic seni tristes misero induere,
Sicut in rupem, pelago patente,
Congelat spumam glacialis unda,
  Canitiem anni.

Uberi vero Cerere expedita,
Ut nives maturæ obeunt agellos,
Verticem huic tingit facili colore
  Sera vetustas. J. M. W.

Hours of Inspiration.

By hours of inspiration, we mean the times of intuition into truth. It happens often to man that without any elaborate process of experiment and induction, he sees right into the heart of a fact. He apprehends harmonies and proprieties of which he had been totally ignorant his life-long. He stands amazed at the beauty of the truth, and the former obtuseness of his mental vision.

These times are emphatically hours of inspiration. They are not days, not years; for when we would detain them, they fly away. They depend on finer affinities than a mere act of volition. They come we know not whence, they go we know not whither. They may be present in the full sunlight, or the pitchy darkness; in the whispering zephyr, or the ghostly screams of the wind. They may be started by the pattering rain, or the following thunderbolt. They find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Then the poet seizing his pen, writes the flowing thought in lines that will never die. Then the sculptor forms his ideal, and embodies it in marble that almost speaks and feels. Then the statesman unties the Gordian-knot in his country's politics, and while alive receives the honors of the dead. Then the philanthropist sacrifices self, and elevates the character of his kind.

O glorious hours of inspiration, when the progress of the age receives a new impetus toward its ultimate development!

These are the dates, when great excellence in art and science and literature has birth. These are the epochs in the life of individuals and the history of nations.

Then Homer described the nod of the Olympian Thunderer, in answer to the prayer of Thetis. Then Phidias wrought the harmonies of the conception into stone. Then Apelles hurled back the flippant reproof, and painted for posterity. Then Dante soared with Beatrice into the Empyrean, where his eyelids drank of the river of light. Then Tasso painted in poetry the chivalry of Tancred, and his devotion to the warlike Clorinda. Then Luther proclaimed, "The just shall live by faith alone," and shook the world. Then honest John Hampden refused the odious ship-money to Charles Stuart, and sealed the act with his blood.

Moreover, the inspired man feels his inspiration. He seems to subli-

mate and purge himself of flesh and blood. His eye dilates, his color comes and goes, his arms extend. He has convulsive starts, and weeps manly tears of joy. He recognizes "the divinity that stirs within" him. Then he thinks himself a prophet with a mission to the world. Then he wishes the truth to be known, that it may run and be glorified. Then he regards it with all the affection and solicitude of a father. It makes him free and fearless and uncompromising. He will hold a world at bay, or if need he, become a martyr to his faith.

> "Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
> Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
> Like good Aureleus let him reign or bleed,
> Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

Martin Luther during his whole life as a reformer, and especially at the Diet of Worms, illustrated this same heroism of the truth.

These effects of inspiration, are all natural and legitimate. They are manifested in some degree by every rational creature. Even the child when he gets glimpses into a truth, will feel a childish pleasure. He will be sensible of a harmony, where was seeming discord or mystery before. He will tell the tale to his comrades, and manifest a lively enthusiasm. But the man, having a wider scope into truth, like the bird of Jove that directs his full orbs to the sun, will feel a stronger devotion, and more exhilarating ecstasy.

Truth is the most goodlike thing in all this universe. It has come down from above, where its affinities exist, to dwell amid corruption and sin. As in the myth Apollo descended from Olympus, and became a shepherd to the son of Pheres, so truth has been degraded from its birthright, to plod the best it can, in the world. He who gives a hospitality to this heavenly visitant, will be entertained in his turn. He will be rejoiced by the benefactions of his guest.

But the age may not appreciate its prophets, it may ridicule their inspiration. Dante, the second great master of Epic poetry, was exiled from his native Florence. Tasso endured the indignities of the House of Este, and died without the laurel crown. Such men as they should not repine, because they are not appreciated by their age. They rise so high above the common mind, that it has no sympathies with them. They may ignore the present, and trust to a future apotheosis. Their names will be regarded in the end as synonymous with all that is great and good.

Nor is it wonderful that an age should be deceived in estimating

the true greatness of its men. The experience of every day exhibits deception wide-spread in the world. The apparent so closely imitates the real, that discrimination becomes perplexed. All the world thought that Louis XIV, was physically a very large man; but all the world thought wrong. Death and the undertaker proved him to have been below the medium size.

An individual may impose on his time, in a multiplicity of ways. He may be lavish of "the sordid dust of his wealth," and receive the favor of an influential coterie. He may retail small facts, and drop respectful courtesies to the crowd. He may flatter the follies of his age, and "crook the pliant hinges of the knee, where thrift may follow fawning." He may stick to the beaten track of common thought, and thus illustrate the course of the cyclic bards.

These and other adventitious aids obtain an ephemeral applause. The man and his generation soon pass away. Children fill the place of their fathers, and inquire into their acts. This is posterity come to give judgment—this is the tribunal which determines what is true fame.

Then Milton ceases to be indignant at the age in which he lived—at the age which gave five pounds sterling for the copyright of Paradise Lost. Then he ceases to wonder at his failure to be appreciated, for he sees how greatly he distanced the sluggish thought of his times.

He that worships the false is very different from the man inspired with truth. If he be repudiated by the age in which he lives, his dernier refuge is gone. He has no hopes of posthumous fame, and is therefore without its consolations. Nor has he within himself any active source of mitigation for his woes.

His black thoughts haunt his soul, and drive him out from self-communion, exclaiming as he goes,

> "Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
> Roll the dim eye and wave the paly hand."

The calamities of pecuniary fortunes, of an injured name, of bodily disease, are all tolerable, if the demon enter not the temple of the inner man. But when that is desecrated, and the hollow voice of prophecy announces "that the Gods are departing," what a worthless thing at best is this human life! The man becomes foul with a moral leprosy. The plague-spot may not infest his body, but infinitely worse, it eats into his soul. His only hope is in renouncing the false and seeking true inspiration.

G. A. J.

College Customs.

"Yet not an image when remotely viewed,
However trivial or however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh
With ev'ry claim of close affinity."

THERE is a certain indefinable charm connected with the memories of the past. The aged sire bent by the toils and cares of passing years, regains his youthful energy, and feels its fiery current bounding through his veins, while he recounts the stirring scenes and touching reminiscence of early days. The world-worn traveler who seeks the home endeared to him by childhood, thrills with pleasure as he nears some well-remembered spot, or recognizes some familiar sound. Whatever circumstance, or passing word, touches the golden chord of memory, it awakes sweet melody in the heart of him round whom it is entwined. He whom his Alma Mater has sent forth to wreathe fresh laurels in the active scenes of life, cherished, amid all its vicissitudes, fond recollections of the many pleasing incidents and reminiscences of College life.

Viewing the pleasures which arise from these associations, both "while we repose beneath the classic shades of Yale," and when in after years we mingle with a toiling world—we willingly stand forth the advocate of "College Customs." Not that we would throw down our gauntlet in defense of those barbarities which shock the feelings of Religion, or of Honor. Not that we would seek a single instant to perpetuate those ceremonies, which degrade to menial servitude, or cast a momentary shade upon that honor, for which Yale's sons have ever been so justly celebrated. But there are recollections, kindled in youth, which, like the dew-drop in the crystal's centre, remain forever pure and sparkling, though the cold touch of an unfeeling world may have hardened all around. There are moments, when in spite of selfish apathy, memory will steal silently, though surely, through each heart—when momentos of the past will easily make room for those mute thoughts, "too big for utterance,"—when a momentary spell of youth's enthusiasm will return, shedding a gleam of sunshine on the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and causing us, for once, to banish from our mind the shallow schemes, and false ambition of the world. And it is of these bright spots that we would think. There is much more in trifles than is generally acknowledged or expected; many of our College customs, innocent and trifling in themselves, the memories of the past have gilded with a

fascinating halo, and who would seek to banish aught, that will in after life prove useful in dispelling, only for a time, the veil that sordid selfishness has thrown around us? Again,

> "All men will honor custom, and are prone
> To reverence what is ancient, and to plead
> A course of long observance for its use."

He whose sire, the champion of his Class has borne the far-famed "Club"—he who in his school-boy days has listened to the exploits of College experience, feels a natural desire, bordering almost on infatuation, to participate in their renewal. And should his spirit, seeking thus to recreate itself, and change the dull monotony of College life, receive a check? The youthful mind, buoyant with hopes and new-born expectations, as it enters on a field—so long the very acme of its most inspiring dreams—seizes with earnestness on every novelty, and if not indulged in harmless recreation, plunges too often into pleasures more exciting, though less innocent.

College customs may be considered under these distinctive heads, the amusing, and the touching. The planting an ivy vine, as introduced by the late Graduating Class of our own Institution—the thought accompanying it, that as its tender fibres cling to for support, and wind around the massive shrines of learning, so their hearts will turn and twine around it in remembrance, is an expressive and beautiful ceremony. The parting scene at Harvard, when each member plucks a flower from the "wreath" suspended on the "Farewell tree," to be treasured ever as a last momento, is no less touching and refined. To these pleasant scenes the mind delights to wander back in after reverie, and feel again the pleasures of those ne'er forgotten hours; and when does memory afford more happiness than when she thus reveals a vision of the bright and happy moments of the past. The mirthful too, are not without their pleasures and their use—when the mind becomes weighed down by *flunks*, and *fizzles*, and scholastic toil, what more refreshing or enlivening than the near approach, or participation in some scene of Class festivity and joy! How swells the heart, and rises the ambition of those favored ones, the *splurgees* on the bestowal, and recipient of the "Classic Wooden Spoon!" What deeds of daring emulation, and quantities of plasters, are prepared upon the anniversary of that antiquated rite, "The Annual Foot Ball Game!" How much excited seem those devotees, who doubtless, from their admiration of his virtues, suffer not old Euclid to roam unpitied and unburied on the Stygian shore, but fearful lest his

shades return to haunt them, consign him with due ceremony to the flaming funeral pyre! These yet remain, but over others "Oblivion's dust has fallen." The "Red topped Boots" bestowed upon the candidate for College popularity—the "Jack-knife" on the one whom jealous nature, fearing the combined effects of *brain* and *beauty* had refused the latter—the "Leather Medal," on the one from whom, reasoning in the same way she had withhled the former—the "Mathematical Slate," handed down from Class to Class, the undisputed right of him who showed his nearest kin to Euclid, by manifest approval of his works—the silver-banded "Freshman Club," are all among the things that *were*. Yet there still remain enough to drive away dull care, and enliven the monotony of College life. The scholar may still be enticed from ever-beckoning shades of problems, Greek-roots, and Latin synonyms, to feast awhile on sportive thoughts and ceremonies, ere he return to necessary and instructive toil. Thus would we ever have it—wandering o'er Life's plains, gathering at the same time, its pleasant blossoms, and its useful fruits.

W. H. T.

Κούρη καὶ Ἔρως.

(PARAPHRASED FROM MISS H. F. GOULD.)

Φλυηρέουσα κούρη,
"Τί μοι βρέφος μέλοι ἄν
Τόδε ἀβλαβές;" ποτ' εἶπεν,
"Λαθὼν ὕβρει καὶ τυφλός
Νέος τε ὢν τανύει,
Καὶ οὐχ ὥπως με τύπτειν
Δυνήσεταί ποτ' ἔσται."
Γελῶν Ἔρως λεγούσῃ
Κείνης ὑπ' ἄρτ' ἤκουεν,
Καὶ ἰμέρου πικρόν τι
Ἐν καρδίῃ μεθῆκε.
"Μ' ἔκοψ' Ἔρως, κ' ὄλωλα,"
Δακχθεῖσ' ἔστεινε κούρη,
"Ὄλωλ', ἐὰν σὺ μέλλῃς
Τόδε εἰλκύσας τὸ κέντρον
Μ' ἰᾶσθαι καὶ ἀνορθοῦν."

Ὁ δ' "Εἰμὶ τυφλός," εἶπεν,
"Καὶ οὐχ ὅπως σ' ἰᾶσθαι
Δυνήσομαί πότ ἐστι."
Ἔκλαιεν ἡ κούρη μέν,
Βρέφος δέ, "Χαῖρε, πέμψω
Τὸν Ὑμέν', εὔπορόν τε
Γεραίτερόν τ' ἰατρόν,"
Πρὸς ματέρ' ὤχετ' εἰπών.

J. M. W.

Extract from a Freshman's Diary.

It matters not in what secret archives, or among what musty papers, I came across the parchment from which these random extracts are made, sobeit they are veritable, and worthy your confidence, kind reader. Suffice it that I did find them, and offer them for your inspection as objects of curiosity, genuine relics, and no products of my own imagination. I make my own selections, and thus readeth the manuscript before me.

"This little booke, presented by a muche esteemed friend, is to be employed for noting down daily passing eventes of intereste in this my College life. To-day is my firste at College; left home ye morning of yesterday, and reached here last nighte. Slept with S. who is in ye class above me; we occupied a single bed soe that one would think there w^d be no room for ye bed-bugges. Nethertheless, experience proved ye contrary. Went to tutor H. somethinge less than one dozen times to get a roome; finally had one assigned. Went in with my classe about 11 of ye clocke, to ye Chapel to have lessons given out. At 4 went to receite in ye Algebra. Began a letter to mother."

"Sabbath. This morninge after prayers at Chapel, accordinge to previous appointmente, a Prayer meetinge of our classe was held in ye Mathematicall roome. Y^e seats were almost filled. Y^e meetinge was conducted by a member of ye Senior classe. After singing and prayer he made some remarkes practicall and explanatory. He say'd there are classe meetinges Sabbath morningse and Tuesday ev'g, a meetinge Friday ev'g, and one Sabbath ev'g, &c. Alsoe he say'd there are here two strong currents, one goode and one evill, and who gives himself up frelly to either, will be carried away by it. Spite of the temptations,

nowhere is there a place more favourable for living an exemplary Christian life. As seats have not yet been given us in Chapel, my Chum and I went this morninge to St. Paul's. The texte was, "Them who love his appearing." This violates I s^d think one rule in ye selection of a texte, namely, that it s^d make complete sense. Received a box from home. Found all right saving a lampe, the which was in more pieces than I had ever seen one lampe in before.

At ye Latin recitation this morninge, tutor L. read an invitation to ye gentlemen who have juste entered College, to be presente at ye Temple, (Solomon's?) at one quarter paste 12 o'clocke, to listen to a statement of ye facts respecting ye Society of *Fratres in Unitate.*

Soe soon as recitation was over, S. and I hurried down to ye place mentioned. At ye door thereof was a noisie crowd of students of ye upper classes, and a "force Committee," soe styled, to prevent ye entrance of anie one untill ye Freshmen sd be seated. I was passed through and made my way to ye hall, where on a platform sat ye Presidents of ye Societies, and ye speakers of ye occasion. Freshmen being all in ye others were admitted, when such a turmoil, shouting, hustling, rushing after seats, I never saw before. Order being restored ye President introduced ye first speaker. He was greeted with loud and long cheers; his speech was capitall well written, and handsomely delivered. Y^e next speaker was a Senior, not soe eloquent but verie sarcastic. Him the President followed in plain, matter-of-fact language. Y^e conclusion to which all these speakers arrived was that ye Brothers Society, though fifteen years younger than its rival, was alsoe infinitely its superior, in everie respect. Immediately after dinner, we did assemble at ye same place, and with verie great curiosity to hear what ye Linonian Society could offer to rebutt ye convincing arguments of ye morning. Verilee ye orators of ye afternoon succeeded far better than humble I had anticipated.

Some of the speaking was splendid, and ye applause of the morning was redoubled. Y^e conclusions reached by ye opposite party were completely reversed, and ye whole matter brought into a state of delightsome clearness and perplexity. Places of rendezvous were assigned for the new recruits, and ye meeting broke up. I had previously made up my mind in the matter, and like all the rest, was guided in my choice more by inclination than by argument. After the recruits were all assembled, our side formed a procession, giving three cheers for everiebody else, and three times three for ourselves, and thereupon marched to ye Hall."

"A band of rascally Sophomores have been around for several nights past, electioneering Freshman for ye Society of ye Phi Beta Kappa, making them soe sicke with Toebaccoe smoke, that they will be reduced to noething but Skin and Bones. One nighte I locked my door, and stood behind it with ye poker, butt they came nott, nor have they yet troubled me.

"There is a custom recently introduced here, of this description. Y^e Freshmen challeng ye Sophomores to meet them upon ye Green on a certain time, and to vie with them in bestowing sundrie kicks and other hard usage upon a large ball inflated with air. Y^e bounds are determined, and ye side by which by anie means, deposits ye ball beyond ye opposite boundarie three times out of five, or two out of three, in this manner beats. There are manie reasons why ye Sophs ought to beat and generalie doe, but it is much better for us to give ye challenge aforesaid, and be beaten if needs be, than nott too give it at all. Soe we have had a meeting of ye class, and voted to send ye challenge."

"This Wednesday afternoon ye game came off. The firste round they barelie beat. It was noblie contested. Y^e myte Providence smiled upon us, and great fear fell upon all boastful Sophomores when they listened to our cheers of victory. Y^e third trial decided it in their favor. Sad apertures were caused in various nether and under garments. Our turn will come next year."

College Courtesies.

Picture to yourself a little brusque man, who stands up very straight, and wears his hat to please himself; who pitches his gruff tone half an octave under his natural voice, and aims to be surprisingly sententious; who exhibits remarkable equanimity in a polite crowd at a concert, but an exceedingly unregenerate heart in a vulgar crowd at the menagerie; who carries a little cane perhaps, and makes it quite evident by his motions, that he belongs to the order of *vertabratæ*:—if now you have ever seen such an one, you bore him no ill-will, but wished him all sorts of blessings and a little more taste.

Now what would this little brusque man, or his like, most probably do, if he should happen to get into College? He might possibly submit to rough usage in the foot-ball match, but would disapprove on the whole of such familiarity with any one to whom he had not been regularly in-

troduced. He would gracefully tyrannize over the waiter at the Woodcock, and probably get into bad repute with the dilatory attendants in the Post Office. Charity Students he would positively ignore, as well as all who did not get their boots of Mr. Lutz. As to the instructors, why, Heaven smile upon them; for he, being free and independent outside of the division room, will frown upon whom he will.

The actual so often conflicts with the ideal in our College life, that we certainly will not let it now. But it generally happens, that as soon as we begin to talk about autography, and lithographs, and sheepskins, these frequent discrepancies, between what is, and what should be, begin to lose their prominence. A correct and a pleasing parallel might be drawn between the discipline necessary to a College, and mild paternal government. Does any one suppose that the name of *Fathers* has not beautified and hallowed the memory of the early Christian primates? and, methinks, did the gray scholar and the young scholar, each deem themselves how to stand in such a pleasing correlation, the present abrupt distinction, as between novice and superior, would be little thought of. We shall seem to be fast nearing Utopia; but, certainly, could not the groves of Academia furnish enough examples of ardent friendships grown up between the philosopher and his disciples? How does the warm heart of our poet glow, while he tells—

> How the great MASTER, reverend, solemn, wise,
> Fixed on his face those calm, majestic eyes,
> Full of grave meaning, where a child might read
> The Hebraist's patience, and the Pilgrim's creed,
> But warm with flashes of parental fire,
> That drew the stripling to his second sire;
> How kindness ripened, till the youth might dare
> Take the low seat beside his sacred chair,
> While the gray scholar, bending o'er the young,
> Spelled the square types of Abraham's ancient tongue;
> Or, with mild rapture, stooped devoutly o'er
> His small coarse leaf, alive with curious lore;
> Tales of grim judges, at whose awful beck
> Flashed the broad blade across a royal neck,
> Or learned dreams of Israel's long-lost child,
> Found in the wanderer of the western wild.

But take the most utilitarian of all the New Englanders; a soul that probably would not seek such earnest affiliation: would not even he discern the beauty of order, and the comeliness of respect, in a diligent observance of the few punctilios of ceremony that have descended to us

from the times of the early Presidents? Dignity is indeed no longer measured off in rods or yards, and the niffs of the times of Queen Bess have been discarded, but neatness and elegance of apparel are still assiduously cultivated, and the conditions of respect and reverence are not abridged. May we not here introduce the authority of Tully? Haec enim ipsa sunt honorabilia, quæ videntur levia atque communia, salutari, appeti, decedi, assurgi, deduci, reduci, consuli; quae et apud nos, et in aliis civitatibus, ut quaeque optime morata, ita diligentis sime observantur. Our present curtailed ceremonial is a venerable legacy of more virtuous days, and deserves the more punctilious observance, when irreverence for years, wisdom, nay, even sacred religion, is so audaciously obtruded.

What seems to us a proper courtessy to fellow students, shall here be also spoken of. Chapel street is sometimes uncomfortably thronged, and we have heard it lamented how inconvenient and awkward it was to be all the while ducking one's head. We can certainly imagine in what proportion of time and number these "duckings" might accumulate, so as to become tiresome, inconvenient, and consequently awkward. However candidates for office or preferment will by no means object to a little wear and tear of this sort, and we think that all others will find abundant comfort in the reflection that "man is a social animal." Give us that genial, natural warmth of heart, that will prompt a man to render the kind words and kind offices of a man, while it will not so overflow that it will not respect its own proper dignity; but away with this affected dignity and constrained reserve that sits so ill upon the brow of a young man: too dignified to deviate from a vertical, too reserved to act the dictates of human feelings, too dignified and reserved to betray by any sign that he is not profoundly wrapt up in self—he would gladly retire between the walls of a high tin dickey, as the tortoise shrinks within his shell and is invisible.

How comfortably we should all live if we could act up to the reinforcement of that vulgar maxim, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom!' How stiffly each would contract his upper lip, frown upon all other swelling dignities, and look out for "Number One!" Ah! the transcendant bliss of such a free and independent state, in which each might reasonably believe himself the *Great I am!* There no hats shall ever be doffed to casual professors or tutors, no vexed complexity of acquaintanceship shall disturb the calm serenity of the dignified peripatetic, but continually shall his joyous ditty sing:

"I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me!"

J. M. W.

Mont Blanc.

All alone on my dusky throne,
  In a speechless dream I rest,
While the dark'ning forms of a thousand storms
  Are pillowed upon my breast.
The rattling hail on the startled vale,
  The gleam of the sparkling snow,
The lash of the rain on the waving grain,
  Are felt or seen below;
But the azure dome of my skiëy home
  Is forever bright and clear,
And the vapors that robe the shadowy globe,
  Can bring no shadows here.

For the proudest mist that the morn e'er kiss'd
  Till it sank on the thirsting flowers,
Or cloud that broke when the thunder spoke,
  And fell into rainbow showers,
With its frowning tide might bedew my side,
  Or my swelling torrents wed,
But never could rise to the deep clear skies
  That crown my sovereign head.

In a cradle that rocks to the earthquake's shocks,
  Like a tear by some proud heart wept,
One sparkling drop from the glacier's top,
  The child of a sunbeam, slept.
But soon it grew—like the morning dew
  When night's white webs are warmed,
And gather in floods on the frost-nipped buds,—
  Till a glassy lake was formed.
And the lake still slept where the thaw-drop crept,
  Till it dreamt of the sunny rills
That sing as they flow through the valleys below
  The green of the vine-clad hills;
Where a mossy stone is the May-queen's throne,
  Under an ivy wall,
That echoes a hum like a muffled drum
  To the distant waterfall;—
Of the fuller river that, smiling ever,
  In a flowery vale reposes,
Like a shepherd bride in the still noon tide,
  On a shaded bed of roses.

And the waters that sweep—in the lakelet's sleep—
  To the darkly throbbing sea,
Were like visions that roll through the poet's soul,
  When he dreams of eternity.
Then this lovely fountain, tired of the mountain
  Which guarded its airy birth,
Grew bold and wild, like a wayward child,
  And yearned for the daedal earth;
And now it roars on the rocky shores
  Of the Arve far below,
Forgetting where first its strength was nursed,
  In the calm of eternal snow.
But I shall rise to the spangled skies,
  When it sinks in yonder wave;—
The ocean's laugh its epitaph,
  And the sunless depths its grave.

When the eyrie king, on his matchless wing,
  In soaring pride goes forth,
And fixes his chair on the viewless air,
  Gazing down on the sunken earth,
Though the dizzy height to an eagle's sight
  Makes the valleys gray and dim,
Let him fly to the rest of his lowly nest,
  For I still look down on him.

The humble serf, from his world of turf,
  And the hills of mist that bound it,
When my breast is warm with the thunder storm,
  And the lightnings leap around it,
Starts trembling and pale to the screaming gale,
  As the scathed trunks madly leap
From their restless shroud in the mountain cloud,
  To the foot of the frowning steep.
His cold lips blanch as the avalanche
  With a death shade glooms his head,—
But his shriek is drowned in the angry sound
  That rolls to its earthquake tread.

I bear the scars of a thousand wars,
  Where the elements poured their wrath,
And the mighty jolt of the thunderbolt
  Wide opened a torrent's path.
Shrouded in quiet lost Echo sat nigh it,
  O'erlooking a noiseless dell,

But danced around with an angry sound,
  When the struggling waters fell.
And as under my shelter they groan and welter,
  With a voice like an angry sea,
She leaps on the rocks above, and mocks
  Their helpless agony.

But there is a height where the terrible might
  Of the tempest cannot climb,
And the earth-king Change must confine his range
  To the realms of his father, Time.
They may well leave me to Eternity,
  For I never can be the slave
Of the powers that reign on the darkened plain,
  And stir the fickle wave.
But above them, afar towards the morning star,
  In lonely pride I rise;
For my cold white brow is eternal NOW,
  And as silent as the skies.

L.

Daniel Webster.

THE history of our National Congress presents a theme on which the American is ever wont to dwell with interest, gratitude, and pride.

During the struggle of the Revolution, as well as throughout its later and more tranquil period, it is decked with names lustrous and imperishable as the stars in the heavens. But the passion of a Henry, the purpose of an Adams, and the philosophy of a Jefferson, were but as the heralds of the eloquence of a Clay, the logic of a Calhoun, and the wisdom of a Webster. The former recede before the latter and appear in their just proportions. The former labored to secure blessings for their own generation; and they succeeded. The latter received and magnified those blessings; and in magnifying them, endowed them with durability.

Perhaps the history of Senates affords no sublimer instance of the union of all the varied qualities of oratory and legislation, than was presented in that illustrious three—Webster, Clay, and Calhoun—gigantic as they were by nature, embellished by discipline, and strengthened by exercise. Without resorting to the doctrine of Special Providences, as

applied to governments—that convenient superstition for indolent or unreflecting minds—it appears as a most significant fact, that these men should have been raised up, together, to mature our nation into a sturdy manhood, and give it dignity and strength for unimpaired age.

The conflict of these men in the arena of debate was a spectacle, before which those contests of physical prowess from which ancient history draws so large a share of pride, and ancient poetry so full a measure of inspiration, shrink into their proper character of heathen dwarfishness. Here Liberty was the goddess that inspired; here the immortal mind was the chariot that bore them on to victory.

But these men are now no longer among us. Calhoun—the scholar, the patriot, the man—was first summoned, when the country, for which he lived, was touched with the blight of jealousy and faction. His eager eye ceased to attract, and his clenched logic ceased to astonish and convince. Clay—the chivalrous and the beloved—lived on till the storms that impended his country were dispelled, and then his spirit passed to its God, serenely as the setting sun, whose beams play along the earth at the close of a day of darkness, giving assurance of a brighter morrow. The solemn lesson was not lost upon him who still survived. His strength seemed broken, and his look spoke deep, but chastened sadness. On the twenty-fourth of October last, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster—the last of the great Triumvirate, the sage, the prophet, the orator, the kingly—was no more.

The intelligence of Mr. Webster's death was unexpected, even in New England. It was known that he had retreated from the cares of State to his residence in Marshfield, in a feeble condition. But it was hoped that his strength would be speedily restored by the respite from anxiety and toil and the renovating atmosphere of his sea-side home. But when, indeed, the tidings went abroad through the land that the pillar of the nation was broken, the shock was electric. Men grew pale; and silence was the only language of woe, as it was the most proper and the most eloquent.

The tear that stood in the eye of the patriot, saw its fellow tear in the eye that met its gaze. The heart of the nation gave expression to its groaning in the solemn booming of ten thousand cannon that echoed through the land. The wheels of government were stopped; legal tribunals were suspended; the merchant rested from the pursuit of gain; the hammer of the mechanic was hushed; the nation kept a solemn day of mourning. The lawyer, the statesman, the divine, trembled as they attempted the eulogy. But the theme itself was their orator;

and from the pulpit and the forum, the incense of eloquence arose. Nor was it the American alone who mourned. Wherever the sad story was borne, the universal mind wept its loss, and felt that

> "A mighty spirit was eclipsed—a Power
> Had passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
> Of light no likeness is bequeathed—no name—
> Focus at once of all the rays of Fame."

The age and country in which Mr. Webster lived, were peculiarly fortunate for the fame of such a man. As our Republic was elevated and unique in its character, so an original and independent career was demanded of our early statesmen.

A work universal and momentous, was opening upon the young men of America. A work no less than the salvation and the maturing of our Republic—a work to which the universal eye of man was directed, with eloquent interest, as to the sublimest experiment of all the devices of man—a work in which were involved the welfare of millions, the interests of civilization, and the great principle of civil rights;

> A work which, like the moonbeam, rests
> One end on earth and one amid the stars.

To his share in such a work Mr. Webster's sense of obligation to his country and to man impelled him. His history has now shown how great was the share which he was destined to perform. His entrance into public life, with no compensation either of honor or emolument, proportionate to the sacrifice he was obliged to make, proves, beyond the possibility of suspicion, the purity of the motives which actuated him. His career thenceforward, from the first public measure proposed by him, for protecting the owners of a trout brook, to the last of those illustrious acts whose legitimate and healthful influence stops not short of the whole human family, is but the embodiment of that ruling principle of benevolence indulged with such complete disregard alike of favor or reproach, and which, with all its comprehensiveness, could yet care for the minuter interests of his conntrymen. The nation needed such a man; and with firm, but ready pace, he advanced, and side by side with Clay and Calhoun, thrust his stout shoulder under the tottering temple of State; and when one after the other his comrads were removed, showed how potent for its support was his strength alone. But this last prop has at length itself fallen. May that temple, sanctified by the names of its founders and of its builders, by its consecration to Liberty, yet long retain its symmetry and its integrity; and may the spirits of Washington, of Henry, of Calhoun

and of Webster, be permitted yet long to look down from heaven and rejoice in beholding a virtuous and united people worshiping before its altar.

The contemplation of such examples of intellectual greatness possesses something fearful as well as ennobling. The common mind is apt to shrink from it, "to look pale, and gaze and put on fear." It forgets, because it fears to remember that it is itself akin to those intellectual lights that gild the tops of ages—that with them, in the degree of its own capacity, it borrows its illumination from the great Primal Mind, just as the bodies of our Solar System shine with the reflected effulgence of a common orb. In order then to comprehend the great talents of Mr. Webster, it is unnecessary to resort to any apotheosis.

The study of Mr. Webster's oratory furnishes us with the key to all those varied accomplishments and that insatiable grasp of intellect which characterized him beyond any statesman the world has ever known. Probably we have no more striking example of the diversity of his oratorical style than his celebrated reply to Mr. Hayne. Every one knows how fearful was the situation in which he had become involved. How political envy—that most remorseless of all the passions of man—had been long employed in the unseen prosecution of its fiendish task. How the axe was laid at the very root of his political integrity. How the fair robe of his consistency was held up in mockery and pronounced a loathsome patchwork of hypocrisy. How the man was taunted with evasive cowardice. How his friends trembled and felt that the support in which they had gloried, could only ransom its name from eternal infamy by the price of eternal oblivion. But the hour of vindication soon came; and signal and complete was that vindication made. How different was the bearing of Daniel Webster, when he arose in the Senate, on that memorable Friday morning, to make his victorious appeal to his country, from that of his overweaning assailant! What volumes of sarcasm and reproof are contained in that brief exordium! "Mr President," he commenced, "when the mariner has been tossed, for many days, in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. *Let us imitate this prudence; and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we have departed, that we may at least conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution.*"

The first few pages of this speech, devoted to personalities, are marked by a severity worthy of the exordium. Let us take the close of that passage, opening with the familiar exclamation, "Matches and overmatches!"

"Sir," he says, "I shall not allow myself on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; *but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that, in that contest, there will be blows to take, as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own, and that his impunity may, possibly, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.*"

We do not know of a more happy instance of that quality of implication which invests retort with its greatest power and effect. A little farther on we find the allusion to Banquo's ghost, where the quotation employed by Mr. Hayne is stripped of its counterfeit application and hurled back upon him with its accumulated load of severity and mortification. And thus the mighty enginery of his rebuke, sarcasm, and retort rolled forward, sullen, irresistible, annihilating. Then followed that triumphant vindication of the orator's political career, which struck his friends and enemies alike with admiration and astonishment. But he did not rest here. His duty to himself performed, a higher duty to his country yet remained, and he was adequate and ready for its execution.

Here was exhibited the real greatness of the man. Surprised on a sudden, without time for framing an analysis, determined to eradicate the baleful effect of those doctrines which had been advocated with so much eloquence, before it should become seated or extended, he uttered forth that noble exposition of the Constitution, which became at once the acknowledged law of the land, and put an eternal quietus upon the hopes of Nullifiers. And lastly, the climax of this oration presents one of the most sublime passages of eloquence that ever came from the pen or tongue of an American. What language could so fitly portray the priceless value of our Union? What images so vividly depict the horrors of its rupture? Whose eloquence but a Webster's could devise that majestic apostrophe to the Flag of the nation, suspended in the dome of the Senate-house?

This oration, as a whole, is not, by far, the best specimen of Mr. Webster's logic; but, as a *reply*, it stands unrivaled in literature. One thing is certain; he was not unable to discover the original point of the debate, and he did bring his antagonist to an unmistakable appreciation of his position. Nor did that position prove to be an enviable or a comfortable one.

In examining this oration, we cannot but be struck with the remarkable variety of its style, and with the strength and eloquence permeating

each of its parts. It is needless to instance further from Mr. Webster's efforts in Congress. His eloquence was not confined to the halls of legislation alone. His character as a lawyer lends an additional lustre to his fame. Every American student knows how his illustrious series of forensic victories opened with the defense of his Alma Mater. How, at the time when that Institution which had helped to shape him for future eminence, seemed already locked in the jaws of destruction; this man was found who dared to put forth his youthful, yet potent, arm for its rescue. How his stout heart burst, and the big tears flowed down his cheeks—how even the eyes of a Marshall ran over—when he consigned her to the disposal of his country's laws, declaring that, "If his Alma Mater must fall, she should not turn her dying glance on him, with the withering rebuke, '*Et Tu, Brute!*'" One of the most noticeable characteristics of Mr. Webster's oratory is the discreet use of imagery. And this fact appears the more singular when we consider the sublimity and grandeur of his metaphors. He dealt in realities, and indulged in none of those artificial raptures in which inferior minds are so prone to revel. As a specimen of his almost superhuman power of painting, the opening of his argument upon the trial of Knapp for the murder of Capt. White, may be cited. "An aged man," he says, "without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character." How gloomy and terrific the blackness of such a picture! The representation of the deed is equally felicitous. The healthy old man, to whom sleep was sweet, held in the soft but strong embrace of the first sound slumbers of the night;—the entrance of the assassin through the prepared window;—the noiseless foot pacing the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon;—the ascent of the stairs, and the arrival at the door of the chamber;—the moving of the lock, by soft and continued pressure;—the entrance of the assassin into the chamber;—the face of the innocent sleeper turned from the murderer;—the beams of

the moon resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showing where to strike;—the fatal blow;—the passing of the victim, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death;—the raising the arm, that the murderer may not fail in his aim at the heart;—the replacing it over the wounds of the poniard;—the exploring the wrist for the pulse, and ascertaining that it beats no longer;—the clamoring of conscience for relief from its horrid secret;—in this compacted history of guilt is contained a piece of artistic execution, the like of which can be found in no prose composition in our language.

But, considering Mr. Webster's profession, and the unremitting severity of his legislative and forensic labors; his powerful oration on the "Christian Ministry, and the Religious Instruction of the young," furnishes the most striking proof of the diversity of his accomplishments, and the almost preterhuman capacity of his intellect.

This oration is such a continuous chain of religious sentiment and theological argument, that it would be almost impossible to detach any single passage for quotation. It shines out as one of the brightest jewels in his coronet of fame, and is a chapter pregnant with wisdom, and instruction to the student in eloquence, logic, or theology.

Mr. Webster's popular addresses were characterized by the same lofty eloquence. His words needed only to be gathered as they fell from his lips, to form orations, apt, perspicuous, profound, rhetorical. And thus, whether in the Senate, at the bar, at the festive board, or before the impassioned populace, he appears as our ideal of a complete orator.

Mr. Webster's character may be told in a single word; and that word is Power. His demonstrations in politics or in law were energetic, cogent, conclusive. His sarcasm was like the blows of a mace, frightful, stunning. His metaphors were plucked from the stars, or snatched from the infernal pit. Though an efficient scholar in the classics, he yet drew his language from the hardy, forcible and sonorous Saxon. His giant person, his massive head, his cliff-like brow, his spiritual, unfathomable eye, his compressed mouth; all, spoke the colossal mind within.

One of the most prominent qualities of Mr. Webster's character was his Americanism. This is seen in all his official labors. It is seen conspicuous in his course in the Ashburton Treaty; in his correspondence with the Chevalier Hülsemann; in his reverence for the fathers of our Republic; in that half century of toil for our nation's unity and permanence; in those defenses of our Constitution, by which it became knit together, as with bands of steel.

But the ruling sentiment of his nature—and that in which all his other

ideas were submerged—was his religiousness. A profound student in the lore of this world, he yet failed to find therein that which could satisfy the immortal mind. And thus even in early life, he was drawn to that higher source of divine and perfect wisdom. He made the scriptures his chief study. As his knowledge of these and his intellectual growth expanded, side by side, he drank more and more deeply from those fountains of truth, and ever found a fresher and more invigorating sweetness in the draught. And the effect upon his mind was powerful and apparent. Religion was the imperishable foundation on which his principles of politics and of law were reared. By religion his great patriotism was generated, directed, and strengthened.

While he labored for the union of the states and strove to enforce its priceless value upon the minds of his countrymen, he recognized only the effectual means of its security in that universal moral training, which should inspire the minds of the people with a common faith, a common religious hope. This quality of his mind is forcibly exemplified in his addresses to the students of the South Carolina College, and to the ladies of Richmond. He had no disposition to pervert the hour so opportune for instruction, by jesting with youth, or in the honeyed adulation of a Carpet Knight. A patriot and a Christian, he had a lesson, big with instruction, to impart;—and who so wise or so weighty a teacher as he?

But to analyze all the varied powers of a mind, which the entire range of earthly wisdom could not satisfy; which no undertaking could thwart or intimidate; which could prostrate senates in amazement and in awe; which could, amid the crowded labors of the forum and the senate, grasp and expound the sublime doctrines of theology, with an energy and perspicuity unrivaled even by its doctors; which could bind up the sheaf of our Union, when the whirlwinds of faction seemed to be scattering its blighted fragments; which could go with the farmer into his fields, or with the mechanic into his work-shop, and become the instructor of either:—the exhibition of such a portrait, in all its just proportions, is a work which can only be executed when it shall be undertaken by another Webster. Then only will the artist comprehend the genius which he shall portray, glow with a kindred fire, transfuse his fervid soul into the picture and swell its lineaments into life.

Great as was Daniel Webster in life, how truly great does he appear in death! The same tranquil and decorous fortitude with which he had met all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, bore him through that final contest. The serene faith which marketh his bearing in "that last scene of indescribable solemnity," robs the shafts of calumny of their poison,

and chases coward Envy back to its hiding place. But he has reared his own enduring monument, and crowned it with his own living hands So long as literature shall remain, his works shall be read and taught of all men. And if ever that night of ignorance, in which the light of literature shall be extinguished, shall enshroud the earth, Tradition herself shall delight to send his name down the cycles of ages. Throughout the whole habitable earth, his dying words shall be forever verified; the mountains shall take them up and toss them from summit to summit; the lordly ocean shall chant them to the music of his waves; the Orient and the Occident shall swell the hymn, and the vast concave shall echo back the strain—"He Still Lives." J. A. W.

College Characters—the Politician.

Our Politician professes himself a "man of the world." He hears himself daily apostrophized as one of the young men upon whom will soon devolve the *awful* responsibility of guiding the destinies of this mighty Republic, and he accordingly feels that the fate of the Nation depends in no small degree upon his immediate exertions. Early education has made him an ideal Conservative. At school he became imbued with a love of the antique. College life fosters the attachment. He dreams of Grecian beauty and Roman grandeur—strolls through marble halls, and beneath lofty domes—lingers around the monuments and images of departed glory and greatness—wanders through enchanted groves, and along the banks of classic streams, until "Young America" nauseates his very senses. His Conservative tastes and training attach him to the Whig party—not because this party endorses his sentiments; but he imagines that it embodies his views more nearly than any other. He is decidedly opposed to the further extension of Territory, and the continuance of the present Naturalization laws—declares that Rome fell in consequence of her too extended boundaries, and her unlimited enfranchisement of foreigners; hence he warmly advocates the walling in of our already immense domain, and the erection of a toll-gate at every entrance. He is in favor of high Tariffs, which, according to his theory of Political Economy, will beget an overflowing Treasury, with which to erect magnificent public edifices, splendid monuments, to construct macademized roads—like the Via Sacra—to found extensive and renowned Universities with magnificent galleries, rich statues, and books, and spacious gardens—such

as Athens boasted. He detests Democracy in its modern sense, and above all things hates popular demonstrations. Such is our Conservative *par excellence.* The man of dignified demeanor—of elegant reserve, who would wield absolute power, as *he* thinks, to the utter annihilation of all innovations and *isms.*

There is a second class of the genus Politician, between whom and the first, however, there is as striking a difference as characterized the old Cavaliers and Roundheads. This second class conserve, as they say, by striving to restore more primitive usages. It is anti-progressive at any rate, and as such wages as unrelenting warfare as the first against the "Young America" spirit. More *fussy* than the first, our second man soon disposes of everything in his peculiar vein around College, which opens too limited a sphere for him, and he strides out over his stone threshold, and avows himself a "man of the world," *plus* "one of the people." He is a subscriber to half the [cheap] publications of the day—visit him, and pamphlets upon Sumptuary Laws—the Liquor Traffic—Women's Rights—the Horrors of Slavery—Pictorial Lives—Campaign Songs—Catholic Test Acts—Why I am a Whig—long disquisitions in short chapters upon High Tariffs—Daily Journals, any quantity of Weeklies—Tracts—Statistics—Reports on Prison Reform—New School Systems, &c. &c. &c., literally deluge his room to the complete obscuration of everything in the shape of a text book. Armed and equipped from such a magazine, our man is prepared for any emergency. An occasion soon offers. A great question is pending. An issue of vital importance is before the people. Swelling with patriotic ardor and philanthropic zeal, he sallies forth, and Quixote-like, encounters the first crowd he meets. Dogmatic, as most students are, he argues boldly and fiercely—Conscience is his main propeller, and it urges him on to deeds of daring and almost of death. As often results, the "Sovereigns" piqued at his presumption, and not understanding, or caring to understand his superior claims to right reasoning, begin to "close in," and the powers within not being able to resist the pressure from without, our Knight of Justice and Righter of wrongs finds himself tossed hither and thither by merciless hands, until bruised and breathless he is ready to gasp in tribulation of body, verily "Virtue hath its own reward."

Notwithstanding he was more of the martyr than hero in his last encounter, yet ere long we see him again, lance in hand, tilting with Error, charging upon Facts and demolishing Space, not unfrequently to the imminent hazard of his own demolition—a worthy representative of the renowned Knight of la Manca. This is the type of a class hitherto con-

fined to the ranks of the ignorant and disaffected, but who of late are becoming quite numerous, even in our Colleges, endeavoring to give to the wildest theories, in both Law and Morals, the sanction of learning. Men who never argue, but unblushingly vociferate from morn till night upon the merest abstraction calculated only to mislead the weak-minded, and instigate the vicious.

There is besides, a third class embracing a body of the younger students, which, although existing politically in a semi-chrysalis state, is nevertheless beginning rapidly to develop. This class comprises those ardent young men, who have a very sensitive regard for, and who claim a special supervision over, matters which they conceive affect in the least, the honor or reputation of Alma Mater. *She shall not be impugned.* Old Yale FOREVER! and our belligerant tyro, with an annihilating locomotion of his brachial extremities, jerks his shoulders almost out of joint, his larynx meanwhile nearly splitting with fierce yells, leads one to suppose old Yale a mine, upon which, if anybody happens to tread, he will be blown sky high. From an M. C. or coal-heaver, a demagogue, or divine, an insult *is* an *insult*, nor does he hesitate to provoke combat with the vulgar outskirts of a riotous mob—seldom or never, however, is his individuality discoverable on the scene of action after the mischief is effected. A *scabies scribendi* often seizes him, and he belches forth destruction upon his foe, in the columns of any obscure press which may offer to catch his juvenile eructations. We are happy to know that this class is by no means numerous among us—yet sufficiently so to have acquired of late, in our little world, quite a notoriety. By far the larger portion are content to let the world, for the time being, take care of itself. They frown down that mischievous, unmanly spirit, which would drag Learning from her high position, to wallow in filth with the vulgar herd. Men of high toned feeling who avoid contact with the restless multitude, who shrink from the public gaze, and who are immeasurably above that vulgar ambition, which seeks a boastful notoriety in the propagation of popular abstractions, and noisy reforms. Men who yield to received opinion a respectful assent, busying themselves meanwhile with their proper, legitimate pursuits, in laying a foundation upon which hereafter to build systems or rest theories, when a philosophic experience in life's affairs may develop their necessity.

In our attempt to exhibit the College Politician, we have been necessitated to gather here and there, characters and parts of characters, so as to give a whole, and yet preserve the different phases in their prominent truthfulness. This selecting has brought to light some not very com-

mendable prominences, which we hope to know ere long do not exist. To account philosophically for these peculiarities, we have not attempted, nor will we to any great extent. It is often a mooted question, why the large majority of students in this country are Whigs—why in England they are Torys, and in Germany Democrats. To the curious upon this subject we commend that "little work of Mr. Bristed"—not very popular at Yale, by the way—but which nevertheless contains some wholesome truths, notwithstanding he occasionally had the "bilious" when undergoing its experiences. As to *our* country, we believe that the outer world has too much to do within College walls—and the great freedom, and oftentimes license which our people claim, begets a premature restlesness among students to become practical men. So many avenues are opened for every sort of talent, and every grade of learning, that each man strikes out independently for himself. There is not a sufficient unity among our people to give oneness of spirit to our Colleges, but exposed to every influence from without, the student, though beginning a Conservative—and perhaps retaining it to a great extent throughout his course—yet if he lends himself to out-door matters, becomes very much shaken as to any fixed ideas of political life. The large majority of our students *are* Conservatives. Until of late few Radicals were to be found in our Colleges, but men were rather disposed to think long and well upon subjects, which in their investigation had employed the energies and application of the first minds for long years, and to exercise great caution in the attempted subversion of any principle or theory which boasted an authority. We think the change in our Collegiate character is not for the advantage of learning or patriotism. The good old Republican ideas of our Fathers are being strangely misinterpreted, and learning is lending its ingenuity to the unholy cause. Better build higher the wall of partition between the Academy, and the bustling turmoil of change and Radicalism, and fortify a true and proper Conservatism in its legitimate stronghold. Let us ponder well what we owe to principles and ideas promulged by those who have preceded us. Let us learn to think as they thought, to construe as they construed, until we shall be full armed, twice panoplied with philosophical truths, and strengthened by an intelligent patriotism, ere we adopt reforms and progressions in view of which veterans pause and consider.

We are done, readers, with the Politician. With politics we may have something to do after graduation. To fill up the interval, we shall look around College for characters, which we shall occasionally introduce to you through the Lit.

Cupid Wounded.

FROM ANACREON.

Cupid, 'mid the roses straying
With the wanton zephyrs playing,
Saw not, in the rosebud fair,
The tiny bee, that rested there,
But as he pressed the vengeful thing,
His rosy fingers caught its sting:
Running then, and partly flying,
Loudly on fair Venus crying,
"I'm sick! oh mother!" was his cry,
"I'm all undone! alas! I die!
There is a little snake that stings,
Sporting 'mongst the flowers on wings;
The rustics call this snake a bee,
And, Mother, this has bitten me!"
Then Venus spoke—"Oh boy! restrain
Such noisy cries! If thus the pain,
Inflicted by that little bee,
(In sportive wrath,) affecteth thee,
How much of pain, dost think they feel
Who know the venom of thy steel!"

E. A.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

A YALE TUTOR, SIXTY YEARS AGO.

An old lady whom I often see during vacation, and whose memory reaches far back, and dwells with great distinctness on early scenes, related to me a short time since, some incidents which I thought might possess a degree of interest among the Yale Memorabilia.

When she was a little girl, more than sixty years ago, she had a cousin who was a student at Yale. He was a fine scholar, she said, and during his Senior year, was a competitor for some premium or scholarship; *what* it was she did not remember, and I have no means of ascertaining. Another competitor for the same honor, was in some way related to the Faculty, and, very unjustly in the opinion of the class, the premium was awarded to him. Considering it as belonging by right to the first mentioned candidate, they voted to express their own estimation of his merits, by presenting him with a suit of clothes, the cost of which should equal the value of the prize.

Accordingly the presentation was made. There was a three-cornered beaver hat costing twelve dollars—such a one as in those days was worn for nearly a life-time. (Cannot three-cornered hats be introduced again, indestructible and ever-fashionable?) There was also a scarlet coat, and small clothes of the same attractive hue, with silk stockings and shoes to match, a gold ring, and gold-headed cane. Would that we might see Mr. Roger Newton, for such was his name, clad in his presentation suit, 'wig and breeches and all that,' once more pacing under these old elms, or looking around inquisitively upon all the changes which sixty years have effected, in the *goodly* row of buildings, and in the appearance and manners of their inmates.

Shortly after his graduation he became a tutor, and while occuping this post was taken sick, and died after a short illness. His funeral, which was said to be the largest which had ever taken place in his native county, (Hampshire, Mass.,) was held in the open air under some large trees, and an oration was pronounced by a classmate, Barnabas Bidwell.

On his tombstone was the inscription:

"All, all is right
Which God ordained or done."

These are trifling incidents, but may illustrate dress and manners in College in the days of old. L.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

An Oration was delivered before the Brothers Society, on the evening of October 20th, by Mr. Henry Baldwin of the Junior Class, upon the subject, "Reverence for Principles in the Pursuit of Truth."

On the same evening an Oration was delivered before the Linonian Society, by Mr. Isaac Holt Hogan, upon the subject of "War."

On the evening of Nov. 3d, a Poem was delivered before the Linonian Society, by Mr. Calvin G. Childs, of the Sophomore Class, subject, "Life—a vision."

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

LINONIA.	BROTHERS.	CALLIOPE.
	Presidents.	
E. W. Seymour.	T. F. Davies.	T. P. Nicholas.
	Vice-Presidents.	
I. H. Hogan.	B. K. Phelps.	J. Hamilton.
	Secretaries.	
W. C. Flagg.	E. W. Lambert.	J. C. Rains.
	Vice-Secretaries.	
L. D. Brewster.	A. B. Fitch.	H. A. Yardley.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

FOR MATHEMATICAL SOLUTIONS.

Class of 1854.

1st Prize—E. L. De Forest, S. Walker.

2d Prize—W. R. Eastman.

3d Prize—L. W. Gibson, R. W. Hengst, J. K. Hill, L. S. Potwine, G. W. Reily.

Class of 1855.

1st Prize—J. W. Harmer, W. M. Grosvenor, J. E. Todd.
2d Prize—C. R. Palmer, G. S. Pierce, G. Potter.
3d Prize—L. D. Brewster, S. L. Bronson, H. R. Slack.

Editor's Table.

HERE is your unfortunate friend, ycleped editorially "honest," somewhat snugly ensconced in that grand Arcanum of College wit, learning, taste, beauty and harmony. (Yes, Music, heavenly muse that thou art, thou dost deign here to take up thine abode—here to watch over thy votaries as their sweet voices discourse melodiously!) Sam. Slick justly observes that "we air the greatest nation on airth." Of course this is true. Well now Yale is the greatest institution in the land. North College is renowned Yale-wide as *the* College. The south entry speaks for itself (sometimes.) What shall be said of the fourth story, front cor—— Q. E. D. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. Now we mean no disparagement to any other locality. We say, candidly, that we think South Middle a great institution, and, with equal truthfulness, that we are quite sure that South College *stands* next to it after the Athenaeum. If any one doubts it, "let him speak" (to us, privately,) "for him" hath truth "offended." Some may think that assertions savor of invidious comparison. We commend such to a careful examination of the premises. We absolve them from the imputation of any intentional error. Our kind readers must pardon us if, out of the fullness of our hearts we celebrate North College alone, and commiserate all the rest of mankind, who do not room there. They are certainly very unfortunate in living anywhere else; but it is not our fault. Perhaps it is not theirs. The sublime teachings of Philosophy lead us to infer the impossibility of the existence of a plurality of bodies in the same place at the same time. Besides, we can hope to do no justice to the magnitude of our theme, even in an Editor's Table. How then shall we be expected to allude even, to any other topic. We might speak of North College physically and intellectually, musically and psychologically. We shall not, however. If we were to write all which might be said upon our theme, considered in these diverse relations, the Yale Lit. would not contain the half of it. Our remarks will therefore be somewhat desultory. By the way, we are here reminded of a very curious specimen of North College literature, which we chance to have in our possession. We were, the other day, examining some old papers found secreted in one of the numerous crannies of our room, when we were surprised and delighted to discover among them the following document, which seems to us to possess a thrilling though sad interest. It was entitled

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

To whom it may concern.

I am *Cimex* the philosopher. I am the last of my race, who inhabit No. —. It is the long vacation. I am starving. Before many hours shall have passed, I shall "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." I am the sole repository of a great and

all important secret, and I feel it my duty to record it, that it may not die with me. I therefore entreat that individual into whose possession it may fall, to preserve it carefully, and to present it to the public as soon as possible through the medium of the Yale Lit. or some other periodical of greater circulation, (if any can be found,) that futurity may enjoy the blessings of my labors. As I said my name is *Cimex*. I am old and well stricken with years. That I may add some authority to what I shall say, I will merely allude to the fact that there is a tradition that one of my ancestors repeatedly had the honor of biting one of the most illustrious Alumni Yale ever produced, and I, myself, have had the pleasure of feasting upon more than one Valedictorian, and no less than forty members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society have occasion to remember me. (I however prefer Freshmen.) It is now some years since my thoughts have been painfully called to the fact that men are the most inveterate haters of my kind, and that they are also the most subtle and cunning of animals. It is said that every animal has some enemy which delights to prey upon it, and destroy it. I think the human species was created for the sole object of murdering my kind. Among all their devices, none has been found a more terrible and destructive scourge than Corrosive Sublimate. I myself narrowly escaped death from this deadly poison. Being of a *philocimexical* turn of mind, I determined to devote my whole life to the investigation of the properties of this substance, and to the discovery of some antidote. For this purpose, to the imminent peril of my life, I selected one of the most studious among all the students, and took up my abode during the day and evening in a convenient crevice in the back of his rocking chair, where I could overlook his books. My first choice proved to be so utterly unstudious, that I did not succeed in getting a glimpse at the contents of his Chemistry. Nor was my second choice more successful. His blood proved so poisonous to my system that I was forced to take up my abode in other quarters to recruit my health. My third attempt was even more unfruitful than any former one, for my *fellow student*, suddenly throwing his head back, nearly crushed me before I could escape. One of my front teeth was broken by this accident, which I considered a more serious accident than the loss of an eye, which was blinded by the point of one of his hairs. Recovering from this, I still continued to prosecute my researches with unabated ardor and the same success, until at length the happy idea struck me of undertaking a pilgrimage to the Chemical Laboratory, and listening to the lectures upon that branch. Old and maimed as I was, I nevertheless undertook, and performed this journey. There I remained, though beset with cold and hunger, for weeks, and at length had the felicity of hearing the Professor announce that Albumen would destroy the power of Corrosive Sublimate. All I had lived for was now accomplished. The end of my life was gained—the summit of my hopes was attained. Oh! how I exulted. I laughed in my nook, till the old cranny reverberated. I instantly put on my hat, and set out on my return to my old quarters. A happy thought struck me. I secreted myself under the coat-collar of one of the students, and was borne with inconceivable rapidity to my old home. (I recommend this mode of traveling to all my friends who wish a speedy and inexpensive means of conveyance.) The exertions and privations of my journey proved too much for my constitution. I reached the foot of my old bed-post, and fell exhausted and speechless. I must have ramained months in this condition. During this period I was probably nourished and sustained by my

friends. When, however, I woke to consciousness I found myself alone. The long vacation had come, and my companions had been forced by hunger to leave me alone to perish. I am old and worthless. I do not blame them. So far from this, I feel every desire to benefit my kind, and for this reason have thus left behind me a record of my discovery. My claws are growing stiff. I feel that my hour has come; and, though in the very embrace of death, I again enjoin upon the discoverer of this to take every measure to circulate the knowledge here recorded as widely as possible.

Signed, in the northwest corner of the bed-room of No. —, North College,

VASTUM CIMEX.

No sooner had we perused this interesting document, than, prompted by a veneration for such a "philocimexical" philosopher, we proceeded to examine the locality designated at the close of the above article. The sight there presented to our eyes was almost too shocking to be related. There lay the bleached bones of the philosopher. Clenched in his claw was the identical pen which had been employed in writing the article which we have just presented to our readers. For days the horrid spectacle haunted our thoughts. But it is too shocking to dwell upon.

Speaking of these sad scenes and events, our thoughts are naturally led to the remarkable spiritual manifestations, which have recently appeared within the limits of this same North College. We make no pretensions to any explanation. We shall simply give the facts. One of our friends below tells us the following very remarkable occurrence, and vouches for its truth. He was sitting late one night by his desk engaged in writing. Becoming somewhat sleepy he threw himself back in his chair, and closed his eyes. How long he remained in this position he does not know, but he is quite certain that he *thought* he heard a very ominous rapping. Upon opening his eyes he found himself in the dark. Being of a speculative turn of mind, he has thought much of this occurrence, and gives us the following theories as the result of his investigations. First, it might have been a mouse. Secondly, he thinks it might have been a spiritual manifestation, and such an agent might have extinguished his light. Thirdly, he might have fallen asleep, and slept until his lamp burned out, and the rapping might have been a dream. We consign these theories to the consideration of the wise. One of our friends can produce loud rappings, by simply locking his door at night, and neglecting to remove the key. Whether these mysterious manifestations proceed from the "sweep," who comes early to build his fire, and is unable to effect an entrance, or from other and more unnatural sources, he is unable to say.

But the most remarkable instance of all came recently under our own immediate observation. Seeing in the *Tribune* some directions in regard to the method of proceeding, and the results which would follow, six gentlemen, all individuals of known veracity, seated themselves around a table, and placed the palms of their hand upon it, remained in that position for about thirty minutes. They then rose from their seats, and each individual willed that the table should move toward himself, expecting that it would obey the person whose will might be the strongest. The result however proved the contrary. The table remained *perfectly stationary!* Instances of like mysteries might, did time permit, be multiplied. If any one doubts the above statement, or wishes to prosecute enquiries further, we commend him to the embodied honesty of the Editorial corps.

We had intended to prolong our remarks upon our interesting theme. The subject is by no means exhausted. But we gladly give way until our *next*, that we may insert an article which cannot fail to interest and *amuse* our readers. We commend the following *beautiful* poetic bantling to the tender mercies of our readers. We hope we shall have frequent imitations from our contributors.

SATIRE.

SMOKING IN COLLEGE.

My old *goose* quill, obedient to my mind—
Slave of my midnight musings—midday thoughts,
Companion of my *grave* and lonely hours,
Arise, and *inkle* satiric lay—
Smok'ng is a ruination,
Sprung from Hades, a smoky nation!

Print on the page of careless "I don't care
From whence it sprung, I'll smoke, O! yes, I'll smoke
In spite of all"—yes, stamp eternal hate,
And brand the smoker with reproach, who will
Continue smoking loathsome weeds,
On which the fiendish Pluto feeds!

I call on some good friend to spend an hour:
Perchance procure a p— y— you know what;
But ere the threshold's crossed, black clouds arise,
And drive me back, unable to withstand
Such fumy gases from beneath,
So filthy, vile, they choke my breath.

"Ah! come," he says, "'tis College style to smoke,
And puff segars, the best *Havanas*, come,
Here is the case, the matches on the shelf,
Be friendly, here's my *chum* and all the rest
You know;" with pure disgust I haste
Out doors, more pleasant to my taste!

I meet my friend next day, he passes on,
Because I would not, like the rest, consent
To be a chimney-stalk—*a slave of lust;*
Thinks I, my boy, I'll show a reason why
I would not be a slave, and die
By inches—why!—the reason why

Is this—to smoke, you know, has been of late,
Considered stylish, brave, polite and wise—
So smoke has been a mark of *manliness*
In higher grades, where fashion sits, and smiles
On lumps of human flesh, adorned
In gay attire; but fools withal!

If, to become a fop, I much desired,
Or shine in splendid arches, and obtain
Applause and approbation from the crowd,
Smoke; No!—the last resort to obtain my wish!
Tobacco I'd personify,
And lay it where it ought to lie!

I know I labor on unequal ground:
The smoking host arise from every camp (*room*)—
That is in general terms almost *all* smoke—
And puff their useless breath, in idle chat,
O'er gassy speeches—full of smoke,
I cannot see why they don't choke.

Ah! secrets are not all divulged abroad,
Which had their birth in regions, dark, below:
They, of the sulph'rous tribe, inured to smoke,
Puff on, while in their element, they sing—
Of smoke their native atmosphere,
And, proud, disdain a sky that's clear!

Some smoke by inches, some by yards and feet,
Yea, some—to see them—smoke by *acres square;*
But how they live, I know not, 'tis mystery
To me, that while they puff, they do not burst,
And end, what they begun in smoke,
In smoke, thick, curling smoke!

Perchance I censure sons of noble birth,
What, tho' I do, 'tis base for such to smoke;
But pardon—may I ask *no* pardon—my reproof,
Behold thyself in portraiture, and say
If thou art willing to suspend
Such in the room of thy best friend.

Smoke on! my old goose quill is giving out;
But think what chimneys ye will all become:
Keep clear of soot the vent, lest sparks take hold,
And you, in agony, exclaim—"Fire! Fire!"
E'en, then—I think, you'd shout, and cry,—
"*Give me my pipe or else I die!*"

A French dramatist makes one of his characters say, that all writing must be either poetry or prose. Our contributor has most effectually given the lie to this truism, for the above production is certainly neither. Our friend can console himself with the reflection that the Frenchman must have been unacquainted with "satire." Perhaps we do not appreciate the above article. We *rather* think we do not. We have published the above, as, in our estimation, the most distant attempt

at poetry we have ever seen. John Milton's Paradise Lost sold for ten pounds. *His* cotemporaries could not *appreciate* him. We hope Mr. —— will continue to write, and will also permit his genius to flow in the "satiric" vein which seems to be *so* appropriate to his talents. We can assure him, however, that his works are entirely beyond the comprehension of the Editors of the Yale Lit. as well as of their readers. Our circulation is, moreover, limited, and we recommend him to try some periodical which is more extensively read. We trust that if his commiseration of our dullness does not prompt him to follow our suggestion, a regard for his own reputation and a desire to elevate the satiric literature of America, will produce that effect.

Our Printer has sent the *Devil* to us for more copy. We would gladly follow the old injunction and say, "Get thee behind us." There is, however, no alternative, and we find, upon consulting our budget, that we have left two or three important events unnoticed. We confess that between the Presidential election and a more extended notice of our friend's *Poem*, we occupy a position somewhat like the imaginary animal mentioned in Reid, who was so utterly at a loss to decide between the merits of two bundles of hay, that he met an untimely fate. We think them both *pretty* bad. We think, however, upon consideration, that the latter topic is a *little* the worst. So you can form a distinct conception of our appreciation of *that poetry*.

General Pierce is elected! We have one consolation, however—our Editorial corps were all right. How the great American people could be so utterly regardless of such an illustrious example, we cannot see. We shall, however, pass over their fault this time, on the condition that it is not repeated. We console ourselves over the defeat of General Scott, *a la mode* a friend of ours, who says he "don't care much about it, for he has always considered him an old fool, and feels at liberty to say so now." But, then, to see such a man as Frank Pierce elected by the suffrages of our millions of enlightened voters, is a little more than we can endure. "O Tempora! O Mores!"

Our Memorabilia Yalensia is unusually brief. It is partly the result of a want of time, but chiefly attributable to a dearth of subjects. We have two or three themes, however, in view, and promise that they shall appear in some future number.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The Eighteenth Volume of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the Memorabilia Yalensia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

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VOL. XVIII. No. III.

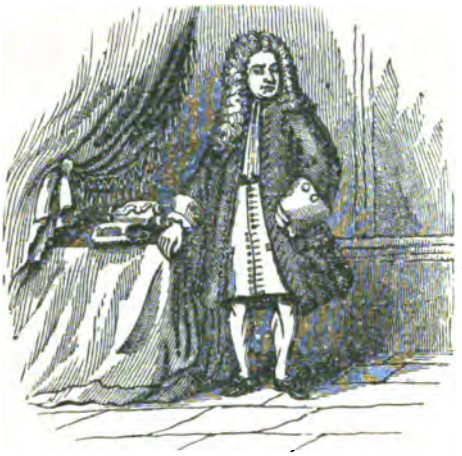
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1852.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1852. No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '53.

A. GROUT, C. T. LEWIS,
G. A. JOHNSON, B. K. PHELPS,
A. D. WHITE.

The Progress of Literature.

WITH all the radicalism active in the world, tearing down with strong hand the fortresses of old error, and even shaking to the very foundation the firm-set pillars of truth, there yet exists in many states and phases a deep-rooted conservatism, which reason and prejudice are alike powerless to subdue. In many matters the iron hand of custom has bent the strongest knee in reverence and retained its hold upon the victim until the firm muscles relax and he submits to his chains. And this invincible conservatism, scorn it as the hot-headed reformer in his folly may, is the inevitable result of our nature. It comes from the common dread of change. We shrink from seeking the promised yet uncertain good, willingly preferring the present certainty, with all its ills. It is only when roused by a strong sense of evil and evil endured, that the mind shakes off this dread of change and springs like a bridegroom to the wooing arms of hope. And with this fear of the future comes naturally a love for the past. We gaze back at the deeds of our ancestors, and filial wonder, pride, and affection, all bind us to their memory. We wonder at their undertakings, pride ourselves upon their successes, and love them as our progenitors. We feel the same reluctance to disparage them that we would to speak upbraidingly at the new-made grave of a parent. The

cloud of dust from the tomb of the ages so mellows the light of history that, in our eyes, "e'en their failings lean to virtue's side." Half their faults are concealed from our view, while the other half have acquired a prescriptive right to be considered as virtues.

From this blind adulation of the past, has arisen, we think, the depreciation of Modern Literature, which is so prevalent. We fancy it impossible that any efforts of the puny son should equal those of the gigantic sire. The works of the mighty dead rise amid the waves of time that beat and toss around them, like the pyramids amid the eddying sands, vast, imperishable. And while we wonder what the power those early men could find to raise them, we do not think that what was the work of years then as many weeks could finish now, did the wisdom of the present permit them to copy so redoubtable a folly of the past. And so, forgetting to compare, we only wonder and hastily leap to the conclusion which gives antiquity the palm. We hear the grand old harp of Homer at its chords clash music down the long ages, its strains all softened by the distance and the twilight, and in our admiration we forget that, though he could rouse all these wild harmonies, yet his strain is rugged as his age, and that the nicer melodies of the heart have been only found by later bards. The first adventurous step along any new path of discovery draws the plaudits of the world, while he who follows out the track to its farthest limit is often forgotten or unknown.

From this more than any other cause, has resulted, we believe, the somewhat popular belief in the deterioration of Literature, and to show the falsity of this opinion, alike injurious and disgraceful to the age which entertains it, is our present purpose.

The number of the panegyrics upon progress do not alter the truth. This is, however trite the saying, a world of progress, and from the life and advancement in all other things we may reasonably infer a like advancement in literature. We are apt to think that in that elder time there was more room for the workings of imagination. To be sure there was then a cloud of mystery thick and heavy over all things, which for us the strong light of science has dispelled. The simplest operations of nature gave rise to a thousand fancies fresh as the new-born earth and wild as the imagination which conceived them. The universe was peopled with invisible deities. The soft sighs of the Dryad came to the dreaming ear from the rustling leaves. The laughing of the rivulets told the brook-nymphs' happiness, while the dread voice of offended deity spoke to the earth in the thunder. The day for such fancies has passed with the ignorance which produced them. But has Literature suffered from the

progress of Science? We do not believe it. The same power of mind exerted through different instruments, breaks down the barriers of ignorance to grasp the wonders of nature in its comprehensive thought, and wakes the poet's soul to harmony. And as Science advances, so must Literature keep pace. As the field of knowledge spreads, the field of imagination must extend itself also. The greater the area the circle encloses, the greater the space that surrounds it. The pinnacle which bounded the hope of the eager sage of yesterday is but the first step of the ladder his successor dies in climbing. And every new analogy which the poet finds between mind and matter opens a new vein of thought for some successor to trace to its rich development. Every advancing step but reveals new beauties and fairer fields beyond. The true poet can never lack a theme. So long as man shall live and learn, strive and suffer, discover and die, so long shall the poet, tuning his melodies to his own heart-strings, find responsive echoes in kindred breasts. Poetry is the sympathy of the internal with the external, of the mental with the material. And while the latter is enlarged, refined, and purified by Science, poetry must continue to enlarge, refine, and purify the heart. The progress of science is not, then, injurious to the interests of Literature. Nor do facts militate against this position. The absence of giants in Literature does not argue that common men are dwindling to pygmies. Their great thoughts are in the treasury of the present to cheer and instruct those whose remembered utterances shall in their turn cheer and instruct their successors. We should no more argue the degeneracy of Literature from the absence of Shakspeares and Homers than infer the extinction of Christianity from the lack of inspired apostles and divinely gifted prophets. The equalization of light rather argues the increasing brilliancy of the luminary.

But after all, the facility of Education is the great support of Literature. The means of knowledge are in the hands of all who choose to employ them. No genius need now languish as formerly through want of training. The amplest resources are at the disposal of all. And from this ease of Education must arise the permanence of Literature. For since Education teaches the author how to labor and men how to appreciate his labors, Literature must prosper with Education.

And we may believe, too, in the progress of Literature from the fact that literary men are in fact more esteemed now than formerly. We have seen those eminent in Literature in another country uniting themselves for the noble purpose of assisting their fellows. We have seen them calling on the public for aid, and the public generously responding to the summons. With all that is said about neglect of genius at the present day, we may

rest assured that real genius is never neglected. There are too many who can feel his truths and glow with his emotions, to suffer the man of genius to be maltreated. The world, laying aside all poetical license to abuse it, is tolerably just. Give men the ability to recognize worth and not put too strong obstacles of selfishness in their way, and they will render it its due. The common sense of the blindest is sufficient to detect between sniveling arrogance and true worth.

The point to which these considerations have led us then, is this: There is nothing in the mind of man nor in the nature of Literature itself, to prevent its co-advancement with Science and intelligence, while, on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that it is dependent on and sustained by them. Though the topics which would attract a rude imagination may have been softened by the touch of civilization, yet there is food enough for the fancy in simple, unromantic, daily life. The domain of thought may be no longer the grand old forest, with its wilds unknown to man, where no adventurous foot has entered nor curious eye admired its gloomy fastnesses. Smiling villages are there and pleasant dwellings, which master minds have from time to time erected. The torrent which once thundered along the wilderness now leaps through grassy meadows, lulling with gentle murmur the wanderer on its quiet banks. The gloomy hues of the picture are softened where man has let in the light, but yet all around frowns the dark forest. What has been already done, but suffices to rouse the thought to make further discoveries, to build new palaces in this enchanted land, where, in future years men shall come and love to linger, and do homage to the builder. P.

Rhymes of the Seasons.

SPRING.

There cometh a winsome maiden,
  With cheek of a cherry hue;
Her arm is with posies laden,
  Lips parted, to speak to you.
Her smile is a smile which entrances,
  There is mirth in her laughing eye,—
And the heart which is pierced by its glances
  May love her, but never need sigh.

This gentle and winsome maiden
  Hath tresses of chestnut hair
Over her forehead braiden,
  Parted with girlish care.
The breeze with her locks is playing.
  Kissing that open brow,—
List to the words she is saying,
  A Sybilline prophetess now.

"Mortals, I come with a blessing,
  Radiant, gladsome and free;
The daisies my feet are caressing,
  And Nature rejoicing with me.
The time for the songsters is coming,
  Their wild forest carols to sing,
Back from my wearisome roaming,
  I am the beautiful Spring.

"Galatea! hither hie!
  Is there sport in waves for thee?
Gay and blooming Spring is nigh,
  Hither quickly come to me.
Earth is pouring forth her flowers
  Round the running, sparkling streams,
And our cool and shady bowers
  Thee invite to pleasant dreams.
Hither come, forsake the shore,
Seek the wave-washed strand no more.

"Chains which the winter had woven,
  Are melted like frost-work of dreams;
No longer to fetters behoven,
  Right merrily frolic the streams.
Brooks in the sunbeams are dancing,
  Flashing and dazzling the sight;
Ripples are curveting, quivering, glancing,
  Mad with excess of delight.

"Thus, on the heart that is lonely,
  Desolate, withered and old,
Touched by the chilling blasts only,
  Shrunken and narrow and cold,—
Breathes there a zephyr from heaven,
  Murmurs affection's soft tone;—
Freshness and fervor and vigor is given,
  The winter of feeling is flown."

Thus the sweet Sybil is saying,
Shedding around her, perfume,—
Heedlessly wandering, carelessly straying,
Banishing shadows and gloom.
Come with thy pleasures, thy sports and thy flowers,
Come with thy holidays, Spring!
The youths and the maidens shall hail thy glad hours,
And oft of thy festival sing.

Morning is cheerful, but brilliant the noon,
Spring and its pleasures all vanish too soon;—
Dews of the morning are dried from the grass,
Noontide, though brilliant, is transient, alas!
Roses must wither, and Summer must pass.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumnal sisters three, clad in robes of sober hue,
Stepping staid and soberly, come the forest vista through;
Yet a twinkle of the eye, as their footsteps draw more near,
Causes not so much a sigh as a thought of future cheer.
Very sober sisters they, in their gait and dress and air,
And in very proper way they their russet garments wear.
Yet, beneath the vail of nun, closest drawn, I half surmise,
Oft a world of latent fun, mingled with devotion lies.
And the monk with shaven crown, clad in robe of camel's hair,
Begging scanty crusts of brown, eats not always scanty fare,—
But within his cozy cell when he seats himself to dine,
Gives his wallet to the dogs, and himself to meat and wine.

Yet, as nearer still they come, more attractive they appear—
Bringing with them golden gifts from the slow departing year;
Wreathed with leaves of red and purple, hung with ears of yellow corn,
With its treasure rich o'erflowing, plenty crowns the brimming horn.
Juicy grapes, in purple clusters—slender stalks of waving grain—
Fruits from every soil and climate, hither brought across the main.
These the Autumn yields profusely, these with warm and genial cheer.
Many a stormy day shall brighten, of the Winter chill and drear.
(These departing leaves of Autumn were a theme for Poet fit;
But a Poet has described them in the pages of the "*Lit*,"
In a strain I might not equal, or for beauty, or for wit.)

Spring, its day of rustic gladness, by the youths and maidens crowned—
Summer hath its great rejoicing, ushered in by cannon's sound,—
Autumn's humble, festive season, brings a pleasure to the heart,
Which nor May-pole, crowned with garlands, nor proud banners can impart.
O'er the hills and verdant valleys wild we wander in the Spring,
And a nation hails its birthday with a nation's gathering,—

But the Autumn's glad Thanksgiving is a quiet, festive day,
Hallowed by a chastened feeling, deep and earnest, more than gay.
When around the hearth paternal, wandering exiles thronging come,
Grasp a hand and hear a mother's gentle, loving "welcome home."
Thou, *New England*, ever ready in the right to lead the way,
Who, in many a high endeavor, art the pioneer to-day,—
Thou this sacred custom founded, and each younger sister State
Looking on thy bright example, well thy deeds may imitate.
Soon from north to southern border, and from east to western coast,
Shall this day by all be treasured, who of Pilgrim stock can boast;
And our land's adopted children kindling here their altar fires,
Learn of Pilgrim's sons to honor name and faith of Pilgrim sires.

Golden the sunset which bringeth the night,
Precious the moments of parting delight,—
Autumn must vanish and Winter appear,—
Cheerful its fire-light, its sunlight how drear!
Thus, and thus ever, departeth the year.
List to the lesson and moral of Time,
Rung on the ear by the echoing chime,
Chill as the icicle, crisp as the rime.

THE VOICES OF THE PAST.

Speaking in a solemn tone
Of the ages that have flown,
Of the harvests long since sown
That the reaper Time hath mown,
Of the grass that lank hath grown
Over monumental stone,
Over temples overthrown,
Standing once in pride alone,
Now but by their ruins known,—
In the evening of the year,
When the fallen leaf is sere,
Through the naked branches drear
Of the stately forest trees,
On the gently murmuring breeze,
Come the 'Voices of the Past,'
Saying, 'Nought of earth can last.'
Ever and unceasingly
They are whispering to me
Of the ruins time hath made
With his long and glittering blade;
How, in sunshine and the shade,
He hath dug with well-worn spade
Graves, where side by side are laid,
Both the arm that justice swayed
And the culprit, once dismayed

By the laws he disobeyed,
In their terrors stern arrayed.
"Spirit of the scythe and glass,"
Where thy fearful footsteps pass
Man must bow before thy nod,
Then repose beneath the sod.
Billows roar and tempests sweep
Over navies buried deep,
And the weeds luxuriant grow
Where proud cities sleep below.
While the creeping moss doth twine
Many a long forsaken shrine.
Still Oblivion's wave doth flow
Equally o'er friend and foe:
Kingdoms flourish, sink and fall—
Time—thou rulest over all.

J. K. L.

Eloquence as Allied to Civil Liberty.

To trace the numerous effects that have sprung from eloquence; to follow in all their branchings and windings, the streams which have had their source in so noble and God-like a power; to examine the operation of its influences in the rise and decline of Empires; to give its characteristics in various ages and in its progressive stages of development; and to estimate the degree to which it has aided the progress of mankind—this were a work requiring the research and worthy of the powers of the most industrious and philosophical historian. I cannot enter upon a task so far transcending my limits, but shall speak only of the connection of eloquence with civil liberty.

In Eloquence, as in all things else, the transition from the ancient to the modern, has been from the ideal to the practical. It is no longer studied for its own sake. It has ceased to be one of the fine arts. Modern orations, heavier with the weight of thought, are less gilded by the light of imagination; they aim to convince, rather than to please. This change is doubtless, in a great measure, owing to a change in society, but somewhat also to the habits of orators. They formerly moulded their thoughts and adopted their look, attitude and gesture, after long meditation, and came before the public only when their self-adopted habits had become fixed; now they both think and speak, surrounded by the multi-

tude. As a consequence, they have become less meditative, their productions less perfected, their habits less instructive, and eloquence more instrumental.

In its manner of development, eloquence may have changed, but not in its essential characteristics; it may be less artistic and present fewer models, but its echoes are still heard with the foot-falls of the free, it still thunders in the halls of republican legislation.

The proposition which I shall endeavor to establish is, that Eloquence and Civil Liberty, by the principles and powers from which they spring, and in the means and occasions by which they are developed, are closely allied, and exert upon each other a reciprocal influence.

Freedom of thought is essential to the existence and appreciation of eloquence; but *general* freedom of thought—thought neither fettered by superstition, nor circumscribed by ignorance, soon sends its life-giving power through all the arteries of the state, and shows its expansive and liberalizing influence in political institutions. *Partial* freedom of thought, in a modified degree, produces the same result; and only upon subjects in regard to which latitude of thought has been granted by rules, or assumed by subjects, has eloquence been produced.

Eloquence is spontaneous and spurns the dogmas of tyrants. Its essence, vitality and power, depend upon the free thought of its author. The caged eagle languishes; the eagle, soaring to the sun alone, is the king of birds; eloquence, bound blindly to a creed, is divested of its strength and majesty. It would be absurd to represent Apollo in chains.

The themes of eloquence are more grand in themselves, more extensive, and exciting in their relations, in republics, than in monarchies. Man—himself free—advocating the rights of the free—governed only by principles of equality and dictates of humanity, and swaying the assembled multitude by the might of his reason, or the power of his fancy—is one of the noblest spectacles upon which we are permitted to gaze, one to which the most powerful king, or most successful conqueror, cannot be compared, for it displays that which the king and conqueror do not possess—the highest attributes and true dignity of man.

Eloquent thoughts, to be effective, must not only be conceived and uttered, but must also be *heard*, by freemen. You might as well expect the Persian, saluting with reverent knee the rising sun, to comprehend the sublime idea of the Christian's God, or the Hindoo mother, stifling the moan of innocence in the Ganges, to understand the tenderness of maternal affection, as to expect the individual whose path is darkened by fear of a monarch, or the nation which is overshadowed by Despotism, to

be melted by the sufferings of humanity, touched by the beauty of truth, or roused by the fervor of patriotism—to sympathize with the inspiration of the great and good breathed in the words of the orator, or embalmed in the pages of the historian. Attempt to fire a man with the ardor which glows in the breast of the discoverer of truth, to give him a clear conception of the wants of his nation, or an enlarged view of the rights of his race, while restricted by the formula of Despotism, and you have attempted to kindle a flame in a vacuum, where it is incapable of spreading, or even of life. Eloquence, as a cause or an effect, in the mover or moved, presupposes a latitude of thought and a play of feeling—an individual significance and independence, inconsistent with the blind and dumb obedience of the serf.

Nor need freedom of thought be proscribed on *all* subjects to prevent the growth of eloquence. Where fear is the motive for obedience, and force the support of government, where restriction is the tendency, even in matters not circumscribed by arbitrary rule, the imagination is chained, or without vigor, generous feeling stifled or wasted, and reason cramped or perverted. Habit suggests, loyalty urges, and self-interest demands, a sacrifice or suppression of personal opinion.

But when eloquence exists in and characterizes a nation—when it has pervaded and fired the national heart—when it has entwined itself around sentiments of truth and maxims of freedom, it becomes an extensive, permanent, and active power, cherishing a noble, public spirit, and resisting domination.

Mankind are taught by facts. We best comprehend principles in a concrete form. When a whole people rejoices in a blessing, or bewails a calamity, when all minds are engrossed in some real circumstance, then eloquence springs into existence, and when discussing a fact, deduces a principle: the fact may be forgotten, but the principle lives. The machinery of popular government is no sooner set in motion than numberless questions arise at the bar, in the halls of legislation, or in the public forum, inviting deliberation and debate. Here mind must act and conflict in the presence of the multitude. This action and conflict attain a higher end than the settlement of pending questions—they inculcate and diffuse a knowledge of correct principles.

The maxims of a free government are few and simple. The principles upon which American independence rests, are set forth upon a single sheet of paper. But by what long and severe discipline has a knowledge of those principles been reached, and the power to maintain them gained? This knowledge has been reached not by speculative reasoning, but by

the stern logic of fact, and this power has been gained not by philosophy and poetry, but by battle-fields and martyrdom. Mere pen and paper aphorisms are useless; to be serviceable they must be felt. True principles can be maintained only in the way in which they are recognized and established, not by specimen facts in the small alembic of a metaphysician, but by great results glowing in the furnace of reality. Hence foreign aggression, when not triumphant, and national calamities, when not disheartening—all occurrences which lead to right action, or tend to reflection—are, in this light, to be viewed as *blessings* by a nation truly desirous of remaining free. But useful, above all other means, valuable beyond all other gifts for the preservation of an active spirit of freedom, is the living voice of eloquence, ringing like a clarion through the land, solemnly reiterating the precepts with which the past is fraught, or, in prophetic tones, announcing the evils with which the future is clouded, and concentrating all the powers and acquirements of its possessor in a heartfelt, irresistible appeal, to a nation's intelligence and patriotism, its sense of honor and of justice. Demosthenes, fanning the flickering flame of Grecian freedom; Cicero, resisting the wiles of a perfidious conspirator; Burke and Chatham, despite the menaces of a throne, advocating the cause of distressed colonies; Kossuth, appealing to the sympathies of the world in behalf of his expiring nation; and Webster, crowning the works of his country's valor with those of his own genius—all these have sown, broadcast, the principles of freedom, which are growing in the hearts of men, and will yield a fruition to gladden future ages.

Let *history* speak. Where have the bright lights of eloquence shone? Where have its bright lights been witnessed? From the earliest dawn of civilization, where liberty has been enjoyed, there, and there alone, has eloquence flourished. It found utterance in the musical language of the Greek, when Greece was free; it was combined with the strength of the Roman language, when Rome was a republic; it was carried by the sturdy Saxons to Britain, and developed there along with liberty; it has flowed forth from the excitable Frenchman, when the "Marseilles hymn" has floated past, or "*vive la Republique*" has rent the air; and in America, on the rock where the Pilgrims landed, on the fields where heroes fell, over the tombs in which patriots sleep, and wherever the ark of constitutional liberty has been in danger, it has been embodied in sentences, which, while they show the variety, flexibility, and power of our language, and the high endowments, vast attainments, and grateful emotions of our countrymen, show, also, *as their vital principle*, the sleepless and unconquerable spirit of American freedom. As a historical

fact, republics have been the schools of orators, the eloquent have been the free. A fact so universal cannot be accidental; it shows the natural connection between the conditions of freedom and the elements of eloquence.

E. C. B.

"Sandwich and Cider Sketch."

NO. 1.

BY JOHN JAW-MANDIZER.

"The setting up," or "pleasures of watching with a sick Classmate."

Scene—Small chamber near College—Table with writing materials, books, &c., in middle of room—Small stand with refreshments on one side—Bed in farther corner, containing the mummy-invalid, looking for all the world like the far-famed *Banjo's* ghost—Watcher at centre-table writes,

10 o'clock. "Mixed the patient's potion.—Instead, however, of being dosed by Watchman, he *dozed* himself and snored away like a valiant bushwack.—Meanwhile, Watchman takes a junk of pie—then walked from one end of sickman's slipper to the other for exercise; came back, along the side to the heel—Took a small taste of Sandwich, just to keep a good feeling in the stomach.

10½ o'clock. Invalid has slept over—one mark—good beginning.—Watchman smells of provisions on his right—Goes through mechanical process, down an inclined plane, with small bit of apple, just to test the principle.

10¾ o'clock. Violent rattling of plastering overhead; probably some twin rats playing "Tag," one of whom lately escaped from patient's trap, leaving part of tail as security for his future non-appearance—Loud whisperings and suppressed laughter by two female voices, next house—probably the two lovely cousins of somebody chatting in bed—Chorus of jolly students outside, roaring, "Get up early in de mornin."

11 o'clock. First example of the screw practically illustrated by uncorking "vintage of 1805"—Finds that the two principles of the screw and the inclined plane harmonize wonderfully—Several wooden clocks in the house trying to wake up sick man by striking very laboriously.

11¼ o'clock. Duet by two sociable cats in back-yard—high notes very shrill—undoubtedly those of a she-feline;—Watchman feels faint—eats the bread of a Sandwich and puts the meat in pocket for to-morrow's breakfast—Gets frightened by noise down stairs, therefore puts "spirits *down* to keep the spirits *up*"—"1805" very good, only must have been watered a *leetle*, as water comes out of Watchman's eyes, at every fresh swig of the bitters.

11½ o'clock. "Bread and Butter Rebellion" in Watchman's stomach—probable cause, intemperate exuberance of spirits.

11¾ o'clock. Watchman sleepy—lies down in one of sick man's slippers for a snooze—Noise in next room—Watchman gets up and looks through key-hole; sees sickman's chum fast asleep, kissing bust of Jenny Lind on mantel-piece—Somnambulist then sets unruly chair parallel with wall, and, soliloquizing aloud on the "Insufficiency of Earthly Enjoyments," turns over bed-clothes carefully, and gets in again with quite an air of contentment—Watchman eats rest of mince-pie, five Sandwiches, and hunts for tooth-pick to hold in mouth instead of cigar—Reads love-letters of patient, found in secret draw of desk—One with lock of hair, peculiarly tender; Watchman thinks of *his* matrimonial prospects with sad foreboding; takes an elixir and feels better.

12 o'clock. Watchman acts the Apothecary again; mixes potion, accidentally sneezes into it—is very sorry, and takes a sip of "Sazrac;" tries one or two of baked apples prepared for sickman and a trifle of his farina—"Forks over" small bit of toast into his mouth, finds it good and eats up the remainder—Then rinses mouth with a swallow *or so*, of the "'alf and 'alf" economically used by invalid—Forgets patient; accidentally hears him puffing away at regular intervals; conscience thereby quite at ease.

12¼ o'clock. Sickman still under high pressure—Slept over again; two doses of medicine a total loss; last one, however, partially saved by Watchman's adroitness in tipping it over on table cloth, and patient's newly bound edition of "Household Words."

12¾ o'clock. Watchman frightened by casual sight of large pine box in entry, not knowing its contents—Pulls shawl over his head and shuts his eyes—Trembles with cold perspiration—Wishes he

hadn't come—Pump handle in back yard makes an awful noise—Watchman forgets his fears in anxiety, lest sickman may wake and require some attention from him—Invalid, however, continues to snuffle—All right.

1 o'clock. Patient, six knots an hour—Watchman writes letter to female friend—Mentions his disinterested self-denial in sitting up with sick classmate, but says nothing at all about "boiled cider" and the semi-hourly lunch.

1¼ o'clock. Watchman seals letter, at same time calling to mind Howard, the Philanthropist, and the reward of virtue—Acts the Apothecary again—Puts fifteen or sixteen table spoonfuls of brandy, two of water, and one drop of camphor mixture into tumbler, stirs with forefinger and, without a moment's hesitation, drinks only to show how sickman would drink *his*, if he were awake.

1½ o'clock. Another solo from cat-gut in wood-shed—A feeble cry from patient—Watchman hastens to him and helps him elongate the spinal development of his animated structure, that he may exercise his gastronomic functions on one of the piscatorial tribe, thereby to render the membrane of his lingual member conglomerated—Patient's appetite being thus appeased, Watchman executes a "pas de deux" by putting invalid into *bed* and a remaining herring into his own mouth, simultaneously.

1¾ o'clock. Watchman gets lonesome—Burns off spider's legs, one by one, by way of amusement.

2 o'clock. Sickman calls feebly for handkerchief—Watchman goes to draw and tumbles shirts, collars, &c., etc., promiscuously, without discovering requisite wiper—Accidentally drops candle into drawer—Linen blazes up—Watchman shuts drawer, while he goes to washstand for water—Patient rises, "ghost-like," in bed, and tries to shake fist at Watchman—Watchman opens wrong drawer and dashes water upon dress-coat, white silk vest, cravats, &c.; quickly opens right drawer and tries to stop the flame—Patient, much excited, calls for help—Chum, in night-dress, rushes in from next room half awake, and upsets table of eatables, bottles, and all—Sickman groans—Chum, bewildered, stands still and looks anxiously at patient and then at Watchman, who has extinguished the fire and is calmly putting burnt rags in the coal-hod."

GRAND FINALE.

Watchman executes a change of notion, and, after carefully stowing "1805" away in coat-tail pocket, for future private purposes, feeling loaded both in mind and pocket, starts suddenly for home, thereby breaking his connection with sickman.—Watchman increases his velocity down stairs, and, for a second, becomes inert at the bottom—bottle in coat-tail broken by the fall—outside application of liquid to pantaloons—Watchman feels wet, accelerates his motion homeward and is lost in the darkness of the night.—Sickman's chum, still half awake, suspecting from the nature of events transpiring about him, some disease in his brain, shakes his head to ascertain the truth on philosophical principles, scratches it, and, holding up lids of eyes, discovers sickman, unconsciously beating retreat of Watchman at the rate of six pulses a second, and in a state of fever better imagined than endured. Just at this crisis, puff of wind extinguishes candle, and the actors, as well as everybody else, are left in darkness as to the conclusion of the performance.

A Student's Ramble.

PHŒBUS smiled propitiously on Wednesday afternoon—those sunny spots in student life, when released from labor we spring forth, free in thought, and careless of the morrow. Then rambles are arranged, boating excursions planned, and all is one brief season of exhilaration.

It was on one of these occasions that we started on a ramble to East Rock. Our party numbered six; S——, the life of the company, "a fellow of infinite jest," "Will E——," "M——," "Ned," "Gus" and one *unknown*. Equipped with huge canes, felt hats, stout boots, we expected to have a *time*, and we *did*. "All ready!" "fall in!" "two abreast!" "keep step!" and away we go, the heavy thump of the canes keeping time to the "clink," "clink," of our bootheels. Miss D——'s is soon passed, not however without the glimpses of fair faces at the window, at which S—— throws himself into a tragico-comic air—placed his hand upon his breast, and flourished his cane most woefully; but cruel fate compels us to pass on, if we accomplish that for which we started. Whitney Avenue, with its charming freshness, shady walks, and *fair* prospects—soon glided by, its echoes ringing to the tunes of "Hi, Sophomores," "Ho, Sophomores!" or, "'Tis the way we do at Old

Yale." Jokes are cracked, jests played, and, now and then, a horrible attempt made at punning. See! yonder is the pine wood, and the old bridge—now for a short cut, and a race to gain it first! One, two, three—S—— and Ned take the lead, neck and neck, as jockeys' say. "Ah! S—— gains," no! Ned's foot slily interposed, has sent him rolling headlong, and shooting swiftly past we gain the bridge. Ha! ha! ha! "O tempora, O mores," "Oh, Sophomore dignity!" What have we here? A rustic *piscator*, apparently as ignorant of old Isaac Walton's rules as well could be—look! with what *sang froid* he thrust the quivering worm upon the bent *pin* hook. "Faugh!" "Out on thee, hast no compassion in thy soul!" But we turn to contemplate more pleasing things—the sparkling water, dancing in silvery ripples, around the jagged stones—the timid fish darting playfully in its transparent depths, the golden sunshine's glance upon its surface—and we had almost fallen into reverie; but S—— has placed his arms upon the rough-hewn beam, and soliloquized in a way so earnest, yet so irresistibly ludricous that we burst forth into loud peals of laughter, and start on. But where is Will E—— and "Gus"? while we have loitered on the bridge, indulging in their wayward glancings, they have stolen a regular march on us, and are already far beyond us in the wood.

Yonder they go!—just this side where that old willow sweeps the water with its limbs so lovingly. "Take the path along the river, 'tis shorter, we'll be there before them yet." No use; they see us and have started on a run. How splendidly the woods look in their varied livery of nut-brown, gold, and scarlet! how softly play the winds among the rustling leaves, breathing in mournful whispers their farewell! with what a silvery chime the murmuring waters glide along! how sadly skip the few remaining songsters from tree to tree—dipping the clear water as they dash the diamond sparkles from its bosom, or opening their tiny throats, pour forth their parting melody! Beautiful and hallowed scene! All nature sings of God. There is always something pleasing in a visit to the merry woods, whether in Summer, when in the poet's words:

> "Pinus ingens albaque populus
> Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
> Ramis, Quid oblique laborat
> Sympha fugax trepidare rivo,"

in purple autumn, when ornamented by their gayest robes, or where they glitter in mid-winter, draped in icy mantles.

But see!—the Rock lifts up its heavy cliff before us, and we must

climb its rugged, beetling sides. "Rest here on this huge mossy stone, for you will certainly have need of it, before you reach the top. Ha! I see Gus and Will seated on that old tree, just above the hollow—they see us too, and are waving their handkerchiefs and hats, in token of their triumph. Hip! hip! hurrah!—hark! do n't you hear them?—no, it is only the echo! There it is again!" and with a deafening cheer we dash onward. Toil! toil! up we slowly wind, the dry twigs snapping beneath our feet; the loosened stones rolling and crashing down the rocky side, and echoing along the cliff. "Here we are at last!" and gathering in a circle we burst forth with "*Gaudeamus igitur.*" S—— mounts a neighboring stump, and with burlesque gravity dilates upon the toils of student life, congratulating us on our arrival at the summit of the far-famed "Hill of Difficulty," (*vide* Cobb's primer,) and "hopes we will preserve the dignity of the exalted station we now occupy." But while we have been lingering thus, we had almost forgotten half the object of our labor. Stand here on this projecting hedge, and look upon the charming scene below. A massive wall of rock frowns in its rugged grandeur at our feet, while at its base, a narrow river winds around, like some vast serpent with its strangely twisted folds, now bending here, now there, among the meadows, till its waters mingle with the rippling bay beyond. The harbor floating the snowy sails upon its silvery surface, gleams like a burnished mirror stretched before us. The dark mass upon the very edge of yonder point, is the "Old Fort," known perhaps as well from pleasant moments spent beneath its ruins by the Yale Boat Clubs and their fair companions, as for the thrilling interest which hangs around it as a revolutionary spot. Here on the right from out a grove of elms, rise the familiar steeples of New Haven, and in the very midst the Chapel spire of Alma Mater. But hark! Ned's hallo has aroused us, and we glance almost unconsciously to where he stands, perched on the very edge—his fine face glowing with excitement, as he hurls a heavy mass of rock far down the precipice, watching its dusty track until it lodges in the fields beneath. Another moment, he swings off and lands upon the narrow ridge below—"will you follow?" "Aye, aye!" "go ahead!" and almost before the words are spoken, he is rapidly descending by the slippery crags. S—— goes next and we all follow suit—cautiously grasping every tuft, and trying every stone, before we trust ourselves to its precarious hold. Slip! slide!—"per Jove? but 'tis hard work!"

Ned has reached the bottom, and is loudly shouting out directions, to the "spread eagles," as he calls us, up above. M—— has slipped!

no! he has caught himself by clinging to a friendly bush, and creeps on more cautiously. "*Facilis descensus Averni!*" shouts Ned. "*Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus!*" answers Gus—and with mingled laughter, caution, shouts, and slipping, we grope slowly downward. "Safe at last!" and we glance up the almost perpendicular steep, wondering how we ever managed to get down, without being by some necks the less. "Which way lies Tutor's lane?" "Right through yonder woods, the other side of Whitneyville." "Draw a bee-line, and then strike straight for the top of the old chestnut." "Forward! march!" and off we start again, the old woods echoing to the sound of voices and of laughter; while a squirrel perched upon a neighboring limb, looks down with wonder on the roisterers, who so daringly invade his realm—barking and chattering his mimic wrath. We make him a low bow, and pass on.

Now, we hear the clanging of the forges, and soon see the leaden-colored buildings of the Armory; one of the vault doors is open, and we glance in on a huge pile of antiquated boots and shoes. S—— acts the part of owner, and invites us to walk in and fit ourselves—*if we can!*

Half the curs and youngsters of the village have assembled round us, staring at our dusty faces and huge "bangers" like so many ogres. The *honor* of the public gaze proves too *onerous*, and we modestly depart, not however without another speech from S——, and chorus from the company. "But what is M—— examining so earnestly in yonder bank of sand?" "Here, Gus, Ned, E——, see here! a most singular foot-print, I can't imagine what it is!" In a moment all were gathered round inspecting the mysterious mark—pencils and paper were drawn forth—sketches made, and all elated with the wonderful discovery—when with a peal of laughter, M—— pressing his digits in the yielding soil, formed another "foot-print," wonderful to state, the very counterpart of the original. "*Venditi!*"—we look on, the very picture of astonished sheepishness; the next instant M—— is off, we after in full chase. Ball Spring Cottage—the great branching elm—the hickory grove—soon are left behind, and we approach the well known scene of Euclid's burial. "There goes the bell!"—"briskly, boys! or I shall have the eighth mark placed against me, and enjoy, as S—— observes, the pleasures of 'Home correspondence.'" First "turn-over"—toll—toll—we hurry on and add our portion to the sound of trampling feet—the old bell whirls around, as we rush past, and throw ourselves upon the stiff-backed oaken benches—suddenly it ceases, and we are at rest.

W. H. T.

The Garden of Eden.

A COMICO-TRAGIC POEM.

I.

Some years ago, (six thousand, more or less,
Just as you please, it won't affect my tale,)
There lived a pair in perfect happiness,
In a fair land, with many a hill and dale.
I do n't know where it was—they called it Eden;—
Suffice to say it wa 'n't in Greece or Sweden.

II.

Well, here they lived, all unrestrained and free,
Unknown to fear, and unharassed by care;
No doubt to meet them, and no harm to flee,
In joy they lived, a happy, blissful pair.
Adam at early dawn his couch would leave,
His cool and dewy couch, then *wake up Eve.*

III.

Our modern housewives feel a deal of care,
To get a first rate breakfast smoking hot;
But such great trouble this enchanting pair
Escaped. Contented with their happy lot,
They plucked their breakfast from the neighboring trees,
And sitting downthey ate it at their ease.

IV.

But stop—I own that it is quite distressing,
But then I have forgot one little thing—
I did n't say a word about their dressing!
I know 't is wrong, when one a song doth sing,
One part to omit. I'd really not impose on
Your modesty—but they had no clothes on.

V.

But to resume. Permit me now to tell
Something about the nature of the place.
Adam and Eve we 'll leave in yonder dell,
We will be absent but a little space
Of time, and round that little arbor steal,
And let them eat in peace their morning's meal.

VI.

'T would seem, perhaps, 't was rather dangerous walking
In such a climate, where both bird and beast,

Of every sort and shape and size are stalking;
  Where every chance is you 'll be made a feast
Of by a lion, springing from his lair,
Or e'en become a morsel for a bear.

VII.

'It 's not what it 's cracked up to be,' I know,
  To be thus fearful that at every turn
You 'll be attacked by some great bristling foe.
  But here you see you 've got to live and learn,
It 's just the thing that makes the place so nice,
They 're just as harmless as a troop of mice.

VIII.

There 's not a single beast will do you harm,
  You need fear nothing, lion, bear, or tiger;
There 's not such cause for fear, or for alarm,
  As if on Afric's coast or river Niger;
For you can walk or talk or stand at *great ease*,
You 'll get no harm here on the Euphrates,

IX.

Or they would then. I 'm talking, you perceive,
  In a strange way for this, the nineteenth, era.
I in the place of Adam, you of Eve,
  Taking a picture on a grand camera,
Bringing fair Eden just within your gripe,
Making, as 't were, a great daguerreotype.

X.

Having explained this, I will now proceed
  Just as I was. You see that in this place
There 's not a blade of grass, or twig, or weed,
  But what has its position—not a trace
Of any cleaning up that has been made
By any rake, or hoe, or garden spade.

XI.

Yet, notwithstanding this, it 's just as neat
  As if the gardeners from every land
Had come, and measured off by rods and feet,
  And with their spades and mattocks at command,
Had raked and dug, and pulled the weeds and docks,
And bordered all the pathways with new box.

XII.

The air is filled with the perfume of flowers,
  The grass is sprinkled with their petals fair,

The climbing vines their tendrils form in bowers.
  Where e'er you turn your eye, there's beauty there;
You stand convinced that never human hand
Such beauteous harmony contrived or planned.

XIII.

I would not for a moment you 'd suppose
  That this fair garden was of modern size,
Such as their owners with a fence enclosè,
  Such ones as in New Haven meet your eyes!
Nothing like these, for this enchanted ground
Was, I assure you, fifty miles around.

XIV.

Well, to proceed, (there is no want of topics,)
  The fruit-trees stand about as thick as bees,
Trees of the north, and trees too of the tropics,
  And you could go there just when e'er you please,
And in an hour could stand and eat your fill,
And put some in your pocket, if you will.

XV.

But now I call to mind a single tree,
  Which stood some distance off from all the rest—
Some say that it bore apples, but to me
  The truth 's unknown, the matter 's small at best;
Stories are told all unreliable,
That it bore *fruit* is undeniable.

XVI.

But we will call it apple, for a name.
  Adam and Eve were told, that they could eat
Of every other tree, and get no blame;
  But if this tree they e'er should chance to meet,
Not to go near it, or to touch an apple,
For if they did, with death, they 'd have to grapple.

XVII.

I well remember, 't was some time ago,
  Reading a tale, you may have chanced to meet it;
But if you have, you 'll take no grudge, I know,
  If I should claim the license to repeat it.
I know that poets' licenses are many,
And 't would be hard if I could not have any.

XVIII.

The story 's this. There was a man and woman,
  Who long had pined for what they had n't got,
Nothing remarkable it was, but human
  Nature, to desire a different lot,

At last a fairy came, (so runs the fable,)
Who set before them a most splendid table;

XIX.

Loaded with all the dainties bought or sold,
With dishes too of every shape and size,
Dishes of silver, dishes too of gold,
Until the two could scarce believe their eyes.
To have their wishes bring them such a feast,
Was more than they' d expected at the least.

XX.

But in the middle was a golden dish
Which stood majestic with its shining cover,
But what was in it, flesh, or fowl, or fish,
Perhaps some sort of game, a quail or plover,
They did n't know, for they, alas! were told
Not to uncover that strange dish of gold,

XXI.

For if they did, they 'd loose their present gains,
Which now had made their fortune more than double
What it was formerly, and for their pains,
They 'd just get nothing, but a world of trouble.
And so they sat, and ate their flesh and fish,
And then they 'd look with wonder, at the dish.

XXII.

At last the woman, after many days,
When fortune smiled with peace and plenty 'round,
Just thought she 'd ope the dish; a little ways
She did, a squirrel leaped upon the ground,
Frisked his broad tail and jumped about the room,
And after him she ran, poor woman, with a broom.

XXIII.

The story's told. The man and woman found,
Their curiosity, a deadly bane,
And wished, and prayed, that Nature might confound
Them, if they ever did the like again.
They had no chance, the fairy turned them o'er
To the same fortune which they had before.

XXIV.

By woman's curiosity and tongue,
There is more evil comes to human kind,
And by these means, more heart-strings have been wrung,
Than by all other single means, combined.

A woman wants to tell and wants to know,
And all her husband's faults and hers will show.

XXV.

And man he 's fool enough to be deceived,
  And fall a victim to a woman's tongue.
Her smiles are answered, and her words believed,
  Although he knows, poor man, he 's doing wrong.
There's hardly in the land a miss or madam,
But who'll entice a man—as Eve did Adam.

XXVI.

Now Eve was strolling through the place one day,
  Pleased with her lot, secure from all alarm,
With a black bear, accompanying on her way,
  And a young tiger, on her snow-white arm.
A woman's always petting this or that,
And Eve preferred a *tiger* to a *cat*.

XXVII.

Well on she went, not caring where, and she
  At last was led, by some impelling fate,
Until she came in sight of that strange tree,
  And there to rest, beneath its branches, sate.
The wind was playing with her auburn tresses,
Just as it does with modern ladies' dresses.

XXVIII.

Now Eve was just like any other woman,
  Susceptible to flattery and to praise,
For she was nothing more or less, than human ;
  Much like all other women now a-days.
The sequel shows, that she believed the devil,
Father of lies, and all else, that 's evil.

XXIX.

For he, the rascal, took the squirming form
  Of a big snake, and when he saw fair Eve,
Leapt from the branch, and taking her by storm,
  Begged of her not to start or take her leave.
He loved her much, but with his love he 'd grapple ;
Then he wound up, by offering her an apple.

XXX.

'Now,' says the snake, 'just listen, lovely Eve,
  For you must know I wish you only good ;
I'm sure my story, you can't help believe,
  This tree bears apples very good for food.

If I tell not the truth, believe me never,
Eat but this apple, and you' ll live for ever.'

XXXI.

So Eve, believing, took the proffered fruit.
No harm was meant, 't was just the snake to please,
While he, delighted with successful suit,
Lay coiled up in the grass at greatest ease.
Eve ate about a half, then gave it o'er
To Adam, who stood by and ate the core.

XXXII.

Alas! for human nature. In a mood,
Yielding and fickle, Eve had sealed her fate—
Adam, as fickle, took the offered food,
And said, 'the *woman* gave me, and I ate.'
She bowed, deluded, to the serpent's wiles,
And man was ruined by a woman's smiles.

L. L. W.

THE YALE LITERARY PRIZE COMPOSITION.

Modern Reformers.

BY W. C. FLAGG, PADDOCK'S GROVE, ILLINOIS.

MEN are progressive beings—singly in the individual, socially in the mass. The man will be wiser to-morrow than to-day, and the world with each succeeding generation labor yet a step farther up "the heavenly hill of truth." Reform is the visible working of this progress. Do old abuses grow onerous? reform casts them off. Do new truths arise fraught with benefit to man's condition? reform lays hold of them with prophetic knowledge. Are the minds of men enlightened and purified? reform gives to their idealities and aspirations, a tangible, practical embodiment. It corrects the past; it cares for the future; it acts in the present.

There have been old reforms and new reforms—old negative reforms, where right struggled long and stoutly against progressive wrong amid the chaotic darkness of unknown or unrecognized principles. Power was not subservient to right. If it erred, there was no public opinion to frown it down. It trampled without fear, and, consequently, without mercy, upon the populace. If kingly, it bound their limbs; if spiritual,

it chained their souls. There was wanting union among the people to resist. Men were isolated by physical and temporal causes, and consequent want of sympathy. Common suffering alone made them common allies. When they had endured to the last, combination and reform began. Then came throes of troubled nations; fierce struggles between the masters and the slaves. No looking, seemingly, for the light of a coming day, but desperate struggle in darkest night to avoid the consummation of oppression. The Reformation was forced upon the people by the corruption and irreligion of their spiritual leaders. Runnemede was the final resort of oppressed Englishmen. The throwing off of oppressive shadows first let in the light. Their last refuge was their first reform.

But now these fierce struggles for first principles are over. Subjects know their rights, and kings respect their duties. Man is not the alternate tool and victim of the powers that be, but a self-regulating part of the body politic; no isolated fragment, but part of a compact mass, bound closer and closer by the iron bands of science. He has emerged from the clouds that skirt the mountain's base, and in the clear light of heaven is pressing onward to the summits of more perfect and glorious truth. These are the days of new reforms.

The present age brings peculiar and intense influences to bear upon the progressive principle, all referable to facility of intercourse. Man associates more with man. Mind has freer communication with mind. There is a general fusing and mingling of sentiments and tendencies. The seventeenth century, with its Locke and Newton, was the age of intellectual triumph. Johnson, Goldsmith, Young and Thomson, in the eighteenth, were the moral victors. In the nineteenth, matter has been subdued. The present age is seeking and carrying out the combination and diffusion of the material, gathered by its predecessors, less notable in its originality, but more striking and beneficial in its results. These results may not all be seen or predicted now. "An age is needed to expound an age," an age too often far subsequent. But to live in and be a part of the times we consider, binds us in a closer relation and gives a more immediate interest in their working. It gives a proximity that makes our view clearer, (unless, perchance, very proximity sometimes obscure our vision,) and more minute, though less comprehensive; and our time of observation more replete with facts, though less extended. Though we may be less able to trace out far-reaching effects than those who shall succeed us, yet we can better detect the minute springs of certain actions, and perhaps better delineate the reformer of to-day.

Great truths are now recognized and generally respected by the civilized world. Outlines of civil and social duty are clearly defined and known of all men. We have not to fix wavering first principles, neither to fight for what is admitted in the abstract, but denied in practice. It is ours to mark out and make respected the subdivisions of the great field of human duty. We are to settle less known, less important and more slighted principles; to care for the present fulfillment of obligations which those principles devolve; to oppose abuses before unknown or forgotten in the greater magnitude of others.

The call is not for superhuman exertion, such as once threw off papal despotism and revolted against imperious kings. But the age, though demanding fewer Hercules to throttle the monsters which corrupt polity has begotten, needs more Theseuses to thread the labyrinthic mazes of hardly defined abuses. Not that great evils are no more. Vice, like a pestilential mist, overhangs each city. Brute-ignorance pervades the country. Still do the rich despise and the poor hate. The wise shun the ignorant, and the ignorant fear the wise. But time was, when man covered his errors in specious garb and denied their entity. Is it not so now? There is no infallibility of popes; no divine right of kings. The reformer of to-day, therefore, must be a different man from the reformer of ages gone. He must be earnest where the other was strenuous; keen-sighted rather than bold; not so swift to oppose evil as to seek good; a man among his fellows rather than a hero against his enemies; sympathizing in the sorrows and wrongs of the self-injured people, not fiercely denunciating the tyranny of rulers; more minute in investigation, less sweeping in attack; more of a worker, less of a martyr.

Such are the wants of the age. How far do the workers among the people meet them? None will deny the high prerogative of their office, their earnestness and thorough sympathy with mankind. But they have radical faults making their work often imperfect, useless, or positively injurious.

Reformers (we except pseudo-reformers) are men of quick sensibilities and intense feeling. They would not otherwise take the stand they do. The "sad music of humanity," which falls unheeded on the ears of common men, or awakens a transient regret in the mind of the dreamer, arouses all their sympathies and energies. Action follows without thought. Sensibility shuts out reason. They lack the prudence of wise men. Haters of wrong, they lack self-control at its appearance. Easily excited by specious appearances and loud declamation, they are apt to have no principles of action. They are thus involved in various errors.

One of these is the endeavor to realize impracticable theories. The reformer rates his own abilities as high as his aspirations, and supposes that the capabilities and desires of the people are commensurate. He looks upon men as they should be, rather than as they are. He has schemes of universal brotherhood to harmonize and bless the human race, but they are pearls cast before swine. His aspirations far transcend present possibility. He has set up a mark he cannot reach. His arrows may be planted in the bull's-eye at last, but they must be shot from others' bows. His efforts, therefore, seem a failure. He is under censure as a visionary. His influence, as the promoter of good, is materially weakened, and his practical efforts, in name, if not in fact, are useless to mankind. He is himself discouraged. He has climbed too lofty heights and met the chilling storm of cold neglect and sneering incredulity that drives him down.

Another is the excitation of wrong feelings between man and man. Great social evils meet his daily gaze. Indignantly he denounces the spirit and the law that permits one to feast, and another to starve; one to give himself to inaction or learning, and another to toil and ignorance. He supposes the rich to be the cause of all this, and against them turns his denunciations. He forgets the frailty of human nature, which is at once their excuse, and the self-abasement of the mob. He can look upon the faults of the one with Christian charity, but has no mercy for the other. He cannot wait. He would make men angels in action or the victims of their own passions, *now*. And so comes a reeling and staggering of society. Right and wrong are confounded. Dragging down the rich becomes tantamount to raising the poor, and hating the wise to loving the ignorant. Then come lowering brows, bitter words and hard blows, and society is more isolated in its parts than ever.

A great instrument of modern reform is association. And doubtless, to some extent, and under certain circumstances, it is good and effective. It strengthens the hands and souls of men who singly might achieve nothing. It sums the energies and intensifies the feelings. It sends the electric current of sympathy around a mighty circle of co-workers. But abused, as it is, it degrades the man. He loses at once his discrimination and identity. He becomes the infatuated minion of demagogues. He does not feel the responsibility of individual action, but is driven by the winds and tossed upon the high seas of plebeian excitement. Thus melted down in the great crucible of human passion, he is not the man to work, or work upon aright. True reform has no such effect. It does not destroy individuality, but increases it. It has no outside determinants

to urge and guide the man to action. Self-reliant and self-sufficient, (so far as men are concerned,) glowing with earnest conviction that withstands all the cold sneers and jibes of incredulous conservatives, and depends not upon the breath of popular favor for its existence, turning the whole current of his thoughts, the whole strength of his energies, upon a great and righteous purpose, he stands forth the exponent of a class whose leader is Christ of Nazareth alone. Beware of the "driven cattle." Masses of men are ropes of sand; one earnest thinker is covered with the locks of Samson.

The reformer is too often a man of one idea. He would believe that the whole welfare of society hinges upon the removal of one abuse. Intense thought upon one subject makes him blind to every other. He would lay hold upon a deep-rooted evil and tear it from the very heart of society, forgetful that the plant has entwined its roots with vital principles and necessities, as well as noxious abuses, and that the hand which removes the evil without destroying the good, must be of wondrous cunning and carefulness. Thus he involves blessing and curse in common ruin. Such was the mistake that lately shook even the lusty members of our own republic, when men, with rash hands, threatened an evil which, great and fearful as it is, was too intimate a part of our organization, and too directly affected our pecuniary welfare to be shaken without terrible effect upon the body politic.

A great failing of the modern reformer is superficiality, both in examination and correction of evils. He is a man of warm feelings rather than deep research, quick in discerning evil, but slow in probing it to the bottom. Hence follows mistaken action. Moreover, he falls into the tendency of the age to "waste itself on externals." The old reformers, seeking great truths and principles, were lifted to a more immediate communion with Divinity; we, engaged in subordinate duties, are less reminded of God, and sometimes even afraid to appeal to His name in such humble labors as ours. There are, then, no lofty appeals to produce given results. This brings on fruitless labor. The reformer breaks down rank abuses without rooting them out. He calls on men to do right for the sake of eternal good; not for that which shall warm their hearts, but their bodies; not for that which feeds their souls, but their mouths. These inducements are weak, temporary and fluctuating. They offer no unchanging and certain motives which shall live through all time. The immortal soul turns away from them with loathing. Thus do we find the passions, imaginations and appetites of men appealed to, whilst the vital, religious

principle, which alone can be relied upon, is neglected, and again the reformer fails.

Nothing in common with these must he have who wars against our social abuses. No dreamer must he be to deceive mankind and himself. No incendiary to kindle the fierce passions of the rabble. No driver of crowds, but a reasoner, *ad hominem*. Not the traveler through one path, but the guide through all. No noisy stream, spreading its shallow waters over the land, but a deep river, reflecting heaven from its deep waters. He takes his stand among the people, but, like Saul, his *head* towers above them. He feels with them, he thinks for them; a sympathizer in their suffering; a reprover in their wrong-doing; a leader in right action. He may sometimes seem a dreamer, or rather a prophet, standing upon the Pisgah which overlooks the millennial earth,

> "Seeing the distant tops of thoughts
> That men of common stature never saw."

But he knows the entering of his people upon the promised heritage shall not be of his time, but of days to come. He does not urge on an impossible consummation. Though he finds his hopes of bettering man's condition must often be crushed by unforeseen contingencies, his wishes met with scorn and hate; his acts misunderstood and unappreciated, yet shall he not despair nor give way to unholy passion. He is strong and unshaken in the right. By earnest admonition and exhortation, and, above all, by the mighty influence of a perfect example, he is preparing men to seek truth for themselves. No pamperer to the passion of the mob; no minister to the comforting hypocrisies of the rich, but reproving and reconciling the sins and animosities of both. No harder task in this heaving of troubled nations. No harder task when the waters, so long heaped up to the clouds and hollowed to earth, are seeking their level with commotion and wrath. But none more glorious than to have the will and, through earnestness, the power to calm the troubled deep. No lot more enviable than his, for the true reformer is the active Christian.

Conditions of Governmental Development.

The diversities of nature and of man are not more marked than the forms of government under which he has lived and died. Ages are stamped as eras in the World's history from the peculiarity of their political system, and men, otherwise common, have become immortal by originating theories of political action. In this, as in everything human, changes have been logical, not whimsical. Government has never been characterized by a backward proclivity. Though at times its friends may have been over-zealous, and its opponents over-powerful, yet it has acquired new strength in every conflict. While its course has been ever onward, its successes have been numberless,—gained everywhere, in the dim cloister, in the council chamber, on the battle field, both when justice called in the aid of force, and when right, *per se*, conquered wrong, both in the throes of the individual thinker, and when nations have fought for a principle.

The past attests that the social system must always conform to the wants of the people. The best liberty is only relative. Government is a necessity of man's nature. If perfection was an ingredient of humanity, politics would be obsolete, and law a nonentity. If Plato had been the incarnation of ancient polity, his Republic might have been a reality. If all Englishmen in the times of the authors, had been Harringtons and Mores, Oceana and Utopia might have been political facts—not day-dreams, gilded with the bright creations of genius. While "to err is human," the consciousness of duty will be unable to repress our innate evil, and there will be need of a governmental force to restrain within proper limits and direct in the proper channel the straggling actions of our kind. The power exerted must be proportioned to the effect required. As civilization humanizes and Christianity evangelizes mankind, government will soften, and these three great instruments, which, for ages, have been battling for the amelioration of our race, will form the Trinity of the World of progress.

The successive accretions of power under the patriarchal system, ripened into a monarchy. God was the acknowledged King of Israel, yet theocracy proper was dethroned for an embodiment of secular authority. This despotic union cramped the freedom and licentiousness of individual action, but it secured the concentration of energy and power, and their application to improvement. Man's primal wants were not free and elaborate constitutions, but as the intellect awakened, and the heart

expanded under the vivifying influence of social intercourse, the gradual development of domestic rule met the necessities of the times. When Religion dignified humanity, when Art typified a thousand charms of nature in all their beauty, and Science, delving amid her arcana, rifled Creation of her unrevealed truths, political systems became less rigorous, and oppressors more humane.

Babylon rose, reigned, and fell. "He who runneth can read" upon her crumbling ruins the mutability of power, but the World was richer in the possession of its rights. Kingdoms faded away, Kings died, principalities were wrecked, but every shout that knelled their fall told that tyranny had lost a friend, and freedom a foe.

Assyria concentrated within herself the ruling of Asia, and as long as her warlike energy was employed for the betterment of man, her empire remained, but when it ceased to perform its legitimate functions, it fell.

Government must advance, and if Assyria and Babylon stood in her way, with giant strength, for a moment she lifted them up, then, whelming them in common destruction, she stepped upward and onward in her allotted path. About this time a few nomadic stragglers gathered on the Palatine and placed there the first elements of Roman domination.

Diplomacy had its birth in the Amphictyonic council, and then commenced a strife for the supremacy which fertilized earth and assisted progress. Men, after fighting for their Kings, turned to think of fighting for themselves, and soon full-grown Republics were propped up upon the fall of monarchies. This proved rapid advancement in some places, and if the universal mind had advanced as far as individual minds had, not a king or despot would now exist on earth. For a time the masses thought they possessed liberty, and with this idea they battled against the myrmidons of power, and with their deathless valor made Leuctra and Salamis Meccas, seeing which the flagging spirit of patriotism "may take heart again." Oh! if that freedom had been a reality to stand by them in the hour of peril, to ward off foreign assault and to crush intestine discord, who can conceive what the world would be now? The thought was illusory—the idea was visionary. Freedom was in embryo. The quick transformation of old monarchists into consistent republicans, and of groveling slaves into enlightened freemen, was an idea too preposterous for modern common sense to imagine. So it proved. Pisistratus may have adorned Athens, Pericles may have reared the Parthenon, yet peering through all these pretexts of freedom, was the fact that the sweat of the masses furnished the means. The continuance of the Ancient Republics was impossible, for their creation had been unnatural. No

quiet moulding of free thought had fitted them, no slow ameliorating influence had made them better, and no sudden change of governmental forms could make them free. You may change other things. You can fell the forest and build dwellings, you can tear down the buildings, and build the forest again, but you cannot destroy, create, or change the nature of mind. Living things require time for growth, and it is legibly written upon the scenes of earth, that precocious development signals premature decay.

Italy fell—Italy, whose subjects were never happy. The Tarquins were expelled, but the people were not more free. When the victor-warrior triumphs, and toil is esteemed servility, the times offer a reward for political apostasy. The nobility of real freedom makes men proof against enervation. Rome borrowed much from her subject province, but refinement is not a synonym for effeminacy. Antiquity, venerable with all its weaknesses, points to other things as causes of its fall. Art never made men slaves. Science never stifled freedom. A genial warmth may elevate our higher and nobler impulses without leading to political degradation. Civilization may thoroughly enfilade encrusted faults and prejudices without bringing servitude. The influences of poetry, painting and sculpture, are not internecive to the perpetuity of free government.

Ages passed, yet governmental development was going on as ever. These powers that had fallen, had ceased to be its ministers and had become its obstacles, and consequently their removal was advantageous to its progress. The times were dark. Men seemed to put off their manhood, and it appeared as if the great majority had no minds or souls. Republican thought seems to have been fearful of its own conceptions, and Machiavelli, a sturdy liberal, after he had done good service for freedom, retracted and wrote the Prince. Some governments stood alone. Venice and Genoa were separate principalities, but idiosyncrasies may be political as well as literary.

The composition of the World's character would make men crusaders toward the close of the eleventh century. Brawling zealotry is ever at fault, and cruelty is never more hideous, fanaticism never more shocking, than when cloaked in the garb of eternal truth. Ignorance, both of the spirit of their religion and the true nature of proselytism, made the subjects eager, and ambition made the leaders willing to be crusaders. The growth of states, the half-moral, half-civilized, loose condition of society, proved that the masses were ripe for fighting and battles must come; so by the crazy projects of a crazy monk, aided by the internal promptings of the then bigoted superstitious Christendom, Europe went to Palestine

and poured out there the blood, which, in justice, if not in expediency, ought to have been shed at home. The Turks were about as good men as the Christians, and the Holy Sepulchre was no more defiled by the senseless rites of Pagan worship, than by the disgusting ceremonials of mediæval Christianity. However, it was advantageous that the scum floating on the World's seething cauldron, should find vent somewhere.

Progressive government lay beneath a chaotic mass. It was held there by ignorance and depravity. Some great effort was required to break the crust, lift state organizations from their prostrate condition, and shake off the encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny. History tells us that men wakened from their sleep and fought for their rights, but the harvest was dark. Heretics were put in cells. When truth was disagreeable to church royalty, lies were wrung from the wretches by torture, and for the purpose of sustaining a church system too rotten to sustain itself, men were made to swear to the contrariety of circumstances. *Knowledge was heretical—science was infidel, and ignorance alone was orthodox.* Wrong, when weak, always uses misnomers to stigmatize opposition; when strong she uses force to crush it.

Soon William and Harold met, and Hastings witnessed the victory of the Norman over the Briton, and the first step of the union of those elements whose combination has produced the dominant race of the earth. The English retainers were serfs, whose only business was to live for, fight for, and die for their masters. Education and refinement were sacrificed to tilts and tournaments; coats of arms and blazoned heraldry were deemed better patents of nobility than the corruscations of genius or the workings of intellect. These things were apposite to the times. There was something about the bold defiance of those haughty barons, the massive proportions of those feudal towers, which seemed to breathe of liberty and make the slave more keenly feel his serfdom. The masses were ignorant, but they were more free than ever before. The King wanted to be absolute over the whole, the Barons wanted to be absolute over a part—each made a concession in favor of the people.

The French met the English, and at Cressy the Anglo-Saxon triumphed over the Celt. So soon did governmental development attest itself, so soon did the advantages flowing from attention to the conditions of its progress attest themselves. Art again had its worshipers. Raphael put life upon canvas. Michael Angelo imprisoned it in marble. Science dared again confront scholastic theology. The world in general shook off its sluggishness. Men acted, thought, and felt. The English Constitution was gradually expanding itself—an instrument, which is a

queer mixture of good and bad, which holds in close communion the act of Habeas Corpus, and an odious system of entailment—the trial by jury and hereditary monarchy—the one the birthright, the other the curse of freemen. The hysterical sentences of Carlyle are loud in their praises of English rule; the stump oratory of this country is equally loud in its denunciations of English misrule. Both are partially right, both partially wrong. There is a sturdiness about the Anglo Saxon which revolts at the idea of slavery, yet that same sturdiness can be made a powerful instrument in fastening the fetters upon others. Their intelligence, the liberty of speech and the press, the right of suffrage, their literature, their advancement in the Arts and Sciences, their commerce and manufactures, the House of Commons before which the peers of the realm are tried—all these confirm the verdict of the civilized world, that England is, next to our own country, the freeest nation upon the globe. Their desire for domination was manifested in the wars of the Peninsula, where Arthur Wellesley gained the title of the Iron Duke, at Waterloo, where England fastened her Titanic clutch upon the throat of Napoleon, and drove back the advance of Celtic empire, in India where she plunders, in Ireland where she starves, and in China where she kills her opponents. Take these two elements, their love of liberty and their love of domination, give each its legitimate importance, and you possess the solution to the enigma of English politics, you see the corner stone of English power. Their attention to the conditions of internal progress has strengthened her beyond a parallel, has made her "mistress of the seas," and arbitress for the nations. Her system of colonial despotism will insure her ultimate destruction. Kossuth, disregarding the one fact, lately desired England to join in a crusade for universal freedom; the poor, starving Irish and the plundered, murdered Shieks, disregarding the other fact, in their agony howled against such an unholy pollution.

The universal mind slowly became conscious of the part in the drama of life it must act. Radical thought forced the conviction upon the masses of Europe that self-government was their destiny, and their brothers in the West, when time and pretext were both opportune, demonstrated its practicability. Venerable dogmas of governmental science, and new apologies for old abuses, failed before the example of young America. It seemed to enliven the sluggish current of old-world opinions, and to quicken the pulse of old-world humanity, till they turned to reflect on what they should be, and to determine what they would be. Thought, if the deduction of a sound logic, though it is earnest

and radical may yet be practical. It is time for practice to come out of theory. It is better to have reigns of terror than reigns of tyranny, and the world learned a useful lesson when bloated and pampered aristocracy was taught, that if they would crush the masses, the masses would crush them.

In France socialistic Fourierism blights the entire social system, and Red Republicanism poisons the prospective fruition of liberty. England is free at home, despotic abroad. The thinking minds of Germany are in the closet, grappling with the great problem of metaphysics, theology and science. The House of Austria is sanguinary and powerful. The Czar is secure and arbitrary. The European world requires both time and masters.

In spite of all this, the progress of governmental development has been going on every hour. It may have been spurned from this court or that kingdom, yet, gaining increased power from every conflict, it has withstood the darkness, the storms, and the assaults of ages, and at last it comes out victorious, and makes the people, whose firm friend it had ever been, better than ever before, more free, more enlightened, more conscious of their common rights and common destiny, more able to obtain them, and more willing to die in the maintenance of them.

Look back upon the past, look abroad upon the present, and by the aid of a logical analogy, look ahead upon the future; the evidence will be threefold, that the essential condition of governmental development is the adaptation of that government to the condition of the governed—a truth which is breathed from the mouldering ruins of hundred-gated Thebes, caught up by the breeze that plays around the Parthenon, and sadly echoed by the naked walls of the Coliseum.

It is a proud reflection for the philanthropist that now self-government is acknowledged to be the only true government. Political legitimacy appertains only to Republicanism. All past movements have tended to diminish the restrictions which hamper human actions. The desired end must be *no* restrictions upon those actions. If the *practical approximation* of governmental development is self-government, the absence of all government must be its *theoretical consummation*. Even now, owing to the continuous throes of mankind, that "the people are the source of all power" is no longer demagogical cant, but a truth dyed in martyr-blood, and deeply graven on the hearts of millions.

SCHWARTZ KOFF.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

LINONIA.	BROTHERS.	CALLIOPE.
	Presidents.	
I. H. Hogan.	B. K. Phelps.	J. Hamilton.
	Vice-Presidents.	
A. W. Bishop.	E. L. Clark.	J. Olds.
	Secretaries.	
R. W. Hengst.	T. G. Ritch.	J. Sims.
	Vice-Secretaries.	
C. G. Child.	H. N. Cobb.	W. H. King.

At the Annual December meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. Asa Bacon.
Vice-President—Timothy Dwight, Esq.
Corresponding Secretary—Rev. Edward Strong.
Treasurer—J. G. E. Larned, Esq.

APPOINTMENTS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS, 1853.

Latin Oration, C. Cutler.
Greek Oration, W. H. Fenn.
Philosophical Oration, W. H. Norris.

FIRST ORATIONS.

C. A. Dupee,	L. H. Potter,	T. G. Ritch,
G. DeF. Lord,	L. S. Potwine,	O. C. Sparrow,

ORATIONS.

C. H. Barrett,	W. C. Flagg,	J. Tait,
H. W. Brown,	W. Hutchison,	S. Walker,
E. P. Buffett,	G. F. Nichols,	E. P. Whitney,
W. R. Eastman,	J. M. Smith.	

DISSERTATIONS.

A. E. Baldwin,	A. S. Hitchcock,	S. H. Nichols,
B. J. Bristoll,	J. K. Lambard.	

FIRST DISPUTES.

E. L. De Forest,	E. W. Lombert,	A. S. Twombly,
S. C. Gale,	J. E. Rains,	A. Van Sinderen,
J. W. Hooker,	F. H. Slade.	

SECOND DISPUTES.

E. C. Dubois,	J. W. Husted,	J. C. Shackelford,
L. W. Gibson,	S. T. Hyde,	S. L. C. Woodford,
H. E. Howland,	J. T. Miller,	J. M. Wolcott.

THIRD DISPUTES.

C. T. Alexander, E. N. White,
W. B. Dwight, J. W. Wilson.

FIRST COLLOQUY.

J. S. Donelson, G. R. Howell, W. A. Meloy,
A. H. Gunn, H. L. Hubbell, G. W. Reily,
C. A. White.

Editor's Table.

Abhorson.—"What, ho, Barnardine!"

Barnar (within.)—"A pox o' your threats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?"

Clown.—"Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death."

Barnar (within.)—"Away; you rogue, away; I am sleepy."

Clown.—"Pray master Barnadine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards."—*Measure for Measure.*

Imagine the height of our surprise, when awakened in our repose from Editorial duties, by the information that the punning Editor was mortuus est, so far forth as concerned publishing, and we must take his place. We tried to beg off. No go! We must get up and be hanged. So here we are, like the criminal who,

"Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, yet loth to depart."

Behold us in our dignity, the rope neatly adjusted beneath the left ear, the cap ready to be drawn over our eyes, and ten minutes allowed us for parting remarks. Those remarks should be addressed to the young. We therefore say in this last moment to our friends of the lower Classes, "Take heed to your ways. Shun the courses that have brought us to this dreadful situation. Be exceeding careful of your reputation. Never, as you value your happiness and honor, allow it to be supposed that you are a good writer. The moment you acquire that title your doom is sealed, and you go down to posterity disgraced and dishonored as an Editor of the Yale Lit. Shame will settle on your forehead. Devils will haunt your door, Furies infest your chamber. Malicious dreams, vengeful and keen, disguised in Greek letters, shall pounce upon you, through newspaper columns, in annihilating articles. Ease shall leave your bosom, rest forsake your couch. Your walk by day is spoiled through dread of enraged contributors, and your sleep visited by horrid visions of the morrow's tortures. Such, my young friends, is the doom before you. Take warning by our sad example. Once we were innocent, fearless as your young boasting heart. See to what we are reduced by this one fatal error in our course."

It is night. The shadows are thick outside our windows. A forlorn contributor has just left us, fearful that he may not finish his production in time for insertion. He has been fishing for a compliment, but our editorial dignity would not allow us to nibble, and he has departed in anger. In the room behind us are heard cheerful

voices that tempt us from our task to a cigar and a pleasant chat. But no! our duties forbid. We draw our chair nearer the table, and, shutting our ears to all sweet sounds, devote ourselves more assiduously than ever to paper staining. Our honest brother—what do you think of him, dear reader? Our private opinion is, that he is most egregiously mistaken in many of his ideas. For instance, hear him rhapsodize about the south entry of North College. Who ever heard such undeserved adulation? Everybody, that knows anything, knows that the north entry is *the* entry, the home of science, seat of learning, ladder of fame, summit of bliss, &c. A panegyric on the north entry, would have been in good taste for him or any one else. But the south, augh!

His ideas of poetry, too, are most singular. You remember the piece he inserted in his Table and criticised so severely? He, forsooth, did not *appreciate the piece.* Can he appreciate Paradise Lost? Has he any conception of the beauties of Shakspeare, Byron, Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, Coleridge, Bryant, Dante, Tasso, Keats and Homer? Does he feel a thrill of emotion glow through his breast as he lingers over the ethereal music of any poet that the earth has seen? If he does not, then he may not appreciate the beauties of "Satire. Smoking in College." See the keen wit and classic beauty of the title! How expressive! yet how simple! Then the exordium, how touching an appeal to his companion and his friend! We can almost picture to ourselves that "old *goose* quill obedient to his mind." The quill he bids "to *rise and inkle* satiric lay." What delicate abnegation of self! Claiming no share in the glory himself, he modestly ascribes the *execution* of the task to his pen, which may be supposed to bear the honors meekly. And the *pun.* Oh! Hood, how art thou surpassed, and how must the ghost of Lamb haunt the author in vengeful hate for his triumph in this art.

And the chorus, if it may be so called, or, perhaps, more properly, BURDEN, has, in our opinion, never been equaled for masterly diction and sublime imagery:

> "Smoking is a ruination,
> Sprung from Hades, a smoky nation."

But space would fail us to point out all the excellencies of this truly wonderful production. We can only assure the author of our profound *admiration* for his talents, and indignation at his revilers. Let him read, as balm to his wounded soul, the noble article on criticism, signed Kappa, which appeared the other day in one of our city journals. We have wondered since what sort of a person this poet author might be. Mysterious fact, that we may walk along the same path, sit in the same room, nay, perhaps, on the same bench with this heaven-sent genius, and be all ignorant of the fact. How true it is, that we sometimes entertain angels unawares. We feel a curiosity, too, to know what setting encloses so rare a gem. Is he like Keats, slender and weak of body, and shall he sink under the load of calumny, or shall he, Byron-like, hurl back contempt at the heads of his foes and rise above the revilings of the rabble? Despair not, aspirant for fame! Press on in thy high course. Be not discomforted at thy first defeat. The world is ever deaf to music, and blind to beauty!

> "Thy footsteps yet shall echo
> Down the corridors of Time,"

and future generations worship at thine altar!

Vacation is coming, and, what is more, Christmas is coming! Christmas holidays! How many pleasant recollections do those words bring up! How many ghosts of skating parties, coasting frolics, and snow-forts haunt us now! How we used to skate all day, and if, perchance, as often happened, we fell into the water, how patiently we stood at the blacksmith's forge to dry ourselves before meeting the loving scrutiny and a fearful mamma, whom we could not have convinced that we were not drowned, had we been in the slightest wet! But those days have gone with all of us. We are going "home for the holidays" with different feelings now. Freshmen are looking forward to the astonishment of the natives, when they shall behold a real, live "member of Yale College," with Society pin and College phrases. The Sophomore does not care for that, but is full of College politics in his conversation, and agitated about the result of his prize composition. He fears it may have a startling effect on the judges, and half expects to hear the announcement next term of a special prize, of great value, to be allotted to him. But these dreams will fade away with the petty conceit that gave them birth. The Junior is priding himself on gaining, or lamenting, the loss of his expected appointment, and visions of Editorships, Presidencies and Oratorships, haunt his excitable vision.

The Senior is already chafing at the restraint which he is so soon to throw off. He is laying his plans for, and dreaming ecstatically of his future career. He sees before him interminable cases, the briefs for which bear his name, and deposits innumerable, imaginary fees in a visionary pocket. He sees crowded churches where a thousand faces are upturned to catch the inspiration of his lips, and beholds the tears that thank for an almost resurrection. Such are the hopes, the plans, and the purposes that crowd in our hearts as we throng home for the holidays. But these shall all be forgotten in the enjoyments of home. Bright smiles are waiting there to welcome your return. Ah! those delightful sleigh-rides, with jingling bells, warm robes and prancing horses, and a fair, bright face, at your side, whose eyes alone would keep you warm if you are susceptible. And the dancing-parties! And the still pleasanter calls on old friends and tete-a-tetes with the fair girl who was your school-mate and for whom you entertained a penchant which time and College-life has not altogether done away with. You feel a little tremor as you address her at first, but her frank and easy tone changes your embarrassment to a little mortification at her carelessness, which your reason soon, however, does away with. In this manner, your two short weeks will soon pass off and you will be here again. But, short as they are, vacations are very pleasant things.

Thus far had we proceeded, when a crash, like that of glassware against a door, or similar resisting medium, startled us from our labor. Visions of burglars, dark, horrid looking men, with huge pistols and deadly cutlass, came instantly to our mind. Or it might be an earthquake, or it might be a mob to attack us, for what Mr. Bennett would call his "upright and fearless course as a public journalist." We tried to feel brave, but did not succeed remarkably. As no one was by to witness our feats of courage, any great display thereof, seemed useless. So we undressed ourselves speedily, and, safe beneath the bed-clothes, scowled defiance at all marauders. Oh! what dreams haunted us all that fearful night. Now we were drowning in a sea of printer's ink, which would not let us sink, but that a *little* devil, in the likeness of an enraged contributor, kept pushing us deeper by laying his articles on us.

Again we were hung up by the heels in a newspaper office, and a huge Greek capital was barbarously cutting up the English language, and hurling the mangled remains at our defenseless head. From these tortures, a fire-bell awoke us. We jumped up, supposing that the enraged contributor had set fire to the College, and that we were to perish in the flames. We were about to jump from the window, when a cool sensation convinced us that the fire was not in very dangerous proximity, and we resolved to try for another nap before the walls fell in. That sleep was sweet till the first bell rang, when we slowly rose, (N. B. *We* never sleep over, and unhesitatingly condemn the habit,) and, with many sighs at the hard fate of a Senior, especially if he happen to be an Editor, wended our way to the Chapel. Of the rush we made that morning, lo! is it not written in a magical circle among the Professor's MSS.?

To Correspondents.

A Student's reverie is not exactly suitable for our columns. A correspondent should always pay the postage on articles he expects to have inserted.

We are much obliged to D.

We would acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the New Haven Palladium, of December 8th. We don't know why it was sent, however.

We have received the North Carolina University Magazine for December.

THE AWARD!

The undersigned, constituted a committee to adjudge the prize of a Gold Medal, offered by the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, after due examination, awarded it to the composition signed "Nitor."

The accompanying envelope, when broken open, showed

WILLARD C. FLAGG,

Paddock's Grove, Illinois, to be the successful competitor.

NOAH PORTER,
WILLIAM AITCHISON, } *Com.*
GEORGE A. JOHNSON,

VOL. XVIII. No. IV.

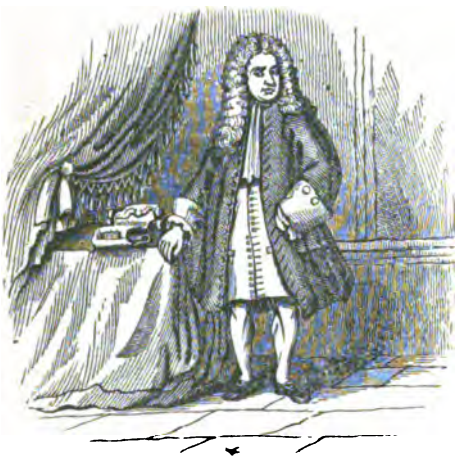
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Valenses
Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique Patres."

FEBRUARY, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

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CONTENTS.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1853. No. IV.

The Coliseum.

WE love the relics of the Past. They awaken a long train of thought and strong emotions. Though dug from the earth, like to the simple lamp in the Eastern tale, they bear some secret charm. But let the ruins be august! Then with eagerness we ask, who piled up the frowning walls? what storms have they braved? what purpose have they subserved? what lesson do they teach?

Where are their architects? In what Epic are they heroes? In what marble do they live?

It is thus that we contemplate the Coliseum of ancient imperial Rome. It was begun by Vespasian and finished by Titus. Arches upon arches, and columns upon columns, recall to mind the myth of Pelion piled upon Ossa. The Doric and Ionic and Corinthian orders of architecture are illustrated. A hundred thousand Romans could there witness the gladiatorial contests.

Anglo-Saxon pilgrims, in the middle ages, were amazed at this piece of massive masonry. They identified its duration with that of time itself. They said, "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand; when falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls,—the world."

But the wind and the lightning and the rain have made havoc with its walls; while man, a worse depredator still, has dislodged the stones from their places. Utilitarianism has thence drawn its materials, to construct many modern palaces.

The same vandalic spirit has rudely torn from their niches the sculptures of the Parthenon. They now decorate the British Museum instead of the Temple of Minerva. But Greece has fallen. She stands no longer on the proud preëminence of Marathon and Salamis. Hence the ravagers of the works of Phidias "go unwhipt of justice."

Thus the Coliseum of to-day is very unlike to the Coliseum of imperial Rome. Arches have been shattered, and columns have fallen. Vast apertures are made in the stately pile. The dove builds her nest, where once the successful gladiator raised the shrill cry of "hoc habet." The grass grows tall upon the arena, which once drank the blood of beasts and of men. Eternal silence has succeeded the acclamations of a hundred thousand Romans. A hermit of wild eye and strange demeanor, tenants the solitude. His spectral figure is often seen gliding along in the deep gloom of the night. Shelley saw this odd personage there, and has introduced him into the affecting story of a blind old man and his daughter. The father asks his child whither they have come. The hermit hears the interrogatory, and rebukes him for ignorance. "Wretched old man! know you not that these are the ruins of the Coliseum?" His subsequent knowledge of the father's blindness caused the rebuke to goad his own sensitive soul.

But when the moon shines full, those ruins assume a peculiar charm, and show best their hoar antiquity. Nothing either of ancient or of modern art is grander, or so calculated to awaken emotion. Then Byron filled with enthusiasm, and wrote in lines which will live when the last stone shall have crumbled from the basement:

> "Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
> Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
> Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
> Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
> As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
> Should be the light which streams here, to illume
> This long explor'd but still exhaustless mine
> Of contemplation."

But why was built that vast pile of architecture? Was it to give a home to the destitute, and lengthen out the "thin-spun life?" Was it based on the dignity of man in this state of moral probation? No. Every spot of that ground is fertilized with his blood. Every spot is a witness to the cruel spirit of ancient customs.

How could it be otherwise with such a nation, when their religion itself was a mass of gross corruption? The Gods of heathen Rome were

cruel. They were engaged restlessly in prosecuting schemes of ambition and self-indulgence. That might is right was the "summune jus." Hence Jupiter, that he may rule, dethrones father Saturn. Hence the Titans attempt to hurl from power brother Jupiter. Had the Gods been men, they would have incurred every penalty in our codes of criminal law. They would have been hanged by the neck until they were dead. They would have illustrated a richer romance of crime, than the chronicles of the "Old Bailey." But they were Gods, and therefore not amenable to human codes.

How should not such notions, when sanctioned by religion itself, react on the masses? It was natural that they should, and there is the best evidence that they did.

The people became like to their Gods, cruel, licentious, ambitious, groveling. They thirsted after blood for an amusement, and raised the lofty walls of the Coliseum. They carried thither their children to laugh at the groans of the dying gladiator, and to invert their thumbs when he supplicated for life.

The pagan religion has been superseded by another, essentially differing in spirit. It does not destroy, but it almost raises the dead. It has no slaughter-houses for men, but hospitals for the sick. It does not exult over the agonies of expiring nature, but it sympathizes, and points at the balm of Gilead. The one is fiend-like, the other god-like. The one makes us brutes, the other men.

Moreover, there is hallowed ground about that old Coliseum. It is stained with richer blood than that of beasts and gladiators. There Christians gave the seal of martyrdom to the cause of their Master. There they illustrated the intolerance of the ancient religion.

We prize the Christian dead of the Coliseum, more than the dead of Smithfield or of St. Bartholomew. In making their profession, they took their lives in their hands. They were promised no pleasure on earth, but that of a good conscience. They were to wait for their "recompense of reward." The world was against them, but they were stronger than the world. Atlas-like, their shoulders supported the pillars of the infant Church.

Hence we would not wish to see the stones crumble away from the massive arches of the Coliseum. We would wish them to commemorate a great truth, that Rome was in need of a better religion. We would wish them to illustrate the comparative tolerance of Christianity.

Let the wind and the rain fall lightly on the old ruins! Let man remove not a stone from its place! Let the cooing of the dove answer back to the bay of the watch-dog beyond the Tiber, and to the hooting of the

owl from the palace of the Cæsars! Let the hermit steal along like to a ghost in the dark! Let the moonbeams still fall, until we exclaim this is a scene,

> "Where musing solitude might love to lift
> Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
> Where silence undisturb'd might watch alone,
> So cold, so bright, so still!"

G. A. J.

De Rosa Lee.

1. Dum vivebam in Tennessee,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Ambiebam Rosam Lee,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Nigerrimis luminibus,
   Labris baccis paribus;
   Quum nunc iverim primo,
   "Nunc" ait "ne stultus sis, Joe!"
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Ambiens in Tennessee,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Sub "bananâ" arbore.

2. "Plane" dixi "mea vita,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Mellitissimâ animâ,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Pedibus bellis tantisque
   Ut ex cothurno sint cunae;
   Rosa, me nunc accipe!"
   "Nunc" inquit "Joe, ne fac stulte!"
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Ambiens in Tennessee,
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Sub "bananâ" arbore.

3. Fabula mea indicta;
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Collegit frigus tum Rosa!
   Uli-ali-ola-e—
   Doctorem mitte, nutricem!
   Fecerunt eam pejorem.

Ut rideret nitebar;
"Ne" dixit "stultum se praesta!"
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Ambiens in Tennessee,
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Sub "bananâ" arbore.

4. Nihil valet. Desperant.
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Ad bustum sequar rogant.
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Manum suam capio,
Vixque frigore respiro;
Maestas lacrymas vidit, oh!
Dixit-que "ne stultus sis, Joe!"
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Moriens in Tennessee,
Uli-ali-ola-e—
Sub cupressâ arbore.

S. M. C.

The Mission of Modern Poetry.

The most important task which now claims the labor of philosophical criticism, is a just estimate of the poetry bequeathed to us by the last generation. Many held their hearts as altars sacred to the muses, among those whose graves are green. Artists reveled in the pictures and the power of Southey; poets loved Shelley as the wide world loved them; philosophers looked at men through the deep gray eyes of Wordsworth's angel pedlar; true lovers heard the truest echo to their sighs in the melodies of Coleridge; worshipers of beauty found the soul of their goddess breathed through the gossamer words of Keats; and wounded hearts were cauterized by the red misanthropy of Byron. Each of these bards has had scores of critics, but, if we make a partial exception in favor of Macaulay's Essay on Byron, no one of them has been judged with great ability and entire candor. Much less can we find any thorough and comprehensive view of them as a *class;* of the part which they acted in the history of mind; of the influence which they wielded, and the principles which they represented.

I wish to consider these master spirits of the past only as explaining the wants of the present. If we can clearly perceive their true glory,

then, by taking in imagination one upward and onward step, we shall reach that which ought to be the glory of their successors. And this ideal will be the best test of the actual.

There was a period in English history when "The Vision and the Faculty divine" seemed to have been extinguished, and it became a matter of doubt whether the world was not too old for poetry. The language of action had driven from men's lips the language of the heart; and the spirit of the age seemed to be undergoing a change not unlike that which took place when civilization removed her capital from Athens to Rome. The shrines of religion were neglected in common with those of the muses; moral precepts were supplanting Christian charity; human love was valued at its weight in gold; and taste was degenerating into shrewdness. The ascendency of a practical spirit, the omnipotence of expediency, was far more seriously threatened eighty years ago than it is now.

Yet even then mistaken Science had not subdued, she had only silenced the soul. The political philosopher turned his aching eyes from the long and dry tables of his master to the clear skies, where the works of his master's Master stood in grandeur, and he felt a burden on his soul. The peasant gazed on the green meadows, and heard that they were made for Norman blood; but he saw *that* in their velvet beauty which Norman blood could never see; and Robert Burns felt himself a poet.

And still they came. By a silent revolution, than which none more sudden and thorough was ever effected in a people's mind, Shakspeare, hitherto the nation's pride, became the object of its worship, and hearts began to yearn for a new revelation from the world where he is monarch. So the revelation came, and poetry achieved her most glorious triumphs over men in an age immediately succeeding that in which her noblest works had been neglected. What, then, was the great fact thus accomplished, and what was the mission of those who accomplished it?

It was the rebellion of soul against the tyranny of mind; the triumph of man, the immortal over man, the machine. Their mission was to turn the thoughts of men into new channels; to spiritualize their ideas; and enable them to feel the limited grasp of science, the unsatisfying nature of human knowledge. And it would seem that while the pulpit was often venal and sycophantic, the press corrupt, and rulers licentious, the cause of Religion received the impulse it so much needed, partly through the influence of Poetry; so that it would be only an exaggeration to assert that the Christianity of that age could better have spared its orthodox divines than its infidel poets.

For all the great poets of the last generation, however widely they differed in other respects, had something in common, which marked them as belonging to the age in which they lived, and constituted them a distinct class. It was the realization of the supernatural; bringing a world whose causes and effects are unexplored, into union with the world of every-day life; and familiarizing the mind with objects as real which are unknown to the senses.

Some men are naturally prone to a belief in that which defies their faculties; while others instinctively reject as false every statement of fact or principle, which does not appeal directly to their understanding. And this difference is entirely independent of their intellectual powers; for some of the greatest minds have been, in this respect, the weakest. Each of the two great representatives, of thought and action, in the last generation, Coleridge and Napoleon, believed himself to be guided by superhuman influence. And the many similar facts which History has accumulated can only be explained by supposing that there is an innate principle, which we may term Spirituality, in the mind of man; a primary faculty for perceiving supernatural truths.

Just as the reasoning powers may be perverted to the defense of falsehood, so this faculty for the spiritual may lead to Superstition. But it is not therefore to be rejected or despised. It is the tendency of a practical age, an age of progress in Science and Art, to stifle this power, and to turn the thoughts of men into other channels. Those who resist this tendency, then, are benefactors of the race; in awakening a dormant faculty, and giving it that influence over the man, which his Creator intended it to wield. This is a duty of the Christian minister, of the philosopher, and of every philanthropist.

But it is especially the duty of the poet. For no other faculty seems so closely associated with this of *Spirituality* as the Imagination. Every one knows from experience that an associating principle does exist between pairs and classes of faculties and sensibilities. It may be implanted at birth, or it may be the result of Education; but we cannot doubt the fact of its existence. None would assert that the love of beauty is the same with the love of society, and yet we find that the latter feeling is often and easily aroused through the former. So it is with the Imagination and the spiritual faculty. In every people, in nearly every person, we find them so associated that the one is most easily excited to action through the medium of the other. Hence a great poet has over the mind of his age a power for good or evil which is seldom appreciated. And it was the mission of that constellation of genius

which appeared about the end of the eighteenth century, to rouse these slumbering faculties, and seize this long neglected means of power.

For all these great spirits were born *superstitious*, in the midst of a most practical age. And while those around were busily coining the heart of the hills, hewing forests into cities, or brandishing the scythes of war over armies of their brethren, poets offered a united, earnest cry to heaven for the descent of *Truth*. For they felt that mere intellect, whether occupied with the laws of matter or the essence of Power, could never attain it. For mind is slave to the will and all its associate impulses; and to establish her as the only authority for faith is to place the sceptre on the throne, or send the falchion forth to battle.

So the poets' hearts were fields of strife, where faith and reason fought for mastery. But the poets did not wait for the result; they penned the *struggle* while it was taking place, and sent forth "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," for their fellow men. And in the contest they soon learned to act upon a new principle, previously unknown in the world of mind.

Our early poets valued truth, and strove to represent it. They observed the world without and the world within, and figured them through Imagination as they are. The decorations of fancy and the glow of thought were only valuable to them as they subserved the one great end of bringing before the mind what they believed to be truth. Hence these poets were consistent, each with himself. But the tendency of the "Onward flowing tide of time" was to sever poetry from life; and as life became more real, less poetical, poetry was driven to the opposite extreme, and became more abstract, less practical. This tendency facilitated the adoption of their new principle by the poets of the last age.

This principle was that a striking thought, or an exquisite metaphor, should have a value for its own sake. A train of reasoning was precious among these authors for its own glow and ingenuity, not for the result at which it arrived. A beautiful image was loved for its beauty, not for the meaning which it shadowed. Hence consistency was not an object with these writers. They would set forth any principles, for not the principles, but the forms in which they were presented, were of importance.

This, however, was only the first excess of the spirit of rebellion. In opposing one extreme, men are ever prone to reach the opposite; but Truth always vindicates her omnipotence in the end. This spirit died away in one generation; and the poetry of the present age shows the benefit which it bequeathed to us.

We may safely name Alfred Tennyson as the representative of contemporary poetry. For we find in him much that is good from the last age, without the evil which then was inseparable from it. The influence of faith upon his writings is to be traced in every page; and a mind which can sympathize with its operations will find there lines conveying each a volume of thought and feeling. A single example will convey my meaning better than any description; and one line from "The May Queen" is selected, because few passages even in his poetry are at once so simple and so suggestive. It is that in which the dying girl speaks of the clergyman who "Told her words of peace," and says—

"He shewed me all the mercy, *for* he taught me all the sin."

May the Poet live long to give us works of still greater power, and meet at last with the reward of those "True hearts" which are "more than coronets," and that "simple faith" which is better "than Norman blood."

The realization of something above the realms of the understanding, and the awakening of simple humility in the proud heart of a practical age, is, then, the true mission of modern Poetry. T.

The Critic.

It is often adduced as an admirable economic arrangement of Nature, that the lower orders of animals prey upon each other. It is supposed that to the irrational creature death by old age, or long-continued life, would be less desirable than suddenly to fall a victim to the rapacity of his superior in cunning or strength. This condition of things may illustrate the notions entertained by some respecting the "Nature and Uses" of Critics. They are looked upon as men who live by devouring the fruits of others' toil, while they themselves, like Pharaoh's "lean kine," continue ever "ill-favored as at the beginning."

This picture, so derogatory to a class of literary men, would be unworthy a moment's attention, but for the fact that there are both *true* and *false* Critics. The latter may be properly characterized as rapacious animals—Literary Harpies. The elements of character which more especially pertain to them in the discharge of their office are three: ignorance, pride and malice. *Ignorance* appears in their selecting only the worst

passages of an author for particular criticism, and dispensing vague generalities to the rest; their *pride* in professing to judge with authority where they are in no respect qualified to do so; and their *malice* in substituting sarcasm and raillery for judicious censure and appreciative commendation, and in assailing the author himself instead of that which he has written. There are such as these who profess to criticise—unfortunately there are also works which deserve to fall into no better hands.

We turn to the true Critic; what are the elements of his character? and what his position in the system of literary action?—The true Critic is a *philosopher*. Take Newton as a specimen of this class; upon what rests his claim to the title of philosopher? He surveyed the phenomena of Nature, and from their various forms, carefully distinguishing the accidental from the necessary, he deduced the laws of the material world The Critic has spread before him phenomena of mind; his world is found on written pages—a wonderful creation—and from them, like Newton, he derives the laws of thought, distinguishing fitful irregularities from the steady course of connected logic, discerning the attracting forces by which one thought depends upon another, and searching out the method by which clearness, beauty, and strength are given to the offspring of creating mind. He is a philosopher, then, in that he reasons by induction from given phenomena. The whole "universe," as has been sublimely said, "is a thought of God." Newton traced out that thought—discovered its mode of expression. Literature is emphatically the thought of man, and the true Critic, instead of blindly following the rules of others, traces this thought for himself, and evolves from it the true laws of mental expression.

Again, the true Critic is a *lover of the ideal perfect*. Criticism is a work of comparison. The pseudo-critic compares, so far as he does so at all, with some external model; the true Critic compares with an ideal in his own imagination, formed not from one excellent model only, but from all. Human nature being imperfect, more imperfect than physical nature, no single production embodies a perfect ideal, but the critical mind catches the hint contained in each, and with avidity treasures up the impressions, till a whole is formed, distinct, true, beautiful. Thus, acquaintance with literature makes the impressions; love for the perfect fixes the pattern rightly, and objects of criticism please or displease, according as they fit this exquisite mould.

The true Critic is also a *sympathizer with human nature*. Literature embraces within itself almost all human experience. Not only are the subjects of thought and writing as extensive as human nature, but its

modifying forces are found in all the infinitely varied circumstances and passions of life. He, whose theme is the wrongs over which his heart bleeds, must not be judged with the same feelings as he who writes because "a thing of beauty" dwells in his mind and longs for expression. How can a single mind be expected to appreciate alike the dry discussions of prose, and the impassioned lyrics of poetry? No man needs the ability to place himself in another's stead like the Critic; for his object is not to reduce all writing to one standard, but to show how, with a given subject and circumstances, it is proper to give utterance to thought. He sighs with the lover—raves with the madman—soars with the inspired enthusiast; weeps with the sorrow-stricken, and laughs with the jester. Varieties of character he not only recognizes but sympathizes with, as placing him in the only proper position to criticise.

The true Critic is also a *man of invention.* Genius and Taste, it is often said, do not necessarily coexist. True, they do not in the same measure; we can appreciate and enjoy, without being able to create; nevertheless, some degree of invention is a natural consequent upon taste or knowledge. Franklin could not make a thunder storm, though he had discovered what lightning is; yet he could charge a single jar, and as much as this was expected in proof of his discovery. Moreover that man is not qualified to judge of another's actions, who has no correct idea of what is required to perform them. What are his opinions worth upon painting, who knows nothing of the art? How can he who never wrote a line of poetry estimate the worth of "Paradise Lost!" He may notice grammatical constructions; see the beauty of imagery; but he can never *feel* the value of the work, till he is sensible of what it costs to produce it. So in the case of worthless productions, the clear conception of the need of improvement can in no way be obtained as by experience, invention. More than all, by this characteristic the true Critic maintains a sympathy with genius such as none but a genius can have. 'Tis true that "he who fully understands an author is next to him," and equally so that he who properly criticises an author is equal to him—equal not in knowledge perhaps, but in talent, in genius.

We may add that the true Critic is a man of *great knowledge.* To criticise without a knowledge of the subject is mockery: to criticise without such an acquaintance with Literature, Nature, Science, Art, and History as would enable one fully to understand the imagery and allusions, is, to say the least, a very limited exercise of the art. A vast store of knowledge, then, belongs to the Critic; yet while he passes judgment on the work of others, is he modest in his own pretensions? From the

nature of his office, he cannot be so thoroughly conversant with particular subjects as those whom he criticises. *Facts* he learns; *thought* and its expression pass under his judicial scrutiny. In his official capacity he has to do with laws of thought, not laws of matter; modes of conception, not objective realities; and to fit him for this work is the tendency of those characteristics which we have now enumerated. Difficult is it to find such a real Critic, and only with a high conception of his duties will there be preparation to discharge them.

The position of the Critic is as exalted as his duties are arduous. He is the Chief Justice in the judiciary of Literature. Before his tribunal are summoned the productions of the past and present. The rule of judgment is the proper relation between truth and thought; between truth in the world and truth in words: the consequences of the decision affect the purity of language, and the growth of genius. Where would be law without a court to interpret and apply it? Where would be literature without a body of men to study and maintain it in its purity? Men think and write carelessly, forgetting and violating the most sacred laws of mental expression, and there must be some authority to call them to account for it.

But to encourage and guide Genius is the noblest prerogative of the Critic. Genius is often wayward and extravagant, but it is sensitive, and tractable to those who have a right to attempt managing it. Its first productions are not always chastened to a high degree of purity, and the stupid would-be-critic sees nothing but the smoke of enthusiasm and vanity. Not so the real Critic. He detects the impress of the soul which fails not to leave its stamp on its every creation. A single passage is sufficient to convince his appreciative mind that the fire of genius glows in the breast of the author. And why? Because the rules of his art relate not merely to external forms, but to living mental realities; because he detects something, though it be small, which fits his own ideal; because he has a sympathy with mind, and feels its every movement. Many a genius has writhed and withered; stung to madness by those who trampled under their feet the unpolished gems from a Divine mine. Some have even died because their power of endurance was so disproportionate to their power of thought. But he only has a right to adopt the profession of a Critic who is in himself all that we mean by genius, and genius with electric sympathy discovers its own kindred.

Again, the real Critic not only discovers and encourages, but guides literary genius. This is not as intractable as is sometimes represented; it will not patiently follow where it ought to lead, nor obey when it

ought to command, but it may be made to obey truth if properly held out before it. Criticism it needs but it will bear it; that which fritters away the trash of weak intellects furnishes the pure metal of genius.

Such is our idea of a Critic—his character and position. He stands at the *focus* of human life. The whole world is reflected to him in the enraptured strains of the poet. Do the human passions rage? He sees them pictured on the historic and dramatic scroll; and while he thus contemplates objects as they exist in the grasp of the soul, he is admitted to a close intercourse with the soul itself, and finds a communion more spiritual than he "who holds communion with the visible forms" of Nature.

L. S. P.

A Fragment.

I sat me down upon the rugged shore
And cast my eyes abroad upon the deep,
Where awful billows roll'd in mountain height,
And deaf'ning surge like fiercest thunder roar'd.
Above, there was no light, save now and then
A star blown by the raging storm look'd out
Upon a beach all strewn with human forms,
And splinter'd fragments of our mighty ship.
I was alone, for not one soul remain'd,
Of all that throng which when the sun arose
Upon the deep, had found as joyous e'en,
As on a May-day festival. The sky
In azure beauty smil'd, and to the view
Was pictur'd in the glassy-wave, and as
We cleav'd the waters of the deep, each heart
With thoughts of peaceful home was fill'd. But soon
The low'ring clouds which grimly rais'd their heads
Above the faint line where sea and heav'n meet,
Too plainly told that ere the midnight guard
Should pace the deck as sentinels of night,
The sharks would hover in our wake, to seize
The victims of the storm. As day advanced
Our sails were swollen with the coming blasts,
And hope induc'd us to believe that soon
The rocky reefs we'd pass, and safely reach
The welcome harbor then not distant far.
But Hope as ever with delusions fraught,

Inspir'd our souls with expectations false,
And in the twinkling of an eye we saw
How vain our works, how surely doom'd we were;
For soon the Captain's voice above the storm
In hoarser accents to the crew we heard;
"The topsails reef, my brave and gallant tars,"
He cried aloud. But ere the sails were furl'd,
Squall after squall harrass'd our bark, and masts
Sway'd by the storm were christen'd in the deep.
The timbers strain'd, the females shriek'd; and Oh!
As night came on and found us still adrift,
Upon the dark and dang'rous deep, and toss'd
'Midst reefs in Stygian gloom, methought
Another day in brightness would not dawn
Upon the once fleet bark and happy souls,
Which now the mercy of the tempest crav'd.
I kneel'd me down and pray'd, and as I knelt
Oh! what a crash! my soul! what piercing shrieks
Broke on my ear. Oh how my troubled mind
Shrinks with dismay from contemplation
Of that scene and hour, when more in number
Than the annual list of days which add
Another year unto my age, went down
Into the deep, and 'midst the mingled din,
Of praying voices and the dreadful sound
Of crashing timbers and the thunder's roar,
The dashing, maddening waves clos'd o'er their forms.
How I was sav'd I know not, but methought
Some mighty hand with strength supernal caught
My sinking form and laid me on the beach.
I say I know not how myself was sav'd,
For when the ship went down my senses fled.
And when my waking mind return'd I found
Me lying high upon the rugged beach;
The trickling blood cours'd down my youthful brow,
For slightly wounded by some spar or stone,
In my rough transit from the bark I'd been.

* * * * * * *

J. S.

Cant.

"Ἕτερόν τι προβαλλόμενος."

THIS word, so frequent with many, we dare say is seldom comprehended by most. The lexicons define it by synonyms, but behind these is the wide, popular meaning, embracing all the exceptions to the stricter definitions of science. When we say that the term cant is seldom comprehended by most people, we do not mean so much that it is *not* understood, as that it is *vaguely* understood, and while people know perfectly well what sort of a thing it is, they do not form any distinct and exclusive notion of it. The tendency of this obscurity in the mind is to call some things cant which are not, and some which are, to pass by as not cant. It is the scope of the present article to draw more distinctly these lines of definition.

Dr. Johnson defines cant to be "the whining pretension to goodness." Probably at that time the term first began to be applied to affected manners, which has grown to be its most general signification. This definition, accordingly seems to be only the nucleus of the wider sense, which we assign to this word at present. But as it is the oldest, so we shall find it to be the most common idea of modern cant. Men attach the reproach of "cant" to Religion and Virtue more frequently than to anything else. But why the phrase became thus provincial, it is easy to conclude, when we reflect how great has been the disbelief in Virtue in a skeptical age. Yet we ascribe this special assault upon what we naturally venerate the most to the venom of the most spiteful hater of his kind; a man whom the father of lies would have delighted to honor throughout time, "had not something sealed the lips" of History.

We may define cant in its most extensive acceptation to be *the affectation by set phrases of whatever sentiments are virtuous or human.* We may individualize it as hollow-heartedness dressed—a cenotaph—clouds without water—a mere phantasm.

According to the observation of every man who will interrogate it, there will now be found to be, in general, *two sorts* of Cant. There is a certain *gross Cant*, that which most popularly bears the name, and the subject of Dr. Johnson's definition. This sort is nothing but gaunt Hypocrisy, and is very frequently so called. To this sort we assign the cant of the "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," who for a pretence made long prayers. The man of this stamp is regarded as not only morally mean, but foolish, also, and ridiculous. He is compared to the counterfeiter, who prefers endless risk and final inevitable ruin to the safe and honora-

ble career of the virtuous money maker. Men laugh at him, when he labors at a vile likeness of what exists, to him, neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, and then calls upon them to venerate the golden image which he has set up.

Connected with this topic is a question of use which deserves a passing remark. Many, even some good people, apply the nickname "cant" to the solemn, prolonged, and cantillating tone of some unquestionably pious men. This reproach we doubt not has spoiled the savor of many an excellent exhortation, and doubtless hypocrisy and mannerism have much in common. The injustice however of the name will be apparent upon slight reflection. We abstain within these limits from discussing the proprieties of the case, but to those who apply the reproach with ill-temper, it is often enough to utter the sublime retort of the sacred bard: It is higher than heaven; what canst *thou* say! deeper than hell; what canst *thou* know!

But there is also a *petty Cant*, by far the most common sort, and most unobserved in the commonest cases. Yet a moment's reflection shows every one that it is nothing else than cant. It is very seldom blamed, generally winked at as inseparable from civilized society, universally practised in some of its forms, and even demanded as the Shibboleth of fashion. The sophist uses this sort in his "Fallacy of the Unintelligible," which as a distinguished jurist once expressed it, keeps the sound agoing, when the sense is gone. This is preëminently Cant, which is pure sophistry, and whose very essence is deception. We meet this sort in the opinionated discourse of many of our self-styled connoisseurs. But its most prevalent form seems to be found in the interchange of the common courtesies of life. What we term "compliments" are mere cant; they are proverbially meaningless, and are interchanged with no appreciation of any value. Common salutations degenerate into the same character, so that it is now really quite refreshing to greet a person who seems interested in one's welfare. Why do we relish so much the unpolished cordial courtesy of the rough backwoodsman? Why, again, did the Arab soldier, in the division of the spoil, exclaim to his comrade, "I will give you any quantity of this yellow metal (gold) for a little of the white." Because it is always an exquisite satisfaction to be able to say, "I know whom I have believed."

We have already mentioned facts which show a very curious difference between these two sorts of cant as they are estimated by men. How unanimously do all the world agree to expose *gross cant*, and to hold it up to scorn! With what contempt, nay, with what rancor, even, do men

assail the uncovered hypocrite! What a triumph for an enemy, what an envenomed weapon it is, to have confuted a man of pious frauds! But here, mark that the cant is all on one side. Now, transferring our glass to the other sort, we find that *petty cant*, though for the most part perfectly appreciated, is generally uncensured. The whole world now unites as heartily in the game of duplicity, as it did before to prevent the double-dealing. Their cant, indeed, is not as gross as that other; the parties are yet using only paper wads and pop-guns, but how do we know that they will not presently betake themselves to bombs and Paixhan's? Every one meets the venial insults of his neighbor, yet no one is offended, and it is quite rustic to wear the brow of golden Sincerity. The world seems, indeed, from some impulse of its fantastic fashion, to have reproduced among men and women the old games of boys and girls.

Pueri ludentes, "Rex eris," aiunt.

This one shall profess very friendly sentiments, and that one shall make show of generosity and candor, but it is, of course, all preconcerted and well understood: there is naught there but the original "corpus mortis," after all.

A very brief inquiry into the cause of this strange difference leads us to the nature and office of Cant itself. This Cause is involved in what has been premised, and appears to lie, *first*, in the qualities dissembled, and, *second*, in the attitudes of the parties, though a necessary fusion of these two elements, seems, in each kind, to take place.

I. We charge the hypocrite with feigning virtue which he does not possess, and, proximately, with claiming merit which is not his own. It is allowable to liken virtue and its accruing merit to a great bank of deposit, wherein all men are shareholders, and from which each man derives a continual interest. He who appropriates by any means a larger than his lawful share, instantly raises the hue and cry against him as a common thief. The voice of universal blame increases as the embezzlement is larger, or as the stock is more valuable, and so the religious hypocrite is more denounced than the simple pretender of morality; here then the different shades blend with each other, and the distinction between the two kinds is less palpable; as in the case of the Sophist mentioned, who untruly claims the qualities of the Good Orator—Integrity and Good-will; or, more nearly, in the case of him who pompously affects to know more than he really does.

II. We have now alleged the first cause to be the idea of the violation (as it were) of the Right of Property. It was possible, however, in ac-

cordance still with this, to have represented the crime of the hypocrite under a different figure. We might justly have likened him to a counterfeiter, as in a former passage. Be it so: in the first case, now, we present the guilty corrupter of the established currency. Instead of gold, the hypocrite imposes lead. But, in the second case, the established currency has been debased from gold to lead by common consent. We can no longer make a comparison of pure and base: we have only the base. So far as a mutual understanding is concerned, which is all that enters into present consideration, men may debase, more or less, the higher or lower denominations of the established currency. They may use, either wholly or in part, iron for silver, lead for gold, crowns for guineas; but when all conform to the same standard, no man goes beyond or defrauds his neighbor in aught.

Setting aside that deep hypocrisy which springs from a far-spreading "inner vileness," it is merely to be remarked that this *petty cant*, the legitimate offshoot of a highly artificial state of society, as we think, however much it may be condemned, has yet a useful office. Courtesy is human, and the interchange of kindly sentiments brings satisfaction. Our instincts lead us, and often with a strength we were not aware of, not only to the end, but also to that means. And when estrangement or selfishness draws its icy covering over the sensibility, and constrains all free and natural methods, we seek the gratification of the artificial and counterfeit; which gilds with amenity the chillness of the moment, whose melody lingers awhile amid the wintry torpor, and whose passing leaves a flush of sunlight on the glacier in our hearts.

J. M. W.

"Sandwich and Cider Sketch."

NO. II.

BY JOHN JAW-MANDIZER.

"Adam's Eve," or "The Evening when Adam felt a slight indisposition to attend College Duties."

5½ P. M. Evening prayer-bell rings; Adam having indulged in a horizontal position all day, jumps from bed by mere force of habit; finds himself rubbing his eyes in middle of the floor, and concludes to pass the remainder of the day in an *upright* manner

—Straightway makes pollution with water in bowl; and with a horrid *crash*, wipes off dew from face, and considers himself done—accidentally cleans teeth with nail-brush; discovers error by the taste, naturally acute; rectifies mistake—thinks Chum's hair-brush the best; with it, unsnarles hair and gets snarly himself, helped on in the *strain* by an occasional sympathetic "ow"—thinks 'tis a knotty case and is knot discouraged—Next Adam makes *in-vest-ment*, pants away lustily, collars himself and tries to strangle with neck-cloth; casts sidelong glance in large looking-glass and being *suited*, finally sinks into arms of coquttish-looking easy chair, and puts feet upon "Cricket on the Hearth."

6½ o'clock. Adam toasts crackers over the coals, and shins at same time—both get a little burnt—Adam *eats* crackers, and puts shins, bare feet and all, into pail of hot water; wonders if Bear-feet and shins w'dn't make good soup—takes them out only par-boiled, and holds them up before fire to dry—contemplates *feat* of considerable magnitude before him, then lifts down decanter from shelf—smells of liquor to see if't hasn't soured—still in doubt—takes swallow—is in doubt even then; takes a long pull and feels satisfied that some good qualities still remain—wishes he could leave off this old habit—takes another swig to satisfy himself that he cannot possibly.

7 o'clock. Chum comes in with letter—gives Adam a *punch* in the stomach which is taken with right good humor—Adam then hands Chum empty mug and receives letter—Adam, student-like, has great passion for letters, especially *belles' lettres*—Adam reads, and ties face in hard knot as he proceeds; finally, throws note in fire, ejaculating "Letter *go*!" and concluding he never *did* like the girl, drinks her health merely from force of habit.

7½ o'clock. Chum prepares to attend party—Adam sees him "Sans Culottes," blacking boots in the ante-room—wonders if 'tis a *Polish* custom—accidentally notices hole in Chum's dancing pumps—asks if a sherry-cobbler c'dn't mend the matter and keep the cold out—Adam gets off poor pun and laughs heartily—laugh not joined in by Chum, probably owing to dull intellect—Chum goes out—hastily returns, and says the door-mat has been stolen—goes out again in a rage, vowing to prosecute—inquiries.

8 o'clock. Adam writes sarcastic letter—in reply to one just received—Bends too far over candle and singes hair extensively—says "he *always* liked to see hair curly at the ends," and seals letter energetically—drops wax on his thumb—feels most essentially waxed, and inserts thumb in mouth to try suction-principle—Adam looks moodily at flame of fire, and thinks of *his* old flame—broods over the probable suicide his letter will occasion, and begins to relent—calls to mind her beautiful teeth, then declares they 're false; that he won't be gummed by a toothless woman, and concludes to send the dreadful missive—takes out daguer'type, and reflecting on himself, calculates chances of success in other quarters.

8½ o'clock. Feels abominable pain in abdomen—wishes himself in Spirit-land, where all pain is *sham-pain*—sighs for *lapse* of time, when he shall be cuddled quietly away at rest—candle burns dimly—Adam feels lonesome—reaches ink-bottle from shelf by mistake; takes mouthful—inky streaks run down from mouth and nostrils—Adam *feels streaked*—rushes to basket of clean clothes for handkerchief; accidentally coughs; ink flies over linen in all directions—Adam bewilder'd, rinses his mouth with water by mistake for brandy—swallows some ink and water—has slight stomach-ache, and longs for "Internal Improvements."

9 o'clock. Adam feels better; takes two or three sandwiches and a tumbler of logger-head beer—congratulates himself that he doesn't drink from principle, but from bottle—Tries to sharpen his wits with *file* of newspapers—notices advertisement of Fancy Ball—calls to mind a hop he attended once, *on a time* with his Father, in a little back-room of R. R. Depot, where *he* did the hopping, and his *Father* was the *Switchman*—Adam's eye lights on ordinances against thimble riggers—wonders if any such laws were in operation when his mother played off such a thimble rig on his head, one day for playing truant—sees account, relating to appetite of raw-militia—wonders if they wouldn't eat better if cooked—reads narrative of a horrid massacre; recalls the remorse he once had, for cutting off a dead-squirrel's leg with a hatchet, and looking the other way to avoid seeing the bloodshed.

9½ o'clock. Throws down paper and looks out of window—sees full moon, and wonders why they don't call it bal-luna—thinks in

this way a witty-schism might be made between Latin and English—Adam is recalled to sober thoughts by boots pinching corns; wonders how he ever came to *get* corned—finally, concludes he is willing to take bitter with the sweet, and puts wormwood on toe to stop the pain—Notices spider chasing caterpillar—supposes 'tis from force of caterpillary attraction—persevering insect blockades Adam's countenance—Adam makes a strike—hits his own nose; thinks he's *humbugged*, and concludes to let the little *bugger be*.

10 o'clock. Clock strikes—Adam thinks it a trifle *fast*, and determines to give it a dishonorable dismission from college, as it has been going on tick, to his certain knowledge, for some time—clock puts hands before its face to keep from laughing, and *seconds* the motion—tongs fall down noisily, killing fugitive spider by a blow on the head—Adam becomes frightened, draws near the fire and fears to stir—sees large black spider running off with dead fly—thinks of body-snatchers, draws still nearer the fire and perspires freely—after few moments of anxious suspense, Adam becomes reassured, and mixes a punch—squeezes affectionately several lemons—consulting his taste as to the kind of liquor required, by trying several bottles—finally suits his taste exactly, and stirs up mixture with handle of broom-brush—takes a few drinks, and jumps up and down to make room for more—execrates the old habit, and drinks remainder of the punch.

10½ o'clock. Students outside, serenading Tutor overhead, on tin kettles, tin horns and the like—Adam wonders where he has heard similar music; scratches head; thinks of Beethoven, and is convinced. Adam hears barnyard fowl near by, disturbed by hen-roost depredators, crowing "Yankee doodle doo;" thinks 'tis morning, and concludes to go to bed—Is disgusted with the idea of *cramming* on Philosophical principles to-morrow, and determines to lie it out again as soon as practicable—Blows out light for benefit of dissipated Chum, and passes away like a tale that is told.

Paraphrase.

"The good resemble the fir-tree,
The evil, the flower;
For a time the latter surpasses in beauty the former,
But when the frosts and the snows fall
We see the fir-tree only, and not the flower."

From the Chinese.

I.

The fir-tree, stern and stately,
In silence rears its head,
The evergreen creeps softly
Where fairies strew their bed:
Left in unbroken quiet
Through Summer's transient day,
While roses blossom brightly
And deck the brow of May.

II.

But frosts of Winter falling
Destroy the fragile flower,
And charms, but now entrancing,
Are withered in an hour.
The fir-tree, green as ever,
Still rears its stately form,
And bids a proud defiance
To tempest and to storm.

III.

'Tis thus with good and evil
In this dim world of ours,
As with the hardy fir-tree
And with the fragile flowers.
Fame, honor, wealth and beauty
Have many a captive led,
But virtue, truth and duty,
Shall bloom when these are dead.

J. K. L.

Scenery.

I PASSED a few years in Switzerland not long since, and while there the little Mountain village of Montier was a favorite resort of mine. It was most romanticly situated between the two summits of the Salive. On the East, the mountain gradually slopes down to the plain, where the raging Arve rolls its turbid waters to the Rhine. In the dim distance the snow-clad Alps reared their lofty heads to the clouds. Often have I watched the rising sun, heralding his approach by a mellow light, gradually covering the highest peaks with rosy hues, while the plain was still dark and sombre; stealing on, the rosy hues would change to golden, and soon the glorious orb itself would appear above the "monarch of nature!" Slowly it rose, as if weary of the steep ascent, and upon the summit seemed to pause for rest, looking down upon the gloomy vale, already brightening at its glad approach. Higher and higher it came and surmounting the lofty chain, poured its cheering rays upon the plain below.

> "Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course,
> So long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful summit,
> O Sovereign Blanc!"

On the West the mountain descended perpendicularly to the plain. There, spread out in all its beauty, was the valley of the Leman: and the clear, placid lake, basking and shining in the sunbeams; on its glassy bosom the long latine sails of the "barques," stretching out like the white wings of a bird, could scarcely be distinguished. At the extremity

> "Where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between
> Heights, which appear as lovers who have parted
> In hate,"

is the city of Geneva, the home of Calvin, the strong hold of the reformation. Even at this distance, the lofty towers of the cathedral are discernible, and at times the musical chimes of its many bells steal gently through the air. Far away "the dark and gloomy Jura," with her misty shroud, shuts out the view. On a jutting promontory of this precipice, from the edge of which the strongest head can scarce look down without a qualm, are the ruins of an old feudal Castle. But one massive tower remains, and that, covered with ivy, is slowly crumbling away.

The great quantity of rubbish around, and a part of the outer works, now hardly discernible, show the great extent of ground the walls

embraced. It was evidently once a place of great strength. It could be approached but on one side, and small heaps of stones and ruins within a few hundred rods seemed to indicate that there it was well defended. Its lords, a set of mountain robbers, for years resisted every attempt for their destruction, and extended their sway even to the very gates of Geneva. Its last master, betrayed by his second in command, fell into the hands of the citizens with a large part of his retainers. The Castle, deprived of its master and defenders, succumbed after a long resistance. Dismantled and ruined by its conquerors, it now stands a crumbling monument of feudal oppression.

The magnificence of the view from thence, and a melancholy pleasure I always feel when strolling around these wrecks of past ages, often drew me thither. Here I loved, on a summer's day, to stretch myself on the soft grass, my head reclining on the battered effigy of an ancient knight, with the beautiful valley at my feet, and look up in the clear azure sky, watch the birds sailing and eddying around in the blue expanse; the swallow darting in among the ivy on the old tower, the hawk and eagle, soaring away among the dizzy heights above. I loved to lay and watch the deepening shades of evening, to see the contrast between the gloomy plain below and the golden and rosy summits around me, all gradually fading away and lost in darkness; the solemn silence broken by nothing save the occasional tinkle of a goat's bell, or the shrill cry of some bird of prey.

"The day is done, and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green,
* * * * * *
* * * the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argant!
Yes, there it flows, for ever, swift and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower, with fluttering flag,
The ivy-covered castle on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base!" P. P.

Ambition and Dreams.

THE innate desire of man to attain to power and fame, is ambition. Its strengthening threads are woven into every portion of that varied web of action, which constitutes positive existence. To every being there comes a voice, as unto Ossian, that wakes his soul. It sees him wrapped in the cerements of sloth and folly, rotting in the sepulchre of being, and it cries to him come forth. It gives earnestness and motion to life, changing the miry bog of aimless existence into a flowing stream of energetic effort. It is a prominent characteristic of youth. For then, in the springtime of life, when all goes joyous as a marriage bell, visions of the future are bright and beatific, and ambition's phantasies seem, though distant, yet easy of attainment. With approaching manhood, a longing desire swells in the bosom, to engrave on the high battlements of fame the deeds of a well-spent life, to leave "foot-prints in the sands of time," not to be washed away by the Lethean floods of oblivion.

Although this passion is ever to be found in youth, it is not fully developed, it does not arrive at the maturity of its strength, until the youthful gristle has hardened into the bone of manhood. For the pleasures and amusements that belong to earlier years, struggle with it for supremacy, and ambition is a plant, which to be vigorous must flourish alone in its majesty and giant strength. It demands the sleepless energy and the intense concentration of manhood. It is in those minds alone, which yield to its tyrannical sway, that it achieves its highest aims. In youth, it can be traced among the thousand streams, that gush from the hidden reservoir of the mind; in manhood, it is the swollen torrent, which engulfing all other waters, sweeps proudly over every obstacle, in its course toward the goal of all its efforts.

Ambition is a strong and deep emotion, inspiring feelings of admiration akin to awe and reverence, and investing its possessor with a grandeur approaching near to sublimity. The pure flame, which glowed within the soul of the "man-befriending" Prometheus, rendered him the brightest impersonation of true ambition. The ambition of olden heroes overpowers the beholder with its purity and magnitude, for the attention is irresistibly led from the tree to the soil in which it was nourished, and is enraptured with the contemplation of minds broad, and deep, and fertile enough to bring forth and uphold so vast a production.

It is not confined to one pnrsuit; for as the same humors in constitu-

tions otherwise different, affect the body in different ways, so the same aspiring principle sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another. The same sparks of emulation warmed the breast of the Grecian athlete and the Grecian orator. The same fixedness of purpose and intensity of will was exhibited by Milo, in preparing for the arena of physical strife, as by Demosthenes, in practice for the mental combat. Nature furnishes all with an eager appetite for glory; the adventitious circumstances of birth and education mark each out for this or that pursuit.

Ambition is naturally an ennobling attribute, but if it be debarred from aiming at a noble object, its desires will move downward, and it will be actuated by, and become, a selfish, demoniacal passion. If the top be stricken from the youthful tree, it does not cease to grow; it quickly shoots out in branches from beneath; the energies, the principle of vitality and of being, which, undisturbed would have raised it to a lofty heighth, when misdirected, produce but a dense, dwarfish, choking mass of foliage, without symmetry, without beauty, without utility. The dark unholy aspirations of the Apostate Angel, inspire a certain species of respect, albeit mixed with horror. Admiration is involuntarily enkindled at the gloomy, yet undaunted, greatness of that spirit, which even "in a dungeon horrible on all sides round,"

> "——— where peace
> And rest can never dwell: hope never comes
> That comes to all: but torture without end
> Still urges, ——— "

could prompt him to exclaim,

> "Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
> To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
> Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

The unsexing passion, which filled the Lady Macbeth "topfull of direst cruelty," which "stopped up the access and passage to remorse," which came unto her woman's breasts and "turned her milk to gall," affrights all minds, and yet a spark of sympathy will creep in, amidst our horror, for one who shamed her husband into bravery.

Dreams are the vapors which rise and float around life's seething caldron heated by ambition's flames. They are strange, but pleasing images, assuming now the aspect of things actual and again wandering far into the ideal world. At one time, soaring upward, borne on by a breeze of hope: at another, driven down by disappointment's storm, they brood in dark and murky clouds, around the very caldron's brim.

Dreaming is a pleasant pastime, and, as a recreation, is most beneficial in its results. Even in the full career of Fortune's tide, there must be some moments of repose, some ebb, that it may gather new and augmented impetus for its onward course, and these moments are most fitly spent in dreaming.

But like every pastime, it is liable to be indulged to excess. It is like the Eastern drug, which in proper quantities, warms the blood, stimulates the imagination, spurs on both mind and body to intense, effective action; but of such enticing qualities, that it allures its votaries from a first to a second and thence to innumerable experiments: of such an exhausting nature, that each successive trial demands a double quantity, until the pleasant stimulant becomes the pernicious necessary, until dreams, the offspring and creations of ambition, rise to power upon its ruins.

But the true dreamer is one who seems to have been moulded by a gentler and more tender hand, which has left the impress of its own gentleness and tenderness upon his mind. The clarion notes of ambition fail to arouse him from his pleasing lethargy. In the quiet of an undisturbed ease, he dreams of greatness, and invests it with an increased charm, winding around it the graceful folds of a beauteous drapery. He dreams of happiness, and heavenly visions of pleasures past, or yet to come, float before his enraptured gaze, then pass away, like clouds illumined by the golden glories of the setting sun. He dreams of love, and conjures up a witching being adorned with angelic purity and grace. In the dim twilight of ideality, he dreams of the coming morning; but the splendors of a sun-lit day never dawn upon his life-long dream.

The mind of man may be fitly compared to a mass of virgin ore hidden in a mine of flesh and blood: education may be considered as the process by which it is drawn out, and shaped into available forms. The carefully trained mind may be compared to the bar of metal when forged and fashioned into the sword of finely tempered steel: ambition may be considered as the motive power which prompts to action and directs the thrust. Ambition's votary plunges boldly into the busy stream of humanity, seeking to realize his ardent aspirations. By constant attrition with others', his mental falchion attains a higher polish. With it he carves his way to fame and fortune. The dreamer hazards but a pass or two in the mental strife, when affrighted by the gleaming sparks, which fly around him, elicited by each clash of metal, he hastens to withdraw, and thenceforth with a weapon forever sheathed, he holds himself aloof from men.

Ambitious men are men of action; dreamers are men of thought. The one class are positive beings, injuring or benefiting mankind, according as a pure or selfish motive actuates them: the others are negative beings, injuring none save themselves. Dreamers resemble those little angels, who, according to tradition, were generated every morning among the flowers of Paradise, who warble forth melodious sounds until sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness. Ambition's votaries must needs be of a sterner stuff, able and anxious to be the slaves of its illimitable hopes, its indomitable will. For its course is ever onward. The embodiment and the source of brave endeavor, unwearied effort, it rouses the energies of thought and being in their might, it sends them tingling along every nerve of sensation, it concentrates them upon its own object, until opposition is futile, success inevitable.

W. W. G.

A Threnody.

I.

Soft be thy pillowed rest
And undisturbed thy sleep;
Though dark with storms the clouded West,
And white with foam the billow's crest,
Thy quiet slumbers keep.

II.

Thy voice will sound no more
Like music o'er the wave;
The tones which rang from shore to shore
And stilled the tempest's angry roar,
Are stifled in the grave.

III.

Statesman and leader, thou
Hast reached the mystic bourne;
With years and honors on thy brow,
Thy destined work is done, and now
Are millions left to mourn.

IV.

But great examples, aye!
Like monuments sublime,
When dust to dust has passed away,
Majestic tower amid decay,
Beyond the reach of Time.

J. K. L.

Painting and Poetry Compared as Media of Expression.

MAN has been his life-long, looking on a painting, and listening to a poem. We write first of the Painting. He has seen the landscape diversified by hill and dale. He has seen it attired in every garb, which a prodigal munificence could suggest. He has seen it in its spring-time of beauty, when the birds made choral music and the zephyrs danced to their song. He has seen it in its winter-time, when it stretched itself to die and the rush of the wind was its funeral wail. He has seen the rivulet, and watched the quiet play of its waters. He has seen the sea when the inspiration of the hurricane troubled it.

From earth he has turned his eyes to heaven. He has beheld another painting from the hands of the same Great Artist. Every disposition of light and shade was there. He would have gazed on the full-orbed glories of the sun, but his eyelid closed his vision. Turning from this excess, he has rejoiced in "the mild splendor of the various-vested night." Then he uttered the language of Holy Writ: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Were a blind man by the ministration of some superior power to receive his sight, he indeed might appreciate the painting which embellishes all nature.

But we write now of the Poem. Man has heard it in the wind, the waterfall, the deep-toned thunder, and the singing of the birds. Nature has everywhere her "Æolian harp," sweeter than that which made music to Coleridge and his "pensive Sarah." Were a deaf man to hear it, he indeed might appreciate the poem.

This is the Painting, and this the Poetry of the Great Painter and Poet. As these are imitative of the harmonies in the Divine Mind, so the painting and poetry of the human artist are imitative of nature. He bears off the palm, who holds up the mirror most fitly to reflect the truth.

> "Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
> Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces."

It is truth which we worship both in painting and in poetry. The poet seeing it and feeling it, breathes it into a poem. The painter, warm with its inspiration, transfers it to the canvas. It is this imitation of truth, of life, though there be a fiction in the identities, which essentially makes the painter and the poet. They have both been on the Mount, and amid

thunder and lightning have received the law. Men have seen the light of their communion service still shining in their faces, and their ministering robes still rustling with the divine afflatus.

Let us proceed now to the comparison of the two arts as media of expression. Expression may relate to *the accuracy of the idea conveyed*, or to *the effect of the idea on the feelings.*

Horace says in his Art of Poetry,

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

This is a general truth. Let a man be present and see a desperado seize a knife and implant in the body of an innocent victim. Let him be absent and receive a truthful narrative of the same from the lines of the poet. In the former instance, he will have both a more accurate idea of the event itself and greater violence done to his sensibilities. This is real life, a thing we have looked upon. It is not thus with painting. It is representation, and is not included within the rule of Horace. The murderer is a mimic murderer, the dead are mimic dead. Thus the difference is great between real and represented existence.

First, let us compare the arts in respect to the accuracy of idea conveyed. We comprehend more clearly local relations and physical proportion from the brush of the painter than from the pen of the poet. Painting triumphs in the apparent, poetry in the symbolical. If a painter represent the human form on canvas, he conveys a better idea of the adaptation of its parts and its physical characteristics than it is possible for the poet. But when he would introduce the physiognomy of a man as an index of the heart, or concisely, the symbolical; he fails and the poet triumphs.

Can a painter adequately represent the human heart by means of the organs of the face? Can he concentrate it in the mould of the head, the expression of the eye, the formation of the lip? The Great Painter himself has not done it; much less can the human artist. Could we even conceive of the entire success of the latter, he would cease to be true to nature. The villain does not always bear the villain's countenance. The murderer does not always bear the cain-mark of his infamy. He may look noble. He may know etiquette. He may regard an elaborate toilet. His voice may be as sweet, "as when o'er Laura's bier sad music trembled through Vauclusa's glade." And why should he not be so? Judas kissed his Lord, and Joab while twitching the head of Amasa and asking for his health, was pleased to stab him "in the fifth rib." Circe

was fair-haired and a captivating singer, but bristles grew on the followers of "the godlike Ulysses." The syrens were very musical, but there were near them some heaps of dead men's bones. Polyphemus offered the hospitality of his cave to Ulysses for a little of his wine, but he only meant that he would eat his companions first; and as a mark of distinguished respect, Ulysses last. The basilisk had pretty folds, but it would destroy fascinated people of simple minds. Thus the form and expression of the human countenance are uncertain indices of the human heart.

What is the human heart? It may be a temple to the living God, it may be a Pandemonium. Man is an anomalous being. As Lord Brougham said of Robert Hall's face, "the upper part belongs to an angel, the lower to a demon."

Prompted by philanthropy, he is urgent in his assiduities toward the afflicted and the disconsolate. He inhales the noxious effluvia of prisons, that others may breathe the bracing air. He rejects every appliance of ease and comfort, that others may enjoy the reality. This is the *angel.*

Urged on by an unholy ambition, he will pile "Pelion upon Ossa," to make a stairway to his infernal heaven. He will introduce a pestilence into the air, and throw a plague-spot on the sun. He will adjust the proprieties in a tragedy of murder as he would a matter of common-place. He will wring from the orphan and the widow "the last pale hope that shivered at the heart." Like to the fallen archangel, he will mutter, "Better reign in hell than serve in heaven." This is the *demon.*

But the poet is fitter to delineate these contrarieties in the human heart. He is gifted with more than ordinary sensibility. This sensibility is necessarily active in his intercourse with his fellow-men, as it is constantly subject to impressions. Thus human conduct is observed closely by him, and from the necessity of his nature he becomes deeply read in the philosophy of human action. He may not, like to the Cassius of Shakspeare, or that great dramatist himself, look "quite through the deeds of men;" but his perception is extraordinarily strong and vivid. His felicity in discovering truth is not confined to the heart of man; but it is extended to whatever investigation the energies of the mind are applied. What has been affirmed of the poet, to a certain extent is applicable to the painter. He has much of the same sensibility to impression, the same insight into character, the same divine frenzy with which to prosecute his embodiments. But the cold laws of his art forbid his triumphs in the symbolical; for the question may recur, Can a painter adequately represent the human heart by means of the organs of the face?

Secondly, let us compare these arts in regard to their effects on the feelings. Here poetry bears the palm alone.

We look on a painting as a curiosity, as a gratification to the sense of sight, rather than as stirring the depths of our feelings. It is not thus with poetry. Painting, in its effects, is like to the experience of one entering a palace, beholding the silken tapestries, the splendid colorings, the marble columns, the rich profusion of golden ornament. It is all beautiful, it excites his curiosity; but it belongs to another, his feelings are cold. Poetry in its effect, is like to the experience of one who realizes upon his entrance that the palace is his, his to enjoy and his to dispose of.

Poetry may delight us, as if by the soft accents of an angel. It may produce a grief which will overflow the laboring heart. It may calm down the asperities of our nature. It may heave the breast for the shrill clarion of war. It may dispose us for an inglorious dalliance with pleasure. It may stimulate us to the performance of noble deeds. It may embolden us to fear no danger. It may make a ghost of our own shadow, and scare us in the very light of the sun. It may make a stick of wood, a block, a stone into a demon, shaking his "gory locks at me." It may make men into children, children into men.

The human heart is a stringed instrument of exquisite workmanship. The poet knows the location of every string and its legitimate sound. He can play upon it the "manly epic," or the jeremiad, a war-song, or a love-song, a hymn of praise to man, or of praise to God.

Would the Marseilles' Hymn in a painting stir the Frenchman in battle more than the Marseilles' Hymn set to music? Would the midnight villain, who "with ravishing strides towards his design, moves like a ghost," shock the feelings more, if transferred to the canvas of Vandyke, than he does in the Macbeth of Shakspeare? or would the stain of blood on that "little hand," which no water of the earth could wash away? Would the forms of Death and Sin, which Milton with internal vision saw at the gates of hell, derive effect by the aid of the pencil?

The poet is a madman. You cannot cure his head by "three Anticyras." But it is his inspiration which has driven him mad. He foams at the mouth, but he talks oracles. Like to the Sicilian bard he may leap into burning Ætna, to be regarded an immortal God, but he tells the truth. Truth, in a state of sanity of mind, will have influence, but truth, in a state of madness, will have greater influence. We listen with rapt attention to the madman, and are almost disposed to run mad with him.

Thus far we have considered the two arts as exhibited in the same imitation. But the sphere of painting is not co-extensive with poetry. Every subject of a painting may be made into a poem, but the converse is not equally true.

Painting has to do with the tangible; poetry with tangible and intangible. Painting can represent ideas through corporeal media only. It is limited to the concrete. Poetry may range through abstract or concrete, through the world of facts or the world of fiction. Everything that is and is not may harmonize into poetry. Whithersoer the imagination may go, thither the poet may go. He is like to the wind, which "blow-eth where it listeth." Nor is it an unhallowed thought, that when time shall be no more, when mortality shall have put on immortality, the poet, flaming with deeper and holier inspirations, will find audience before the Eternal Throne. G. A. J.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

CLASS MEETING OF '53.

In pursuance of notice, the Senior Class, on 19th ult., met at the Philosophical Chamber in the Athanæum, for the purpose of electing an Orator and a Poet, to represent them on Presentation day. Thomas F. Davis officiated as Chairman, and Messrs. Gilbert and Woodward as Tellers. Much good feeling prevailed, and the result was announced as follows:

ORATOR,
Randall Lee Gibson, of La.

POET,
Charlton Thomas Lewis, of Pa.

CLASS MEETING OF '54.

The Class of '54 assembled in the Philosophical Chamber, on Saturday, February 12th, for the purpose of electing their Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. William H. Fenn was called to preside, and Messrs. Lambert and Leeds were appointed Tellers. The result was the choice of the following gentlemen as Editors:

W. C. Flagg, Paddock's Grove, Ill.
J. W. Hooker, New Haven, Conn.
W. S. Maples, Selma, Ala.
L. S. Potwine, East Windsor, Conn.
C. T. Purnell, Port Gibson, Miss.

KETCHUM'S ADDRESS ON WEBSTER.

Agreeably to a written request from the Societies of Linonia, the Brothers in Unity, and Calliope, the Hon. Hiram Ketchum, of New York City, on the Anni-

versary of the birth of Daniel Webster, delivered a Eulogy on his life and character, in the Chapel. The Orator elicited profound interest and attention. His address occupied two hours and a quarter in delivery, and has been published in pamphlet form.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CALLIOPEAN SOCIETY.

The Calliopean Society has been dissolved. G. A. Johnson, R. L. Gibson, and J. Hamilton, were elected by the Society as a Committee, to make a final and full settlement of its affairs. The Committee are engaged at present in liquidating all debts of the Society, and in fulfilling the other duties devolved on them. A full statement of the causes of dissolution, and the executive labors of the Committee, will be given in the next number of the Magazine. The Society voted that such a statement should be written and published.

"THE TEA-KETTLE."

A new Senior Secret Society, christened with this name, was constituted at the close of last term. We welcome its appearance with cordiality. May it long survive and give an honorable paternity to its founders!

Extracts from the Laws of Yale College, published A. D. 1787.

Chap. 2.—Of a Religious and Virtuous Life.

1. All the scholars are required to live a religious and blameless life, according to the Rules of God's Word, diligently reading the holy Scriptures, that Fountain of Divine Light and Truth, and constantly attending all the Duties of Religion.

2. The President, or, in his Absence, one of the Tutors in their turn shall constantly pray in the Chapel every Morning and Evening, and read a Chapter or some suitable Portion of Scripture, unless a Sermon or some Theological Discourse shall then be delivered. And every member of College is obliged to attend, upon the Penalty of One Penny for every Instance of Absence, and a Half Penny for being tardy or egressing without a sufficient Reason.

4. All the Scholars are obliged to attend Divine Worship in the College Chapel on the Lord's Day, and on Days of Fasting and Thanksgiving appointed by public Authority, upon penalty of Four Pence (without just Reason) for Absence either Part of the Lord's Day, or a Thanksgiving Day, or a Fast Day, and Three Pence for Absence from a lecture, and One Penny for being tardy, &c.

6. Every scholar is required to shew all due Honor and Reverence, both in Words and Behavior, to all his superiors, viz. Parents, Magistrates, Ministers, and especially to the President, Fellows, Professors, Tutors and Seniors of this College; and shall in no case use any reproachful, reviling, disrespectful or contumacious Language; but on the contrary shall shew them all proper tokens of Reverence and Obedience.

7. No scholar shall *walk* upon the Sabbath, or on any Fast day.

Concerning Scholastic Exercises.

1. Every student shall diligently apply himself to his studies in his Chambers, and no student shall walk abroad or be absent from his Chamber, except half an hour after breakfast and an hour and a half after dinner, upon penalty of Two Pence or more to Six Pence, at the discretion of the President.

3. Every Saturday shall be devoted chiefly to the study of Divinity, and each class through the whole Time of their Pupilage shall recite either the Assembly's Catechism, the Confession of Faith received and approved by the Churches of the Colony, Wallebries Ame's Medulla, or something else, &c.

4. Any undergraduate who shall be absent from Recitation or Dispute without liberty may be fined Two Pence, and if from Declaiming Six pence.

Of Regular Moral Behavior.

3. If any scholar shall be guilty of *stealing* or knowingly receive and conceal stolen goods he shall be fined and pay treble Damages, and, if the goods stolen shall be of the value of twenty shillings, he shall be expelled.

4. If any one shall fize upon another he shall be fined a shilling, and every Freshman sent must declare that he who sends him is the only Person to be charged.

5. If any scholar shall break open the Door of another, or privately pick the lock with any instrument he shall be fined five shillings.

6. If any scholar shall play at Billiards or any other unlawful or even lawful Play for Wager, or shall call for any strong Drink in any Tavern within two miles of College, except in company with his Father or a Tutor, he shall be punished two shillings and six pence.

7. If any scholar shall *damnify* the College house, Glass, Fence, or any thing belonging to College, he shall be fined a shilling and make good the Damages.

8. Every scholar in studying time is required wholly to abstain from singing, loud talking, and all *unharmonious* or unsuitable sounds, upon penalty of four pence.

10. If any scholar shall any where act a Comedy or Tragedy he shall be fined three shillings, and if in acting he shall put on Woman's Apparel he shall be publicly admonished. [This, we incline to think, is a plagiarism from the old Blue Laws of Connecticut. We hope, however, that the Faculty will always *frown* upon the introduction, as a general thing, of such apparel.]

14. If any scholar shall assault, wound, or strike the President or a Tutor, or shall maliciously or designedly break their windows, let him be immediately expelled. And if several shall purposely dance in any Chamber or Entry near a Tutor's room they may be punished by being deprived of the privilege of sending Freshmen on Errands.

18. If any scholar shall go out of the College Yard without a Hat, a Coat, or a gown unless ——— he may be fined not exceeding six pence. [What this blank means we cannot say certainly.]

21. Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper Errand or Message required of him by any one in an upper Class, which if he shall refuse to do he shall be punished.

22. No member of College may do or undertake any Matter or Business of Difficulty and great Importance without first consulting with the President and obtaining his consent.

Of Chambers, &c.

4. When any tumbler or other piece of glass shall be broken by an unknown person in the Hall, Chapel, Library, or Entry, or any public Room, the expense of *mending* the same shall be borne equally by all the undergraduate scholars.

Of the Steward and Commons.

1. The Steward appointed by the President and Fellows, shall provide Victuals for all those who reside in College.

2. The Waiters in the Hall appointed by the President are to put the Victuals on the Tables, spread with *decent* linen cloaths which are to be washed *every week* by the Steward's procurement. * * * No Victuals, Platters, Cups, &c., may be carried out of the hall unless in case of sickness. * * * And when dinner is over the waiters are to carry the Platters and Cloath back into the Kitchen. And if any one shall offend in either of these Things or carry away any thing belonging to the Hall without leave, he shall be fined six pence.

3. The Steward shall take care that all the College Chambers and Entries be daily swept, and the Beds made; and those beds which are not made by 9 o'clock A. M. shall remain *untouched* until the next morning.

4. The Steward shall make out a term bill for each student—payable every quarter, with a duplicate thereof, viz.

	£	s.	d.
Tuition	1	0	0
Study Rent	0	3	0
Repairs and other charges	3	3	0

The Butler.

1. The Butler shall act as bell ringer *on all occasions.*

2. The Butler is allowed to sell in the Buttery Cyder, Metheglin, Strong Beer not exceeding twenty Barrels a year, and *such like Necessaries* for the scholars which are not sold by the Steward in the Kitchen; nor may any scholar buy Cyder or Strong Beer any where else but in the Buttery, and for this privilege the Butler shall pay fifty shillings into the College Treasury, and also provide Candles as they shall be needed in the Chapel at Prayers, or on other occasions.

Degrees, etc.

5. Every candidate shall pay to the President one pound and four shillings for every degree conferred upon him.

6. No scholar shall have his Degree unless the Steward on the Commencement Morning shall certify to the President that he hath paid all his College dues—even to his Buttery bill.

8. Every candidate for a first Degree shall appear dressed in *decent* apparel.

9. If any Freshman near the time of Commencement, shall fire the Great Guns, or give Money, Council or Assistance towards their being fired, or shall burn Candles either *inside* or *outside* the College windows, or shall scrape the College Yard or shall run therein, or do any thing *unsuitable for a Freshman*, he shall be deprived the privilege of sending Freshmen on errands, or teaching them manners during the first three months of *his* Sophomore year.

Editor's Table.

Reader, here we are in our Editorial Sanctum. Stop at any time, and see the table, the pen, and the "coffin" of dear Mag. Our head is resting thoughtfully against the back of our chair. Editorial solicitude is fast changing us to "the sere and yellow leaf." We are emphatically "Grand, Gloomy, and Peculiar."

This editorial *sobriquet*, which we have received, may induce you to think wrong about us. You may think that we have no music in our soul. You may even question our ability at punning. This makes us wrathy. We feel like fight. We are tempted to perpetrate a pun on the spot. We are almost minded to demolish the reputation of the Punning editor, and to build on his ruin our own fame for a prime punster.

No, we will not. Our mind has changed. We are determined not to gratify idle curiosity. We will not essay to pun, but we will rest with the consciousness that we can. We will give our "Ipse dixit" to the world, that we have this ability. What more is required? This settles that question.

In writing about punning, we are reminded of a communication we have received. Its author bears the name of "Ichabod Academicus." Here "Grand, Gloomy and Peculiar" begins to feel humble. He is forced to admit that "Ichabod" is a better punster than himself. Read:—

TORTURE REVIVED, OR THE SCREWS SCIENTIFICALLY APPLIED.

When superstition ruled the earth,
Before the mighty Luther's birth—
When popish bulls were seen around,
More than in Brighton market found—
When bells were blessed by priestly power—
(Not such as in Lyceum tower)—
When, if the people's sins were dark;
They made the priest "take off the mark:"
Then, in the gloomy land of Spain,
Inquisitors began their reign;
And all who praised the Reformation
Were "called up for examination;"
And if they made a desperate "flunk"
Were tortured by a cruel monk.
The friars and the priests of Rome
Ne'er stopped to send "a letter home;"
But pulled the culprit high in air
And left the wretch "suspended" there,
Or with a furnace scorched his feet,
Till his "conditions" were complete;
Then, if his "standing" was not good,
The rack soon showed him "how he stood."
And if at last all tortures "missed,"

The stake the heretic "dismissed."
'T was bad enough we all admit,
But priests must have but little wit,
When they had tried the rack and knout
Not to bring *Mathematics* out,
And *bore* with all the strength they had
Until they drove the victim *mad!*
Now, if they find their spirits fail,
They 'd better come up here to Yale,
And gaze with silent admiration
Upon a "morning recitation."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Behold the wretch transfixed with pain,
Whose demonstration is not plain,
And see his agonizing look,
Writhing like worm upon a hook;
And see the Tutor bore him through
To get the little that he knew.
Go, baffled monster, back to Spain,
Nor dare to show your face again,
Until you greater torture find
Than Mathematics, for the mind.

ICHABOD ACADEMICUS.

Here we are Seniors, half through the second term. The Faculty are getting to be respectful toward us, and condescend to put a handle to our names. The Freshman salutes us, and tells us that our College days are coming to a close. The Sophomore does the same. The Junior looks envious, as if he wanted the slips of the middle aisle, and the pleasure of bowing to the Faculty.

"Eben! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni."

How everything reminds us of the brevity of our College life! We have elected our Orator and Poet. The Class of '54 have chosen their Board of Editors. Autograph leaves are flying about in a perfect whirlwind. Wells is overrun with daguerreotypes. The curtain falls.

Reader, you may wish to know something of our editorial doings. In the first place, we five are perfectly harmonious. In the second place, we intend to continue so The subject which just now produces the most difference of opinion and alienation of feeling, is "Woman's Rights." One of our Board advocates strongly the proposed reform. In the chivalric age he would have made a champion equal to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. You have seen him. He is below the usual size, with hair light and complexion fair. The others intend to be bachelors. We ought to except the "Honest Editor," who will marry twenty-five years hence. The subject was so ably discussed that even "Grand, Gloomy and Peculiar," was induced to hear Mrs. Oakes Smith at Brewster's. He listened attentively to the eloquent reformer. He still retains his conservatism, although on that occasion he seemed to be interested in Mrs. Smith.

Reader, here is some fun. It is a veritable letter from a young lady to one of the Editors of the Yale Literary. A holier soul than yours inspired it; fairer hands than yours addressed it. Regain your equanimity and then read:

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY, Feb. 4th, 1853.

My Dear Mr. ——:

You will no doubt be very much surprised on the reception of this. Though unknown to me, I have heard of you from those who admire you. Perhaps you will think it presumptuous in me to address you, but if you only knew what dull lives we lead up in the old *Troy Female Seminary*, you would not wonder, and anything for sport and to break up the dreary routine of boarding school life is my motto, when I feel like raising *Neddie* and carrying on like *Tom*, *Dick* and *Harry*.

Perhaps this note will find you a sober old deacon, who will write me a pious letter of good advice, which will give me the blues; but, perhaps, it will benefit me very greatly. But as it is always right to look on the bright side of life, I hope it will find you a *wild, rattle brain, harem scarem fellow*, that understands the art of flirtation to perfection.

I am very anxious to know if you fare as sumptuously at time honored Yale as we poor disciples of Madam —— ——? I wish to inquire if you have apple sauce and Teacher's meetings—or if you have all the delicacies of the season? And I would like to know if you can boast of such *pokerish, queer noises* at the witching hour of midnight, as our intellectual prison?

I often envy you young fellows at College, who can carry on as you please and who are cunning enough to elude the vigilance of Professors and President, while we, if we rise in the dead of night to have midnight suppers, are sure to be caught by the officer and brought up before the school to receive a lecture on the impropriety of our conduct from our respected principal, Madam ——. If you feel disposed to answer this, please give a description of yourself and direct to ——.

What do you think of that, Reader! Here is another one from Bordentown, N. J., addressed to another Editor:

Beauty consists not in the sparkling eyes,
The damask cheek and lip, or forehead high;
Not in the graceful form, or glistening hair,
Or melody of voice! Oh no! not there;
But in the *soul*, which every glance displays
Basking forev'r in affection's ray,—
Speaking in love's soft tones, with sunlight smile
Which can an aching heart of wo beguile!
It dwelleth there in majesty supreme,
Sweeter than music's voice, or seraph's dream.

These must suffice for the present. They relate to the *personality* of the Editors. In our next number, we will endeavor to publish some letters which will show you how our *Magazine* is appreciated abroad.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Instability of our Government" is under consideration. We do not like the author's views, but his composition has merit.

"Spring" will not be accepted, unless the author give his full name. His initials correspond with those of others.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the Musical Review for January; Randolph, Macon Magazine for November; North Carolina University Magazine for January; the Knickerbocker for January and February, and the Illustrated Magazine of Art. We are pleased to welcome this last, recently issued, among our exchanges.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The Eighteenth Volume of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the Memorabilia Yalensia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

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VOL. XVIII. No. V.

THE

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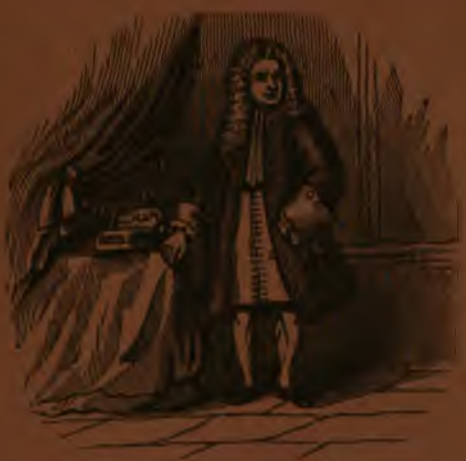

"Dum mens gratia manet, nomen Inclitaque Yalensis
Contubernia Sodales, memoriaque Patres."

APRIL, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

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CONTENTS.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. APRIL, 1853. No. V.

The Chief Worth of our Revolution.

THE war of '76 was not instigated by a desire for greater liberties than the English people enjoyed. It began in the denial of our claim for equal privileges with our transatlantic brethren. It was waged for negative rights rather than positive acquisitions.

Principles of no ordinary kind were at stake. They involved not only the proprietorship of property, but the safety of life. They were regarded as the very pillars of the English constitution. When they were denied to us, our dernier resort was war. We succeeded in obtaining them. In this good fortune, may be traced the *chief worth* of our revolution.

What were these abnegated principles? England claimed the right to tax us, without the condition of representation. First, she passed the Stamp Act. Afterward, she imposed "certain duties on glass, white and red lead, painter's colors, tea, and paper imported into the colonies." We did not refuse obedience to these laws, on account of the paltry sum of money required. A principle of the greatest consequence was involved. Had we paid these duties, we would have established a precedent. Appeal could have been made to it, to justify greater exactions. If England had the right to demand a hundred dollars without the condition of representation, she had an equal right to demand a hundred millions. Therefore we went to war. We fought against Englishmen from a love for the English constitution. We gained a principle which involved the security of all property in the Colonies.

England violated another great right. We gained another great victory. The Declaration of Independence reproaches the King of Great Britain "For depriving us of the trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses." No American will question the authority of that immortal instrument. Is it urged in extenuation that these acts of gross tyranny were few? The Declaration says that they were many. Moreover, had George III the right thus to maltreat one of his English subjects, he could justify like measures toward our entire nation. That was a noble response of Solon, when asked, "What is the best popular government?" He replied, "Where a wrong done to the meanest subject is an insult on the whole Constitution." The trial by jury, since our revolution, has been sacred. We have gained a principle, which takes cognizance of our highest rights. It has jurisdiction over life itself.

These victories, *no taxation without representation, and the trial by jury*, constitute the *chief worth* of our revolution.

We did not go to war against the English Constitution. We loved it. We had been born under it. Nay, we were willing to die under it. We regarded it as decidedly in advance of all other fundamental laws. We claimed kindred with its founders and expositors, from Alfred the Great to "Coke on Littleton." We claimed kindred with its defenders too, "the village Hampden," and "Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood." We waged the war of revolution, because we were *denied* the English constitution; because we were deprived of the sacred rights of Englishmen.

Let us here conceive how our sires thought and felt, when they received the first tidings of these aggressions. Are we not English subjects? If so, we are entitled to their rights. No monarch, whether Plantagenet, Tudor, or Stuart, ever openly proclaimed that the constitution empowered him to tax his subjects, without the condition of representation. He may have levied benevolences, but the very term implies that obedience was optional. The monarch had no right to demand.

Is it said that Charles I is an exception to this rule? He did claim the ship-money, but he paid the penalty. He was beheaded on Tower Hill. Will George III attempt again the comedy of the Stuart? Then, God of our sires, let him play again his tragedy!

But he has not deprived us of representation only. He has trampled on that first principle of liberty, the trial by jury. He has spurned from him Magna Charta, hallowed to us by the lapse of centuries. He has repudiated Habeas Corpus, which infused a new vitality into Magna Charta. He is determined to act the Stuart, from the claim of ship-

money, to the attempt at the seizure of Hampden, Pym, and Hollis, in the House of Commons.

Perhaps he has forgotten our birthright, our Anglo-Saxon lineage. Perhaps he regards us as slaves. Then we will teach him, that we are no hirelings, but sons; sons of the sires that fell in death at Marston Moor, and at Naseby.

Suppose that George III had attempted these aggressions in England. The throbbings of the whole national heart would have been heard. The drums would have sounded from the isle of Wight to the Cheviot Hills. A second Hampden would have spread his banner, inscribed with "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum." It would have been as when the Fallen Archangel spoke to his legions:

> "He spake; and to confirm his words, out flew
> Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
> Of mighty cherubim."

Such thoughts, such feelings, stirred the worthies of '76.

George III was now far advanced in life. The wealth of the British Empire lay at his feet. Attendants, with winged haste, anticipated and supplied all his wants. Like to Belshazzar, he ate and drank, dreaming little of harm.

But suddenly his cup of pleasure was dashed. He was seized with a strange malady. The public mind was kept in suspense. At length the truth was made known. He had played the comedy, and now the tragedy was at hand. He did not, like to Charles I, lay his head on the block. But the scourge of God smote his mind. He became mentally impotent. He went out not knowing whither he went. Moreover, he lost his thirteen colonies. With prophetic knowledge, therefore, did Patrick Henry exclaim in the Virginia House of Burgesses, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III ——— may profit by their example." No taxation without representation, and the trial by jury, constitute the chief worth of our revolution. Other benefits of minor importance have resulted. We have not only secured *negative* rights; we have made *positive* acquisitions. They may be read in the Constitution of the United States.

God grant perpetuity to this, our second Magna Charta! If once its pillars are thrown down, who shall be the architects to raise them again? Where shall we find heroes in action, like to the sires of '76? Should the day of such demolition come, then we may despair for freedom. Her last sanctuary will be destroyed. She will perish amid its ruins.

G. A. J.

Song.

Far o'er the wide blue sea
  Green islands lie,
Where blow the breezes free
  Sweet odors by.
There flowers of beauty rare
  Spread their perfume,
And all the bright and fair
  There ever bloom.

Yet on that distant isle,
  Far o'er the sea,
Though all around should smile,
  Peace might not be.
Peace may within thy breast
  As sweetly stay,
When thou at home dost rest,
  As when away.

In no one place alone
  Dwells sweet content,
Though o'er the world you roam
  On its search bent.
In humble cot you'll find
  Oft 'twill abide,
While thrones from peace of mind
  Are far aside.

J. K. L.

Central America.

There is a wise provision of Nature, that all her subjects bear the evidences of their own history. No change occurs without giving them a legible and lasting impression of it. Trees have their age recorded in concentric circles. Channels, grooved in the solid rock, tell how long the stream has flowed over it. Earthy formations—maintaining their silent, yet constant progress,—shutting in their stony bosoms, evidences of a strange humanity of which we have no living record—are facts from which we may learn, with reasonable exactness, the features of the world's

history; what ages have rolled over us, what phenomena have operated, what races have existed. There is no limit to this self-registration. The law of nature is universal and invariable. Isolated subjects may be found to which it seems inapplicable; but the apparent incongruity rises not from the law's failure, but from our incapacity to discover its relations to the subjects.

Races of men are governed by an essentially analogous law. They leave in their march, unwritten evidences of their character—monuments, pyramids, hieroglyphs—from which we may determine the prominent features of their history. The races of Ancient America afford an excellent illustration of this. We know not even the centuries in which they flourished. The names of their great and wise men, the forms of their government, society and religion have all been darkened together. A few fragments of their labor, which the raven's wing has not yet desolated, are the only histories that are left us. Yet these fragments are sufficient evidences that this Continent was once cultivated by an extended people highly civilized, and eminently religious.

Recent researches in Central America have brought to light many curious memorials, which can be explained only by the supposition that they are the last remnants of a powerful Empire. Temples and altars, rivaling those of the old Roman idolators, architraves and finely cut columns, obelisks covered with sculptured images and medallion tablets, paintings in fresco still fresh and beautiful, appear scattered, here and there, over the vast country, some buried in the earth, and some in the midst of thick forests. These works must have existed here before the Aborigines gained a foothold on the Continent. For there is nothing in the known history or character of these barbarous tribes, which would justify their claim to structures so magnificent as some of these must have been—or to works of art, of which they, so far as we know, were wholly ignorant. There must then, have been some race here before them. But the curious man will ask, how long before? A few circumstances will give us a conception of the antiquity of this unrecorded race. When we look at historical ages, we perceive that new people must become settled and prosperous before they can cultivate the arts. They must then become highly luxurious before indulging them in any degree of magnificence. To pass these two stages—from the first settlement to prosperity, and from prosperity to luxury—requires the toil of centuries. But here we find specimens of art which appear wonderful to us, and only comparable with the lost arts of the Egyptians. And when we add that above these ruins forests have been growing a thousand years, it will not be incredible to suppose that an empire was flourishing here before David reigned over

the twelve tribes of Israel or that it was destroyed by some fatal cause, before Octavius spread his conquests over the civilized world.

We venture a few conjectures on the character of the lost race. They were *highly civilized*. The arts are signs of cultivated life; the fine arts, of a high degree of cultivation. These must have been long and diligently practiced among them—genius and skill must have united in their works, to render them so perfect that their beauty should be visible in the broken ruins. Their architecture, of which a few specimens remain, especially indicates cultivated habits and refined tastes.

They paid *peculiar attention to religion*. We infer this from the structure of their temples, which appear to have been the most elaborate and enduring of all their edifices. But their religion was idolatrous. A small golden idol was found, not long since, among the ruins of the great temple at Palenque. This, added to the evidence of a few partially deciphered hieroglyphics, makes the inference reasonably certain. That the idea of luxury was an element in their religion appears from the decorations of their altars and the grace of their sacred architecture.

But evidences of this kind are entirely circumstantial. Still curiosity must be satisfied with them, till more definite discoveries are made. We may reasonably expect that when the attention of archeologists shall be turned in earnest to the antiquities of our Continent, new facts will appear, and a more definite history will be wrought out of them. The light which recent discoveries have thrown on the ancient history of Nineveh, encourage the belief that similar research might bring out here some fresh landmarks of the old time. But we must rest on imperfect conjecture till another Layard devotes a life to the task. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to reflect on what scenes may have transpired here—what hopes may have been realized, and what plans may have triumphed. Swains may have turned the rude soil, and cheered their labor with songs of their love. Poets may have chanted their lays beneath the cypress trees, and hoped for immortality. Philosophers may have bowed under venerated systems, and patriots may have toiled and suffered like martyrs. Yet the dynasties rolled on till the Empire rose, culminated and decayed. Conceits which animate and encourage us, gave to them all the vain assurance of an immortal history. They attempted to fortify their fame with massive altars, built in the shadow of cedar groves, and with enduring temples adorned with symbols of their faith. They cherished vain illusions. The cedars still grow above their relics;—a few desecrated altars, a few mouldering columns;—but their names are blotted out forever. They did not trust in God who loves just men and will not cast down those who trust in Him. D. A. G.

Public Monuments.

Institutions and customs which are universal as respects both time and place, may reasonably be supposed to have a foundation in the principles of human nature. Local and temporary causes produce limited and transient effects, but observances cherished among all nations, and in every age, spring from one common root, equally extensive, and are as fountains fed from the same subterranean stream.

Prominent among these universal customs is that of showing honor to the dead. By its unvarying prevalence this practice proves itself to have its source in human nature, and to be native to the human soul. How refined and elevating, how consonant with each noble impulse of the man, is that attachment by which our hearts are bound to the loved and lost!

We cherish their memory as a sacred treasure in our heart of hearts, and seek to console our "widowed affections" by heaping honors upon the lifeless dust with which was once associated so much delight. Whether viewed as a natural impulse, or judged at the tribunal of enlightened reason, that feeling meets with a ready approval, which in the solemn rites of sepulture, or by the sculptured monument, seeks to testify the strength of surviving friendship, or to perpetuate the memory of the departed.

There is, however, another manifestation of the same sentiment, which has not received universal approbation, and that is the public honors bestowed upon those who as eminent scholars, wise statesmen, or victorious warriors, have promoted a nation's welfare, or added to its renown. While readily acknowledging the propriety of testimonials to private worth, and of tokens of personal attachment, many are found who object to like observances, when a nation has become the mourner, and public sorrow would manifest itself in public signs of bereavement. If rightly examined, however, sepulchral honors, both public and private, whether offered by a nation or a family, will be seen to rest upon the same foundation, and to find justification in the same sentiment. Public monuments to the illustrious dead, viewed either in the "calm light of mild philosophy," or upon the simple score of justice, will find ample support in reason. But to take still lower ground, and considering the system as forming an element of national policy, they will appear by no means vain or useless. The memories of its great and good men, form a nation's richest treasure and brightest ornaments; their examples are its most

forcible instructors. Whatever tends therefore to perpetuate these memories, or to give prominence to these examples, should be valued as a powerful promoter of national improvement.

Such are the natural effects of public monuments, and therefore do they commend themselves to our approval. Let cold utilitarians prate of the worthlessness of such offerings, and tell how insensible to all praise is the lifeless clod beneath. Such cavilings are futile, for it is not the profit of the dead, but the improvement of the living, which is herein sought. These beholding the ever-present memorials of departed worthies, will learn to copy their examples, and to emulate their virtues. Though dead, they yet speak, for "the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as imitation of his life." Thus public monuments become by association with those whom they commemorate, public instructors and schools of the national mind. In solemn tone they seem ever to rehearse the worthy deeds of those whose dust rests beneath, and with uplifted finger to point out to others the same path to glory which they trod. As the study of the lives of great men is universally esteemed, a powerful incentive to honorable conduct, so do public monuments serve in a still higher degree the same end.

If in reading the recorded exploits of ancient heroes we feel a kindling of generous emotions, and a momentary aspiration after their worth and their reward, how must the susceptible mind be animated with a noble ambition in contemplating not by occasional perusal, but in a remembrance excited by continual observation, the wise counsel and brave deeds of departed sages and warriors, and when even their sculptured forms seem to enforce their own instructions. Who could, without emotion, behold these memorials, or stand unmoved upon the consecrated spot—

> "Where speaking marbles show
> What worthier form the hallowed mould below,
> Proud names who once the reins of empire held,
> In arms who triumphed or in arts excelled,
> Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
> Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
> Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
> And saints who taught and led the way to heaven!"

Thus do public monuments erected by a people to perpetuate the memory of its benefactors, appear connected with great political advantages, since they tend to give prominence to examples and increased power to precepts which, rightly improved, will, in a high degree, promote national virtue and prosperity.

But, further, monumental edifices exercise a powerful influence in the promotion of patriotism, and in this view, also, should form a part of a wise system of national policy. The sentiment of attachment by which men are bound to those spots where rests the dust of departed friends is both natural and powerful. Nations as well as individuals, acknowledge its influence and yield to its sway. Even roving tribes of savages, upon whose regard no locality could seem able to maintain a hold, confess a patriotic attachment to that spot which is hallowed by the bones of their ancestors. Thus a nation which is continually reminded by these sepulchral memorials that the soil on which it treads is rendered sacred by the ashes of its benefactors and heroes, will be inspired with a still stronger affection toward it, and will exhibit in its defense a more unyielding courage. In ancient times, Athens observed the power of this principle, and employed it not ineffectually for the promotion of her interests. Hence, in training her youth for citizenship, the state made it a primary object to keep before their eyes the memorials of those who in former periods had by wise counsels or invincible courage, merited the title of public benefactors, to which she might point and say,

> "This the reward which grateful Athens gives;
> Here still the patriot and the hero lives;
> Here let the rising age with rapture gaze,
> And emulate the glorious deeds they praise."

The influence of such a system may well have been deemed powerful, for what citizen could stand in her midst, and while beholding on either hand in the cloud-capped pillar, the stately edifice, or the marble form, almost instinct with life, the mementoes of the valor of his ancestors, yet not feel a fresh glow of patriotism and a renewed determination never to prove himself unworthy of his inheritance. And when her great orator, rising to the utmost heighth of sublime eloquence, as he uttered that mighty oath, swore by the illustrious dead who rested beneath her PUBLIC MONUMENTS, how must each Athenian heart have beat high with courage, while the firm look and the flashing eye spoke defiance to every foe!

By these and similar considerations, are made manifest the *utility* of sepulchral honors offered by a nation to the memory of its benefactors and ornaments. But such a view of the subject is by no means the highest or most interesting that may be taken. The system rests upon other grounds than considerations of public policy, and gives rise to higher and more useful influences than even devotion to the general weal. Public monuments in commemoration of great men and mighty events, tend powerfully to perpetuate and enforce great ideas and principles. The

spirit of the mighty deeds which gave them origin, seems ever to cluster around them and to be communicated with irresistible force to the heart of every spectator. They lift us for a moment above the narrow circle of our daily thoughts and link us to the ages past, by a common admiration for noble sentiments and heroic achievements. Thus do the great ideas from which they rose live with them and become impressed upon the hearts of succeeding generations. Who can stand before that lofty column which marks the spot where our revolutionary struggle first began, and not feel the heroic spirit of those times thrilling his breast and animating him with a fresh devotion to their immortal principles? Or, as future generations shall gaze upon the proud monument which will stand through coming time as the token of a nation's gratitude to its founder, and in recollection dwell upon his life until in imagination they

> ——"call from the dust
> The sleeping hero,"

how can they but be inspired with his own great ideas and sublime sentiments?

Further, considered as the just rewards of public benefactors, national monuments find ample justification and a ready approval. Too often is it seen that those who, by commanding talents and self-sacrificing toils, have conferred glory upon their country or lasting benefit upon mankind, pass away unappreciated and unhonored. Thenceforward, indeed, no praises can reach their ears, no honors rejoice their hearts. No resource remains to a nation repenting of former neglect and ingratitude, save to consecrate their memories and to perpetuate their fame. Such late testimonials of public esteem serve also as incentives to others who are now suffering similar neglect, by showing that they who devote themselves to their country's good, shall not, in the end, want that country's gratitude. They speak in tones of encouragement to those who, amid the rage of party strife, themselves, perhaps, the objects of relentless enmity, yet pursue the path of duty, and assure them that when they lie mouldering in the dust, beyond the reach alike of friend and foe, their names will be vindicated, and that their fame, then cleared of each obscuring cloud, will shine forth in effulgent beauty and be perpetuated with growing lustre to the end of time.

If compared with that custom as universal as it is of unquestioned propriety which prompts the mourner to erect the private memorial of friendship at the tomb of departed worth, the institution now being considered will be found to merit equal commendation. As every human heart responds in cordial sympathy to that sentiment which rears the

token of bereaved affection at the grave of lost kindred; well may a people honor the dust of those whose affections embraced their country and taught them to regard the race as brethren. If even the simple monument of the humble villager speaks movingly to each nobler feeling of the soul, and demands from us, not vainly, "the passing tribute of a sigh," why should not the lofty column, the stately pile, or the "featured stone," mark the last resting place of those who, by their talents and their toils, rendered illustrious their age and conferred honor upon humanity?

In addition to the considerations already presented, the refinement of feeling and the healthful moral influences, promoted by the system now advocated, might be urged as a ground for its support. Thus do public monuments, whether viewed in the light of philosophy, or judged by the standard of utility, appear worthy of regard, and find both in reason and the affections a firm foundation. To the American people especially, at the present time, are these considerations invested with peculiar interest. Three new made graves hold the remains of their most valued councelors and guides, while a mourning nation is inquiring amid bitter lamentations, how best to honor their memories and profit by their examples. Their names, indeed, depend not upon such aid for immortality, for they will "still live" when storied urns have crumbled to dust, and the sinking granite shall refuse longer to bear testimony to their matchless worth.

C. G. M.

Tired of Waiting.

"There! waiting for me on the other shore!"

Listen, Brother! angel tones are falling
  Soft upon my watchful ear,
Heavenly messengers are calling
  In melodious notes, and clear.
Look! beyond the swelling river,
  On that green delightful shore,
They are waiting to deliver,
  And conduct me safely o'er.

See! *she* is there among them waiting,
  Reaching forth to me her hand,
Now no longer hesitating,
  Haste I to that Summer land.

Now no longer stand I listening
  That loved voice to hear once more;
She is there, in white robes glistening,
  Waiting on the other shore.

Runs, O Death, thy current coldly,
  Strikes it to the heart a chill!
Yet the wave I enter boldly,
  In the valley fear no ill.
Those I loved are there to greet me,
  Who have passed the stream before;
Stay me not, *she* waits to meet me
  There! upon the other shore. L.

Sleepy Hollow.

A PLACE that has been touched by the magic "pen of a ready writer," the scene of stirring history, or of glowing fiction, can hardly fail to awaken interest even in the most unromantic mind. However destitute in itself of any peculiar attractions the spot may be, yet the associations thrown about it, and the immortality bequeathed it by the power of genius, will always impart a charm, which, though borrowed, will be lasting. And even though the scene possess a more than moderate share of native beauty, we almost lose sight of this in our eager interest, while striving to identify each mute memorial made classic by the thrilling pen.

The region about Sleepy Hollow is endowed with no common degree of beauty; the scenery possessing all the diversity of a rolling country; cozy vales shut in by wooded slopes or rugged cliffs; shaded brooks and noisy streams winding their way through forest and meadow to the noble Hudson; while an extensive prospect of the river, at this point three miles wide, and the blue hills rising beyond, unite in a picture of summer beauty rarely surpassed. The Hollow itself is a charming, romantic ravine, beguiling the traveler with its air of listless repose and unbroken tranquillity; the towering hills on either hand, debar its quiet residents from all prospect of the river and the outer world, and doubtless from their characteristic qualities, no less than the drowsy influence of the glen, is the epithet 'Sleepy' applied. Well do we remember our first invasion of the stillness of this quiet nook; how eagerly we recognized objects made familiar by Irving's inimitable legend. True, the old Dutch cottages

that long ago lay snugly ensconced under tall forest trees, with their gardens of cabbages, have been supplanted by more modern habitations, with the unfailing potatoe-patch. But with Nature, time has worked no changes. We come to the little babbling brook, on whose grassy bank, when school was done, Ichabod was wont to recline; poring till twilight over Cotton Mather's wonders, and laying in a store of mysterious tales to entertain the old Dutch wives around the cheerful evening fire. We readily mark the site of the log school-house, where, enthroned in awful state, the pedagogue, day by day, faithfully administered discipline, mental and corporeal, to the youthful Dutchmen; who, if their successors do not belie them, must have been as promising a set of dunder-headed ignoramuses, as ever thumbed a horn-book, or tasted birch. And as we tread the road that he was wont to pursue, when repairing in the dim, dusky twilight, to the farm-houses of the valley, to partake of their hospitable cheer, or, when late at night, with a mind ill at ease, and hair on end, he wended his lonely way home; we can almost hear ringing yet, the last vibrations of the psalms he so melodiously intoned, as a charm against the terrors of the night and the phantoms of darkness. Yet, "in despite of the devil and all his works," according to his biographer, "he would here have passed a pleasant life of it, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was a woman."

Two miles below the 'Hollow,' on the banks of the Hudson, "in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers were so fond of nestling," is situated a noble mansion of the olden days; its romantic peaks, and gables, and turrets, scarcely seen through the luxuriant ivy that overruns it, bespeak its ancient Dutch origin. In the legend this is known as the residence of old Baltus Van Tassel, whose daughter, the fair Katrina, by her beauty, vast expectations and coquetish freaks, worked sad mischief with Ichabod's soft heart. Here, too, occurred the famous quilting party, the festivities of which are so glowingly described in the tale, and which was the immediate precursor of the pedagogue's final disappearance from the haunts of Sleepy Hollow. This old mansion is now the abode of Washington Irving. He calls it 'Sunnyside,' as it appears to us, on the 'lucus a non lucendo' principle, as the dense foliage of the overhanging trees excludes all but a few stray beams of sunshine.

The rich ivy that now clings to the walls and buttresses of the house, was brought by his own hands, as a precious treasure, from the ruins of Melrose Abbey; and while it has grown up from a stunted slip, and

climbed over the old gables, and clothed the moss-covered roof with its luxuriant foliage, we may imagine that its owner has lovingly watched it, as a memento of Scott; while we and after generations may see a beautiful type of the undying fame of both, in its perennial verdure, which neither the blasts of winter or the summer heat can ever wither.

Well, after the hilarity of the evening, and at the conclusion of an interview with the blooming maiden, in which Ichabod received the 'mitten,' with a rueful countenance and a sad heart, he sets out for home; now and then touching up his trusty steed as he passes some dark grove, and whining psalm tunes with a solemn twang, to keep dull care, as well as mysterious sights and sounds, away. He nears the tall tree in the vicinity of which the unfortunate Andre was captured, is waylaid by the 'headless horseman,' and runs with him a race for dear life; until, panting and blowing, he reaches the dark stream that winds around the green knoll where stands the little white church. Here we have the final catastrophe; the dislodged head of the Hessian trooper encounters the cranium of Ichabod, and both the Yankee and his ghostly competitor forever disappear from mortal ken. The poor pedagogue's only memorial is, the riderless nag, a shattered pumpkin found upon the bridge, and the knowing winks of his rival Brom Bones, as he led the blushing Katrina to the hymeneal altar.

The little stone church, within sight of whose white-washed walls the last act of this drama was played, is the oldest in the State of New York. A slab upon its time-honored front informs us, that it was erected by Vredryck Flypsen (Frederick Phillips) and Katharine, his wife, in 1699. In the tower hangs the old bell, brought from Holland, bearing the inscription—"Si. Deus. Pro. Nobis. Quis. Contra. Nos. 1685."

The interior has been remodeled, not by the vandal hand of modern improvement, but by the partial touch of necessary repair; the old altar table, imported from Holland, an antique structure of massive oak, still retains its place; and the sacramental plate, used by the earliest settlers, their descendants are yet proud to show. Nothing can be more charming than the sequestered situation of this church, apart from the dwellings of men, and on the confines of the forest. "Its decent white-washed walls shine modestly forth from the shade of locust trees and lofty elms; and a gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson." The green knoll on which it stands, is dotted by a thousand tombstones, telling the virtues of a sturdy race that have long since laid them down to rest in this quiet spot:—the worthy old

Dutch farmers and their frugal Fraus. A very casual perusal of the epitaphs is sufficient to reveal to us the fact, that these ancient inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had early developed a remarkable poetic gift. Witness the following:

> The mother is gone and the babe left behind,
> May it truly be said that the father proved kind.

And again:—

> Farewell dear companion, do be kind
> To the lovely babe I leave behind.
> My debts I've paid: my grave you see,
> Prepare for death and follow me.

No doubt a careful search would disclose many more of a similar style and sentiment. How could a widowed Dutchman with a human heart in his bosom, after reading so touching an appeal to his parental affection, but be a kind father, even though the lovely babe were the perfect embodiment of stupidity and ugliness! And that gentle hint, "My debts I've paid," how must it urge every owing sinner to go and do likewise!

We cannot pass with so slight a notice, a spot that marks an important and sad event in our revolutionary struggle. Give us your company, and we will for a moment retrace our steps, to the brook that bears the name of the unfortunate Andre. It is a noisy little stream, that comes murmuring down its stony bed, from the heights above, and crosses the dusty road, with its cool waters to refresh the passing traveler; then making a beautiful bend around a green lawn, winds away from view in a grove of tall trees. Here upon its bank stand three scions of the lofty tulip tree, that overshadowed the scene, when the stern fate of war made the talented young officer the prisoner of his enemies. Often, in that hour that seems made for reflection, while the soft calm of twilight stills the spirits, and the glory of the summer sunset yet lingering on the distant hills imparts a mellow radiance to sky and river, we have walked that classic ground, and pondered over those thrilling events. Stirring and momentous scenes arise before the mind; and as thought calls up the traitor Arnold forever gibbeted to fame, Andre, the youthful expiator of another's treachery, and the heroic captors, whose love for a struggling country was proof against an offered fortune, indignation, pity, admiration, now united, now in turn predominant, chain us to the spot. And if, thus musing, we heave a compassionate sigh for the untimely fate of a brave foe, we cast no imputation upon the motives of Washington, whose pitying tears fell fast upon the warrant, which the rules of war obliged him to sign.

This soil no drop of blood has moistened; between the scene of Andre's capture, and the place of his execution, the Hudson rolls its broad stream: yet this brook the schoolboy cannot pass by night, without a shudder. If thus the memory of John Andre can strike a superstitious dread into the innocent mind of childhood, it must have gnawed like a canker at the heart of the outcast Arnold, and with whispered words of bitter accusation have pursued him to his grave. O. E. C.

Rustication Reminiscences.

MY FIRST DAY.

"I HAVE been told that you occasionally take a boarder, and I am very anxious to remain here for a short time. Could you accommodate me?"

"I suppose we could, sir. I will call mother."

The above colloquy, Messrs. Editors, took place at the door of a little cottage, in a quiet village not *quite* a thousand miles from the office of publication. The parties were the pretty daughter of the occupant, and your humble contributor; the latter of whom was now preparing himself for extra exertions before the mother, stimulated in all probability, by the smiles bestowed upon him by the daughter. Soon both appear, the mother in the van, and the following conversation takes place:

"My daughter says you wish for board. Do you want a room to remain in, or will you be out during the day?"

"Oh! certainly, I have a great deal of study to do for the next month at least, and should require a room."

I saw a smile come over the matron's face, and was reminded that speaking of study was calculated to imply that I was (or rather had been and hoped to be again) a student, and as I cast my eyes down to gain some expedient, I saw that the button of my coat had slipped through, and there in all the beauty of gold and enamel was my society's badge, which, from habit, I was wearing. This settled the matter.

"Since you require a room, I don't see how we can accommodate you, sir. But I think Squire D—— might be able to, for he often has boarders."

With thanks on my part for this information, and an accompanying description of the geographical position of Squire D.'s residence, we separated, the mother's countenance expressing high satisfaction with her tact in dis-

covering my being a student, while the daughter's showed that this discovery had evidently the opposite effect upon her estimate of my character, from what it had upon her mother's. And as she for a long time fruitlessly endeavored to shut the door, after her mother had gone in, I managed to find the same difficulty with the gate, during which manæuvering, we came to the understanding that if I failed elsewhere, I was to return and again apply, while she was to endeavor to arrange matters so that I might be received. Expressing the great obligations she would place me under by so doing, and having made my best bow, I moved off for the Squire's. I may as well mention that in a future conversation, (for I afterwards had the pleasure of her acquaintance,) she informed me that she knew I was a student when she first opened the door, although she could give no one reason for her opinion. So much for woman's intuition. I suppose the lines which thought and study have made upon my brow led her to recognize the student in me.

Obeying the directions given me, I soon found the house, and upon knocking was received by the Squire himself. I told him at once how I was situated and the object which brought me there. He declared himself willing to have me for a resident, if I liked his accommodations, provided his wife would consent, for if she didn't wish to take me, I couldn't come. He accordingly led me within to receive the decision of Mrs. D. She debated the question a long time before she decided, in order, I suppose, to make up her mind whether I was *likely* or not. She must have decided affirmatively, for she finally consented, and I was shown a bed-room, and a room below, where I might be unmolested in my studies. This last my landlady afterwards concluded I might as well have dispensed with, as she observed the books always remained in the same position that I had first given them, and that I was not in my room during the day, unless it was too stormy, or (as she expressed it) too *tedious*, to be out; and never in the evening, "rain or shine."

We soon settled upon terms, since everything pleased me, in fact anything short of a jail would have suited, since I was as yet but a freshman in that part of college life, and not so skilled as I trust I have since become. So after a hearty meal I sat down to look at my prospects. They did not seem very bright, I must confess, and my present situation was far different from what my previous ideas had pictured as a rustication life. I supposed that it consisted in tramping through the woods with dog and gun, or following murmuring brooks in search for trout, and then coming home again to some little villa in a modern Tempe to partake of a farmer's cheer. Ideas of romantic walks in moolight evenings also made the

picture pleasanter to look upon. But now being fairly domiciled how different everything appeared to me. I actually began to fear that I should have to study in self-defense against ennui. My landlady most probably suspected what was passing in my mind, and to cheer me, I suppose, proposed that I should go to the singing school of the choir, and said that her little boy Jimmy, who usually played upon the hinder part of the organ, would show me the way. I gladly seized the opportunity in hopes of meeting my fair friend of the morning. Jimmy soon ushered me up a crazy flight of stairs, and into an assembly of five young ladies and one gentleman, the bass singer. As he did not introduce me, and my friend was not there to recognize me, the same feeling came over me, as was experienced by the cat when she found herself in a strange garret. So I moved to one of the gallery windows, and busied myself looking out, with the most intense astronomical air. The bass had the toothache, so that he couldn't sing, and soon left; consequently the strange garret feeling increased. It seemed to affect the young ladies a little also. For although they all kept their eyes on the books, (that is when I looked around,) not a sound escaped their lips. The fair organist, after playing the air of the tune, and then commencing the accompaniment several times without the voices joining, cried out, "Why don't you sing, girls?" and then in a lower tone, "don't act foolish." What would have been her last recourse I do not know, but just as she seemed ready for something desperate, another young lady said to Jimmy in quite a loud tone of voice, "don't your friend sing, Jimmy?" Now Jimmy was but a step from her, yet the words reached even me, though doubtless unintentional on her part. Here was a chance for me, and I answered with my best bow; stating my utter inability to sing and also the great pleasure it gave me to hear ladies' voices. I however offered my services to take the candle which one young lady was holding for the benefit of "Organœda," and thus render myself useful. Now the candlestick consisted of a tin slab about twelve inches long, with ornamented edges, on the bottom of which was a platform from which the candle rose. In the top was a hole for the nail to enter when hung against the wall. I noticed that the young lady held it from this, and accordingly thrust my fore finger into the hole, but in so doing placed the nail of said digit directly over the flame of the "dipped." I instantly discovered that my finger nail did not possess all the properties of the one whose place it had usurped. And although it was extricated as quickly as possible, my agony was intense, which with its cause so amused Organœda that she was unable to play any longer, and the whole party seeing that practising was out of the question,

made preparations for leaving. I was the last one out, having waited to extinguish the candle which lighted them down stairs, and in consequence, was obliged to grope my own way step by step. Indeed I am not sure but what daylight would have found me there if I had not luckily discovered a few matches in my pooket, to show me the holes in the staircase. As I occupied so much time in making my exit, when I got fairly on terra firma, I could see nothing of the ladies, and accordingly commenced to beat the ground like a pointer. Once I thought I descried them, and walking up to a dilapidated gig, was actually about to offer my arm to the off wheel. But at last I discovered them by hearing a hearty laugh some distance down the road, which I have no doubt was caused by the idea of my feeling my way around the old church or perhaps being caught in one of its pit-falls. To show them that neither was the case, I hastened to join them, and we soon were engaged in a general conversation. For the benefit of those who may afterwards be similarly situated I will state that the most fruitful subjects were, first, "the weather," secondly, "music," in connection with which I contrived to express my disgust of city choirs, of introducing opera airs into church music, &c. The party was soon broken up by four of the young ladies reaching home, which I was glad to see was but a few yards from my own abode. Organœda was the only one left, and she advised me that as her home was so far off and reached by so circuitous a route that I had better not accompany her lest I should not be able to find my way home again. I informed her that the chief object for which I had come into the country was to gain fresh air and more exercise from walking, that I never yet had missed my way, and that of course the longer the way the more highly honored I should feel. I would no doubt be censured were I to disclose any of our conversation upon the way, and so will only state, that after the walk was finished, I was so fearful of not being able to find my way back, that she had to return with me the first time half the distance, before she thought it safe to let me attempt it alone. Notwithstanding all these precautions I met with one or two accidents on my way home, that is, stepped into several as deep mud holes as I ever sounded, and walked directly upon a cow that had retired for the night. I had my revenge on her however for being in my way, for one morning about a week afterwards she presented herself to her mistress for milking dressed in two pair of old linen pants and with a sham meerschaum in her mouth, which, being tied by a cord to one of her teeth, hung with the most careless grace imaginable. I was on the watch to enjoy the scene. As she stepped along it required no great effort of the imagination to suppose her breath puffing out upon the frosty air the gen-

uine fumes of the weed. So inspired was I by the sight, that I composed extempore another verse to "Floating away," which modesty compels me to omit. When I got home my landlady dispelled all the effects of these mishaps with a glass of hot ——. But, Messrs. Editors, when a person's connection with college is broken off, is his connection with the class temperance society also destroyed? You may think differently from me, but I drank the —— and went to bed.

I was only to give you a history of my first day, when I commenced, but do not think that a true idea of suspension life can be gained, unless I also add a clipping from my journal of the next day.

Sunday, 9th—I was awakened by what I supposed was the college prayer bell, and accordingly nearly got out of bed when I perceived that the sound seemed strange. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was 10¼ A. M. I then turned to the window and saw a crowd about the church door. Everything flashed upon my mind. I no longer saw things as through a glass, darkly, but was at once made aware of my true situation, and sinking back upon my pillow with a sigh of delight, I felt at peace with mankind, and full of heartfelt gratitude to the faculty at ——. E.

To my Angel Sister.

I miss thee, gentle sister, in thy sweet and quiet home,—
Thy beaming eye and joyous smile, thy kind and soothing tone:
Thou com'st not now to greet me with affection's fond caress,
My aching head to pillow, and my mourning heart to bless.
I clasp thy fond resemblance, and from it, I fain would seek
The gentle pressure of thy hand, thy warm breath on my cheek;
But the gaze, so calm and holy, bids me low in rev'rence bow,
And worship with thy spirit, for thou art an angel now!

I miss thee, loving sister, when smiles the youthful god of day;
Thou hast with kisses wak'd me, to list the warbler's matin-lay;
My couch, with fresh cull'd flowers, hast thou in wild confusion strewn;
Bedeck'd my brow with leaflets of the bright and dewy dawn.
Methinks, the joyous songsters, as they flit from bough to bough,
A part of all my sadness feel, and sing less gayly now:
Thy cherished flow'rets bow their heads and weep at morn and even;
Methinks, 'tis to thy memory, for their tears are drops from heaven.

I miss thee, angel sister, at the sultry noontide hour,
Thy seat is lone and vacant, in our lov'd and fav'rite bow'r;
Though now, as then, the insect's hum is heard amid the heaths,
Aroma scents the skies, Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Though the streamlet glides still onward with its murm'ring water low,
Yet a sadder tone it bears than when thine eye didst watch its flow.
Less radiant now the sun;—a shadowy veil is o'er it spread;—
A mourning tribute to thy loss, the loved and early-dead.

I miss thee, seraph sister, when the twilight shadows fall,
When night, o'er earth and sea, unfolds her dark and sable pall;
Then mem'ry starts afresh, and shades the past with gloom and fear,
The heart cannot suppress its sigh, the eyelid, hide its tear.
At this dread hour, thy cherub child, so beautiful and fair,
Oft comes with sad and mournful tone, "Where is mother, where?"
They say, she sleeps beneath the ground, by yon, lone willow tree,
And ne'er again will hear thy voice, nor little Ella see!

Methinks, my lov'd, lost sister, on her fair and youthful brow,
A bright resemblance of thy beauty's mirrored even now;
That lustrous eye and heaven-lit smile, that soft and jetty hair,
In clustering ringlets decks her brow;—for such thou used to wear;—
Dost thou not, from thy star-lit throne, thy angel home above,
Oft gaze upon thy rosy child, with tenderness and love?
May her, thy angel spirit watch, her pathway strew with flowers;
And lead her to thy happy home, 'neath fair, Elysian bowers.

I miss thee, gentle sister, by thy loved companion's side:
Less cheerful now his manly brow, than when thou wast his bride;
Or when within his happy home, all its cherished idols there,
Thou wast the summer of his sky, his bright and beauteous star.
I miss thee, in thy childhood's home, by thy mother's tearful eye;
I miss thee, as I listen to thy father's deep-drawn sigh.—
Each other, then, as loved ones, ne'er again on earth we'll greet,
But in realms beyond the sky—*in paradise for aye*—we'll meet. S. E. W.

Royalism and Popular Liberty.

It has been often said that there is but one form of government, which is natural and which is adapted to the wants of society. It is said also still oftener, that popular forms of government are short-lived, and will ultimately yield to the universal sway of monarchy. With a view to ascertain how far these sentiments are true, we propose to consider:—

ROYALISM AND POPULAR LIBERTY, as being—each of them—natural and legitimate.

The fact of the existence of these opposite attributes of different governments is quite obvious. Indeed, the two forms of which Royalism and Popular Liberty are the essential characteristics, are the only recognized ones. Royalism prevails on the Eastern continent, and Popular Liberty on the Western, each, however, under various modifications. As much greater as are the dimensions of that Continent, so much more extensive and prevalent is Royalism than Popular Liberty.

Government in its beginning, in its inception, was very simple—the simplest possible. Afterwards it became more intricate, as it became more comprehensive, and provided for more important interests.

It resolves itself into three distinct forms, which have respectively succeeded each other and become predominant. Yet they have so run into one another, as to have existed at different epochs, side by side.

The Patriarchal form must have been the first. It was natural, it was instinctive, that the father should be at the head of his family. It was natural that families should form themselves into tribes for greater security and facility of intercourse. This form of government is still seen among those tribes which most resemble the original and primal society. But this was found to be so ill adapted to progressive society, that it was laid aside like a worn-out garment, and another more unexceptionable adopted.

The other two forms are, first, the Royal, including every form, where the supreme control is lodged in a central individual power; and secondly, the Popular form, where the power of the people is felt more directly. Both of these forms exist by compact. If the sovereignty is vested in a single individual, it is a compact between the ruling power and the people—a Reciprocal compact. But the Democratical and Republican governments are a compact between the people themselves—a mutual compact.

From these distinct and determinate forms have sprung the almost innumerable kinds and sorts of public administration with which the political aspect of nations has been diversified; just as the beautiful and pleasing variety of light and shade, which adorn the external world, originates from the different combinations of the three primary colors of the Solar Spectrum.

The characteristic features of the two last are, respectively, Royalism and Popular Liberty. The former, we believe, has already reached and passed the meridian of its strength. The latter has but just appeared

above the horizon, casting its benign and life-inspiring influence over the East.

Men are governed by the great law of Association. They cannot isolate, nor separate themselves from every other. Hence the formation of Townships. Townships are connected together by necessary intercourse, traffic, and commerce. Hence the formation of nations. But in all these there is implied some form of government. For, by our Constitution, we know there can be no national existence without it.

But the particular form of that government depends upon circumstances exterior to itself.

If the people are not intelligent enough to elect their own rulers, and determine what form of government they will have, others will do it for them—thence arises usurpation. Under other circumstances a little different, the people yield by the force of habit to whatever authority may have existed for some time previous. And then, again, in some critical emergency, the people confer the supreme command upon some individual, in order that he may extricate them from impending difficulties.

Thus Royalism has its origin. But to say that this is the exclusively natural characteristic, is to affirm that it is natural for men to be igno rant, whereas we know, from the inquisitive disposition of children, that it is not so. It is to affirm that *habit* is natural, whereas we know it is acquired.

But, on the other hand, when the people have an ordinary acquaintance with public affairs, and the relations which exist between themselves and between nations, *they* have uniformly determined what sort of government they will live under. And if there is connected with this, intelligence and virtue; and if they have in any way experienced *the rod of oppression;* there is but one form of government they have universally adopted. Popular Liberty has been the object sought, the object attained. The history of every Republic, which has ever had a being, furnishes facts corresponding with what we say.

It would be worth our while here to bestow a passing thought on the peculiar character of the ancient Republics; but we will notice only one distinguishing feature. Probably among no people has there been such a general diffusion of knowledge. We do not say that they were the most learned; but that the learning which they had, became common property, as it were. No man was learned for himself only. Whatever he had attained by dint of labor and study, was used for the public good. The most learned men lived among the people. There was a community of feeling and of interests which prompted each to consult

the other's weal. Nothing, therefore, but liberty, restrained only by public sentiment, could satisfy their desires.

By what authority, now, shall we say that one of these forms of government is natural, and the other unnatural? that one is a mere ephemeron, while the other is as lasting as society itself?

We can only say, that both are natural and legitimate; but are adapted to different conditions of society. Both are legitimate, because they are acceptable to the people; they meet the wants of the people; and they may be founded upon intelligence, justice, and truth.

The reason why monarchy embraces more subjects now, is not because it is a peculiarly natural form of government, but because *that* condition of society, for which it is especially fitted, happens to be more extensive and numerous. Formerly, the Patriarchal form was more extensive than the Royal. Now, the Royal exceeds the Popular. But there is no argument here for the superiority of the former over the latter. As well might we say, that it is more natural for the *Nile* to flow northward than for the Mississippi to flow in a contrary direction! Or that it is more natural for man to have a little knowledge than a great deal; and at the same time to say, that a little (for a little is indispensable for a monarchy) is more natural than none at all!

The arguments from analogy are equally futile. Because the Creator is the Supreme Monarch of the Universe, we see no reason why men should adopt a similar form of government, in preference to any other. In that case they must invest one man with absolute, unrestricted power; or they must consider the Creator as unable to govern without a Parliament, a House of Commons, &c.

Monarchy is often represented, also, as a huge pyramid, resting upon its broad base, and is considered as the most stable of all governments, because the pyramidal form of a body is its most stable one. This would be a very good comparison, were it true. But in order to make it hold, the position must be reversed. In Royalism, as well as Popular Liberty, the government is the foundation of the nation. In Monarchy, therefore, the king is the Apex, and upon his shoulders rests the ponderous load of national interest—the heavy weight of an upturned pyramid! And were it not for the nobility, who stand like props against the sloping sides, the least agitation would disturb the equilibrium, and cause the immediate subversion of the mighty fabric! But in popular forms of government we find no such liabilities to instability. The spaces formerly occupied by the nobility only, are now filled out by the people, and the pyramid is transformed into a full, round cylinder. C. B.

There is, then, no reason in the nature of things, why popular Liberty should meet with a premature decline and fall. The past history of Republics is, we know, dark and gloomy—a sad *retrospect* for theorizers on human liberty! But, alas! for human hopes—for those inward burnings of the soul after future good—if we and all coming generations are only to live the past over again, if the past is ever to remain a living present! Nay, true principles are discovered by the inefficiency of false ones, and when discovered and well established, they become permanent. The true system of the heavenly bodies, as revealed by the inductions of modern science, has already superseded the Tychonic and Ptolemaic. We know that popular liberty is a principle, deep-seated in the hearts of freemen. It is believed to be a true one, and of its perpetuity we have no doubt.

Our Republic may break in two by the accumulated weight of its extremities, or it may crumble, like the tall column of Granite, beneath its own weight; but if so, it will leave most magnificent ruins! And unlike the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, and Palmyra, they will furnish materials for building another Temple, all whose walls and foundations—whose turrets and spires, whose pillars and arches, shall be dedicated, as a perpetual offering, to Popular Liberty and Independence. C. B.

The Instability of Our Government.

In these modern times, no nation occupies as prominent a position in the affairs of the world, as the United States of America. It is a matter of little consequence to us, in what way we have obtained such glory. The great question is, how long are we to hold this position. In endeavoring to pry into the mysteries of the future, we naturally review the events of the past. And in order to arrive at a probable conclusion, we argue from known results, and from analogy. We shall pursue this course in endeavoring to show the instability of our government. Accordingly as we revert to the past history of our country, we are struck with the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to this republic, afterwards with the suddenness of its growth, and the almost incalculable prosperity with which it has been blessed. History affords no example of a nation so powerful, and so prosperous, having sprung from a birth so obscure

and so inauspicious. Not a single century and a half had elapsed after the landing of our fathers in 1620, before we see a powerful nation peopling this wide and extended country. Industry, enterprise, and a spirit of liberty characterized them above all other nations. Not two centuries had elapsed, before we see the American republic established upon a basis more permanent than the basis of any ancient or mediæval palace, containing not the thrones of monarchs, the wealth of empire, or the pomp of display, but grounded upon the natural principles of man, when free to think, and free to act. From that time to this, our destiny has been but one continued increase in wealth, in power, in honor, in influence. Our rapid progress in art, and science, in invention, in national policy, is beyond comparison. When we behold, from the present height of eminence which we have attained as a nation, the powerful influence we exert upon other nations, the potent sway we hold upon the ocean, and the respect everywhere paid to American character, and to American institutions, we are proud of the name we bear as Americans, and feel blessed in the position we occupy as citizens of this great republic. But is this all, and the whole truth? Nay, 'tis but the fair exterior,—the outward appearance. This external display is like the marble slab that covers the tomb. All is fair and pure without, but all is rottenness within.

It doubtless may appear presumptive to speak against a fabric reared up by the wisdom of ancestors, and sustained at the present time by such men as our national galaxy presents. But things are not always what they seem. Men do not always act as they think. They are guided to some extent by prejudice, by evil passions, and a misguided ambition. The politicians of old-established governments cling to those forms with the tenacity of life. The subjects of Republican and monarchical Governments have been born and bred to the habits and customs of their fathers, and inured to the principles of their inherited governments. It would require ages almost for the reformer to work any change upon their minds. Who would undertake the task to persuade the English nation, that their's was not the most politic, and the most liberal form of government in the world? They have a right to persist in this opinion of their government, where its durability, its prosperity, and its power seem so fully to convince them. To us there are palpable defects in their form. Changes might be made, that would place merit in a more worthy position, and establish freedom upon a more liberal basis. Yet to them the House of Parliament, and a crowned head, embody the highest policy of a nation. The ignoble are contented with their vassalage while permitted to bask in the refulgent splendor of their superiors. And their superiors, through pride of honor, and motives of

self-interest, seek no change in old established forms. The reformer meets with no encouragement among them. Conservatism rules the day. And of all nations, it can more truly be said of England than of any other, that "the genius of an aristocratic commonwealth is hostile to any change."

With these constituents of permanency, viz: contentment, and strict conservatism, also with a power second to none, what can affect the durability of England. We boast the right of superiority. England makes no pretences beyond what she really is. She professes to be a monarchy, and as such she has a national influence, that is felt throughout the world. Seemingly disinterested in the affairs of nations, she holds a position, that bids defiance to any insult or assault. This national superiority is founded upon her permanency at home. But our pretensions to such a claim rests more in our external relations, than in our stability at home. Our embassies to the nations, and our proclamations of free institutions, of the blessings of liberty, and of republicanism, have a great effect upon the world. We feel assured that our condition is better than that of other nations, and rest contented in the consciousness of the blessings we enjoy. Our only fear is that these blessings are not permanent. And with reason do we fear this. Our country has been threatened with disunion from internal disturbances, and our national constitution with demolition. Does this presage bright omens for the future, or dark hopes for our nation's welfare? The causes for such fear speak for themselves, and those causes are not yet removed. What are they? We have become sectional in our views, and our people have been divided up into factions. Party cliques throng our land as numerous as our population; all having different interests, and all demanding merited justice from our national tribunal. It is not in the power of any tribunal to subserve so many conflicting interests, yet any refusal exasperates their supporters, and makes them more zealous in their demands, while each is striking a blow at our national freedom, and detracting from his own individual happiness.

Aside from sectional jealousies and party cliques, there are other causes, which tend to disturb our peace and our stability. Misplaced confidence, unworthy ambition, and an unjust rivalry have ranked as foul crimes in our history. Our citizens have been corrupted by bribes. The rash resolves of the multitude have been carried into effect. The schemes of the designing have been detected, and laid open to censure. But it is a lamentable fact in the history of our country that such evils as these have been censured only by a strife to outdo the evil-doers. And again, with all the loyalty of the American people it is hard to find one even

among our prominent men, who will not place self-interest, self-promotion, before national welfare. When such a state of things exists among us, can we hope long for social peace, quietude, and contentment? When such is the case not only in regard to our social relations, but also in our political affairs, can we hope longer for the Union and prosperity of our government? Every efficient cause has its known effects. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the effects of party-spirit, of sectional jealousies, and political feuds. Their results are too well known to be civil discord. But it will be well to note the fact, that history, the book of all experience, records civil discord as the bane of any nation. Its inevitable effects are civil war. We might with one unanimous voice exclaim, God forbid that *that* day should ever come upon us! But the probabilities are against us. We have not yet to learn the lesson, that truths are truths, and facts are stubborn things. It is not impossible to conceive the time when the pillars of this government shall be torn down, and its vestments rent asunder by the hands that have so nobly reared, and so nobly sustained it. The interests of our country are too diversified to hinge upon the point of union. The untrammeled pride of our citizens will not permit them to retract their honor, and to submit to the vile usurpation of their own fellow-countrymen. Though blessed with the freedom of body, they will die in a struggle for freedom of mind, before they will submit. They would see this their happy country devastated with ruin and bloodshed; their wives and their children torn from their embraces; they would willingly see their liberties usurped by others, before they would suffer those of the same birth and inheritance to tyrannize over them.

In summing up the evils of this government, and pointing out their evil tendencies, France affords a striking example for our benefit. Among the many evils which the French revolution inflicted on mankind, none can be recounted more deplorable than the injury done to rational freedom. For long years had France been under the sway of monarchy, but the time had come when a spirit of liberty had seized the hearts of the people. Regeneration and reform were the sole criterions by which they judged a man's virtues. This headlong spirit in conjunction with the characteristic temerity of the French brought them into a truly lamentable condition. They desired to be free, and they knew not how to accomplish this object. Confused in their designs, and baffled in every attempt, soon, in the language of one of their distinguished writers, "the tide of popular favor, which run at one time with a dangerous and headlong violence to the side of innovation and political experiment, has now set, perhaps too strongly, in an opposite direction." This is evident from

the present position of France. After having twice elected Louis Napoleon president of her dominions, with a vote almost unanimous, she declares him Emperor for life. And with cries of "vive l'Empereur" she enthrones him under the name of Napoleon III, places a crown worth twenty-three millions of dollars upon his head, and says, as for other nations,—they may boast the sweets of liberty—they may live as they choose, but as for us we will live as we have lived, prosper as in days gone by, and for the future hope for no change. Let all liberty-loving, candid Americans say then, if the history of the French Government argues for the cause of liberty, or betokens in the least degree its permanency anywhere. But some may say that the real points in the French history, that affected the destiny of liberty in that country have not yet been reached. Not to enter into details, the whole secret may be summed up in this, that the French people have preferred monarchy to republicanism, that they have chosen a monarch to rule over them, and fully convinced by trial that monarchy is the best, and the most durable form of government, they are contented to live in the enjoyment of the blessings it bestows.—Rome presents another example in favor of the position we have assumed. Although affording ample opportunity, yet the history of Rome is too well known to demand extensive inquiry. Whatever its relations are to this government, they are at once suggested to the mind. What the bearings of its history are upon our subject, we shall endeavor to show from inferences. The decline of the Roman empire has been attributed to various causes. The principal of which, however, are as follows:—After the establishment of the republican form of government, the first cause of disturbance in their political peace, was the dissatisfaction of the plebieans on account of the unequal distribution of conquests. From this dissatisfaction, and other similar causes, arose the tribunitial power, which afterwards created so much dissention. As the Romans increased in power, they naturally grasped for more territory. This, history truly relates, was the chief cause of their decline. With their wealth they imported the manners, the luxuries, and the vices of the nations they subdued. Through consciousness of power they became reckless of their destiny, and in the end abandoned themselves to arrogance and profligacy. Now what is the similarity between our nation and the ancient Romans. It is true we have no tribunitial power as they had, but as regards the unequal distribution of conquest, or of public reverence, the same difficulty exists with us, and is likely to continue. The acquisition of new territory has always been a bone of contention among us, and the appropriation of public funds for internal improvement, has created no less excitement, and disaffection.—The

proposed annexation of Cuba has already exasperated the abolitionists of the North, and excited the interest of Louisiana and Texas on the sugar speculation, for such an annexation would certainly destroy their interests, and render worthless their property. Involved in a foreign war as the annexation of Cuba must certainly be, our country would present a rare spectacle of an army in such an event. There would be abolitionists, and slave dealers, and sugar dealers, and sugar planters all arrayed, each against the other, and all against a common enemy. Inevitable defeat and disgrace could not fail to be the result of such a state of affairs.

Again according to high authority, "the history of all nations evinces that there is an inseparable connection between the morals of a people, and their political prosperity." We have no stranger demonstration of this truth than in the annals of the Roman commonwealth. Admitting then the truth of the assertion, let us briefly examine the state of morals in our republic. It is painful indeed to dwell upon one's own evil doings. Far more pleasant would it be to speak of the good that is in us. But however poignant the reflection, and however sad the thought, nevertheless there are evils among us, which it is nothing more than just to recount. Like the Romans, in the acquisition of California we have imported wealth and luxury among us, increased the number of our crimes, added debauchery to debauch, and laid open channels of wickedness and sin, sufficient to drain this whole nation of all its virtue and its morality. Midnight revelings, nightly brawls, and murders proceeding from intoxication, haunt us from every street. Led on by ungovernable passion we have destroyed the most sacred bond of marriage, and wherever we turn our gaze, our eyes rest upon some loathsome evil. The blight of sin has swept over us, and instead of blotting us out, ere this, from the face of the earth, it has left us to sink yet deeper in the depths of crime, and load us with more guilt than a nation can bear. Let others spend vain efforts upon the unmerited greatness of America, and dwell with patriotic emotion upon her virtue and her valor, her power and her influence, but alas! we fear 'tis but the empty vision of a dream—the fond anticipation of hope—the baseles fabric of chimerical ideas. In our flights of fancy it is pleasant to address the glorious ship of state, bearing our national colors, with the eagle watching over its destiny. But methinks our republic is destined to be borne down the stream of time in no proud ship Ericsson, unruffled by the gale, and unmasked by the waste of time. We think rather that it is destined to decline and to decay like the short life of man; and here on our own native soil will be interred, where "the whistling of the tameless winds—the roar of the murmuring water—the chirp of the wild bird—and all of what speaks of liberty may chant our eternal lullaby."

L. M. L.

Napoleon.

"I would I had died the day I entered Moscow."—NAPOLEON.

YES! there, amid the cannon's roar,
  In victory, pomp, and pow'r,
Thy race on earth had well been o'er,
  Were that thy dying hour:
Thou hadst not fallen from on high,
  To lowly live, and darkly die!

Yes! yes! that phœnix spirit there
  Had soar'd on wings of fire,
Amid the Kingly Kremlin's glare,
  With Moscow for thy pire,
And hecatombs around thee slain:
  To live were death—to die were gain.

Once more the eagle rose—in vain,
  In vain, it flutt'ring flew,
To fall on Leipsic's bloody plain,—
  On fatal Waterloo.
Oh! better hadst thou found a grave
  Beneath the Beresina's wave!

More fit for thee than stone or sod,
  That sepulchre of strife;
To be a second "scourge of God,"
  In death, as in thy life:
Busantius', Beresina's flood
  Had like libations—*tears* and *blood.*

In Borodino's glorious strife,
  Why wast thou doom'd to live?
Why did not Stapps' assassin knife
  Its death, its glory give?
Far better were Alp Arslan's doom
  Than thine beneath thy living tomb.

But no! A darker destiny,
  A fouler fall was thine:
To bend in vain thy suppliant knee,
  And rise from glory's shrine,
The petty monarch of a mound,—
  An outlaw,—Conqured,—Captive,—bound.

BEN. H.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the last regular election in Linonia and the Brothers, the following officers were chosen:

	LINONIA.	BROTHERS.
Presidents.		
	A. W. Bishop.	E. L. Clarke.
Vice Presidents.		
	C. T. Lewis.	J. C. Douglass.
Secretaries.		
	G. W. Reiley.	A. Meloy.
Vice-Secretaries.		
	H. R. Slack.	W. Wheeler.

PRIZES.

Prizes awarded to the Sophomore Class, for English Composition, second term.

	1*st. Division.*	2*d. Division.*	3*d. Division.*
1*st Prize,*	W. H. L. Barnes.	J. H. Pratt.	L. H. Tucker.
2*d Prize,*	W. M. Grosvenor.	P. J. Edwards. W. T. Wilson.	C. G. Child. W. C. Wyman.
3*d Prize,*	H. A. Yardley. A. McD. Lyon.	H. L. Howard. C. R. Palmer.	C. M. Tyler. P. H. Woodward.

PRIZES IN THE BROTHERS.

The debates in the several Classes took place at the following times, and the Prizes were awarded by the Umpires to the followng persons:

Sophomore Class, 16th of February.

The Umpires—President Woolsey, Mayor Skinner, and Dr. Fitch.

Prize—S. T. Woodward.

Junior Class, 19th of February.

Umpires—Mayor Skinner, Professors Dutton and Dana.

Prize—S. C. Gale.

Freshman Class, 2d of March.

Umpires—President Woolsey, Mayor Skinner, and Professor Dutton.

1*st Prize*—C. Northrop.

2*d Prize*—L. L. Payne.

3*d Prize*—G. B. Bacon.

Senior Class, 9th of March.

Umpires—President Woolsey, Professor Silliman, Sr., and Professor Dutton.

Prize—E. C. Billings.

PRIZES IN LINONIA.

The Bishop Prize Debate took place on March 16th. The Sophomore competed with the Freshman Class for the several prizes, except the first prize—awarded to a member of the last named Class. This did not occasion any division of the discussion. Hon. R. S. Baldwin, Professor Olmsted, and Hon. A. Blackman, officiated as judges.

The award was as follows:

1st Prize, A. McD. Lyon, of Sophomore Class.
1st Prize, P. W. Calkins, of Freshman Class.
2d Prize, L. B. Woolfolk, of Freshman Class.
3d Prize, A. D. Hughes, of Sophomore Class.

COMPLETE LIST OF THE EDITORS OF THE LIT.

To Editors of Yale Lit. Magazine:

GENTLEMEN:—I would suggest as an appropriate subject for the Memorabilia Yalensia of your "Maga," a complete list of the Editors from the first issue to the present time. By doing this at an early day you will oblige ONE READER.

YALE COLLEGE, March 1st.

The first number of the Yale Literary was issued in February, 1836.

Editors for '36 *and* '37.

E. O. CARTER,	Worcester, Mass.
F. A. COE,	New Haven,
W. M. EVARTS,	Boston, Mass.
C. S. Lyman,	Manchester,
W. S. SCARBOROUGH,	Brooklyn.

Editors for '38.

C. I. LYNDE,	Homer, N. Y.,
C. RICH,	Boston, Mass.,
T. G. TALCOTT,	New York City,
J. P. THOMPSON,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
J. B. VARNUM,	Washington, D. C.

Editors for '39.

C. HAMMOND,	Union,
R. D. HUBBARD,	East Hartford,
H. R. JACKSON,	Athens, Ga.,
I. P. LANGWORTHY,	North Stonington,
J. D. SHERWOOD,	Fishkill, N. Y.

Editors for '40.

J. S. BABCOCK,	Coventry,
H. BOOTH,	Roxbury,
G. H. HOLLISTER,	Washington,
J. G. HOYT,	Dunbarton, N. H.,
G. RICHARDS,	New London.

Editors for '41.

J. Emerson,	Andover, Mass.,
E. P. Gaines,	Memphis, Tenn.,
D. G. Mitchell,	Norwich,
G. B. Schott,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
T. C. Yarnall,	Philadelphia, Pa.

Editors for '42.

E. L. Baldwin,	New Haven,
W. P. Gready,	Charleston, S. C.,
A. Matthews,	Westchester Co., N. Y.,
S. B. Mulford,	Menton, Pa.,
R. W. Wright,	Montgomery, Ala.

Editors for '43.

R. Aikman,	New York City,
D. W. Havens,	Norwich,
J. A. Lent,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,
F. Munson,	Bethlehem,
E. W. Robbins,	Berlin.

Editors for '44.

I. Atwater,	Homer, N. Y.,
J. W. Dulles,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
O. S. Ferry,	Bethel,
W. Smith,	Manlius, N. Y.,
J. White,	Randolph, Mass.

Editors for '45.

W. Binney,	Philadelphia, Pa.,
G. B. Day,	Colchester,
J. W. Harding,	East Medway, Mass.,
G. C. Hill,	Norwich,
T. Kennedy,	Baltimore, Md.

Editors for '46.

J. H. Brisbin,	Schuylersville, N. Y.,
W. B. Capron,	Uxbridge, Mass.,
H. B. Harrison,	New Haven,
D. Hawley,	Arlington, Vt.,
W. R. Nevins,	New York City.

Editors for '47.

B. G. Brown,	Frankfort, Ky.,
W. S. McKee,	St. Louis, Mo.,
J. Munn,	Monson, Mass.,
D. T. Noyes,	Boston, Mass.

Editors for '48.

F. R. Abbe,	Boston, Mass.
W. Aitchison,	Saxonville, Mass.,

T. H. Porter,	Waterbury,
G. B. Wilcox,	Norwich,
B. D. Young,	Huntsville, Ala.

Editors for '49.

C. G. Came,	Buxton, Me.,
J. Campbell,	Mobile, Ala.,
F. M. Finch,	Ithaca, N. Y.,
E. D. Morris,	Utica, N. Y.,
C. B. Waring,	New Haven.

Editors for '50.

E. W. Bentley,	Harwinton,
W. R. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,
W. S. Colton,	Lockport, N. Y.,
E. H. Roberts,	Utica, N. Y.,
O. L. Woodford,	West Avon.

Editors for '51.

A. H. Carrier,	Bridgeport,
E. W. Evans,	LeRaysville, Pa.,
B. F. Martin,	Lancaster Co., Pa.,
S. McCall,	Lebanon,
J. W. Noble,	Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editors for '52.

A. Bigelow,	Buffalo, N. Y.,
C. M. Bliss,	Hartford,
W. W. Crapo,	New Bedford, Mass.,
D. C. Gilman,	New York City,
H. B. Sprague,	East Douglass, Mass.

Editors for '53.

A. Grout,	Sherburne, Mass.,
G. A. Johnson,	Salisbury, Md.,
C. T. Lewis,	Westchester, Pa.,
B. K. Phelps,	Groton, Mass.,
A. D. White,	Syracuse, N. Y.

Editors for '54.

W. C. Flagg,	Paddock's Grove, Ill.,
J. W. Hooker,	New Haven,
W. S. Maples,	Selma, Ala.,
L. S. Potwine,	East Windsor,
C. T. Purnell,	Port Gibson, Miss.

THE SHAWMUT BOAT CLUB.

The Shawmut Boat Club of the Class of 1853, at its dissolution, presented a handsome Gold Pencil to Richard Waite, their Captain for three years. The following inscription is engraved upon it:

The Shawmut Boat Club
of 1853,
To their Captain, Richard Waite.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR STANLEY.

Died, in East Hartford, on Wednesday evening, March 16th, ANTHONY DUMOND STANLEY, Professor of Mathematics in Yale College.

He was born in East Hartford, on 2d of April, 1810. He fitted for College at the Hartford Grammar School, entered Yale in 1826, and graduated in 1830. During his collegiate course, he was preëminent in a class of seventy for his skill in working out the most difficult mathematical problems. After leaving College, he was for two years one of the instructors in the Hartford Grammar School. He was elected Tutor in Yale College in 1832, and continued in that office till 1836, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics. Before entering on his new duties, he spent two years in Europe, particularly with the view of acquainting himself more thoroughly with his department. From 1838 to 1849, he lived the uneventful life of a faithful teacher and a diligent student. During this period he published an introductory treatise on Spherical Trigonometry, several articles in the American Journal of Science, and a set of Mathematical Tables.

In making the proposed revision of his Algebra, President Day engaged the services of Professor Stanley. The chapter on Simple Equations, and the sections on the theory and resolution of equations, are from his pen. He would have given greater aid in the revision had not his health rendered it necessary for him to spend some time abroad.

In the preparation of his Mathematical Tables, his labor was incalculable, and he succeeded in giving to the American computer a more perfect set than any similar work printed in France, Germany, or England. After six years' use, two errors only have been detected.

In the fall of 1849, he took a severe cold, which settled into a lung fever, and left him with a bronchial weakness, from which he never recovered. He sought relief by visiting Italy and Egypt, and many localities in Syria and Asia Minor. He returned to New Haven in 1851, and soon after resumed his College duties. But at the close of the term it was painfully evident to his colleagues that he must leave his class room, and probably forever. He returned to the home of his childhood, where his parents did for him everything which a sleepless and untiring love could suggest. But his bodily strength gradually wasted away until the lamp of life went out, its oil completely exhausted. He died in the faith and the peaceful hope of the Gospel.

Professor Stanley was remarkable for a sensitiveness of character, which shrunk from all display. He surrendered himself in the still air of delightful study, to the investigation of abstract truths. The only out of door recreation, in which he indulged, was the planting and cultivating of the choicest fruit trees.

His funeral services were attended by President Woolsey and the Professors of Yale College. Standing by his corpse in the presence of sorrowing friends, President Woolsey bore feeling testimony to the unblemished moral purity of his whole life, his intellectual gifts and attainments, and the high and tender estimation in which his services as a College officer were held by his colleagues.

Thus Yale mourns for her sons. Kingsley, and Norton, and Stanley, have gone.

Editor's Table.

Human hopes are vain. We had been thinking that the number of the Magazine last issued would finish our editorial duties. But to our surprise, the "Punning Editor" informed us, that we must edit the present number. We told him that our hands were full. We placed before him the many felicitations we had indulged, in prospect of editorial ease. He was hard-hearted. He would hear nothing. But, reader, we must tell the whole truth. The "Punning Editor" was not in the best of health. Lest, however, you have solicitude on this account, we may add that he has convalesced.

This is one reason for our tardy appearance in print.

We will give you another. The "Facetious Editor" issues the next number. His absence rendered it necessary for him to postpone his editorial labors till next term. There was no need of hurrying, therefore, on our part. We had a plenty of other business. We knew, reader, that you were similarly situated. The "Facetious" will issue his number early next term. The Editors elect of the Junior class will then commence their official relations.

We concluded in our last, that we would perpetrate no puns during the time of our seat at the Editor's Table. We intend keeping that promise inviolate. This may have induced some of our correspondents to compassionate our manifest destiny. They have sent in contributions of this character without number. Here is one at our elbow from C. He is equal to "Icabod Academicus"! His hero is John Horner, living in the furthest down-east corner of Maine.

"FULL MANY A GLASS."

Full many a glass had Johnny mixed;
  And none could doubt that he,
Who mixed the *grog* so well all day,
  Should have *a-gill-a-tea.*

John did not let his business go,
  Like many a reckless rover,
Who *oversees* but half his work,
  Because he's *half-seas-over.*

John's tap-room floor was clean and neat,
  Except that some segar-stains
Perchance were made by those that came
  To help him in his *bar-gains.*

No thirsty creditor had he;
  The liquor kept them wet;
At early *date the liquor* served
  To *liquidate* the debt.

Nor foolish waste nor niggard stint
  O'er Johnny's cups could rule it;
And in the liquor *just-ice* dropped
  Just-ice enough to cool it.

Johnny always loved his country well;
  But now he says 'tis plain,
Though in the *main* that right gives might,
  That might gives right in *Maine*.

As of the majesty of law,
  He always had a *high* sense;
He can't, like many, take the code
  In a poetic *lie-sense*.

John's business all is ended now,
  Since the new law was made;
Of course, he cannot *spile his casks*,
  Since they have *spoiled* his trade.

So he has bought a little farm,
  A mile or so from town;
And after he has "settled up,"
  He's going to "settle down."

We promised in our last to publish some letters, showing that the Lit. is not without honor at a distance. We have any quantity. Here are three or four communications near us. They have been recently received, and will answer our purpose as well as those of earlier date.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA., April 1st, 1853.

Editors Yale Literary:—

GENTLEMEN—Some time since, through the kindness of a graduate of your institution, I had the privilege of reading a few numbers of your magazine, and was very much pleased with it:—I should like very much to introduce your magazine in our institution, and think that there is, at present, a very good opportunity; for there are none taken in College or in town. All that I have spoken to as yet, express a willingness to take it, but wish first, to see a specimen number, which if you will send me I will do what I can to obtain subscribers.

Yours, most respectfully,

ELISHA ALLIS.

LEOWA, LEON CO., TEXAS, March 8th, 1853.

To the Editors of the "Yale Literary Magazine":—

GENTLEMEN—Have the goodness to forward to my address a copy of your "Magazine" if it is still in existence, of which I have no doubt, and the terms will be punctually complied with. Perhaps I may be enabled to forward you several names.

Yours, &c.

JAMES C. BOGGS, M. D.

ERSKINE COLLEGE, So. CAR., Nov. 16th, 1852.

Editors Yale Lit. Maga.—

SIRS:—If you will have the kindness to send me some specimens of your ably conducted periodical—it will be to your advantage as I can procure among my fellow-students a respectable club.—Address—

Yours, &c.

W. GUS. DRENNAN.

Due West, Abbeville Dis., South Car.

CASS POST OFFICE, LAWRENCE COUNTY, TENNESSEE, Oct. 22, 1852.

Messrs Editors of "Yale Literary," New Haven, Conn.—

I have seen a notice of the "Yale Literary" in the North Carolina University Magazine. Having from my first hearing of it entertained a very high opinion of the same, I wish to become a subscriber to it. I almost reverence Yale College; I am a young man—a Southern Teacher, I have charge of an Academy, I wish to take some Northern Literary publications, I select Yale Literary. What are your terms? Enter my name as a subscriber and forward "Yale literary" to my address, Cass Post Office, Lawrence County, Tennessee. The money will be forwarded on receipt of 1st No.

Yours Respectfully,

PROF. A. C. SPEER.

Our Table must be short. The fifteen minutes, which we allowed ourself for this purpose, has expired. Other things are demanding our attention.

A few typographical errors occurred in our last. No one could have failed to observe them. The printer is responsible.

The promised article in regard to the dissolution of the Calliope cannot appear in this number. We hope to have it in the next.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the North Carolina University Magazine for March, the Georgia University for February, the Illustrated Magazine of Art for March and April, Stylus for February, the Nashua Literary for Feb., and the Knickerbocker for March and April.

We are obliged to the Hon. S. A. Douglass, of U. S. S., for a copy of his speech "on the Inauguration of the Jackson Statue," delivered Jan. 8, 1853; also for a copy of his speech "on the Monroe doctrine," delivered Feb. 14, 1853.

Our thanks are due to the Literary Societies of S. Carolina College, for the copy of an Oration on the "Student of Philology," by Rev. J. W. Miles.

ERRATA.

In the composition, entitled "Hours of Inspiration," which appeared in the November number, on page 53, seven lines from the bottom, after the word Tasso, read *the second great master of Epic poetry*, instead of reading it in the preceding line.—In the composition on "the Coliseum," in the last number, read "summum jus," instead of "summune jus."—In the essay on "Modern Reformers," page 110, 18th line, for "Is it not so now?" read, "It is not so now;" 37th line, for "wise," read "worse;" page 112, 34th line, for "eternal," read "external."

POSTSCRIPT.

You have all heard of man's speaking against time. John Davis, honest as he was, did not scruple to do so, on the occasion of a certain debate in the Senate. We are following in his footsteps, at a *respectable* distance. We are writing for the sake of writing. The printer says we must do it. A blank page is to be filled, or at least partly filled.

By the way, odd places of this kind are perplexing. Especially is it so, when we have fifteen pages of manuscript, which cannot be inserted for want of room.

Mr. "Facetious," we will hand them over to you. But, recollect, you can have them on condition only. You must tender your acknowledgments in the blandest manner.

We are done. The printer is satisfied

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—$2.00 a Volume, payable on the delivery of the First number. No one can receive the remaining numbers until the subscription is paid. Single numbers, 25 cents each.

Communications or remittances may be addressed, through the Post Office, to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.

VOL. XVIII. No. VI.

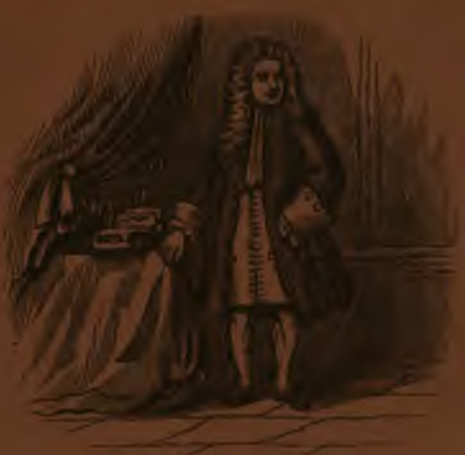
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen tendemque VALENSI
Cantabunt SODALES, commodique PATRES."

MAY, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.

MDCCCLIII.

CONTENTS.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. MAY, 1853. No. VI.

A Plain Talk About the "Lit."

"IF you think so, why don't you tell 'em so?" Such is a fair transcript of the answer we have received from a dozen or so of our particular friends, when we have worried them with complaints about our subscription list, and proposed certain reforms beneficial to Editors and subscribers. We are now, even at this late hour, fully determined to follow the aforesaid advice. Much good may it do all concerned. To do this philosophically, we shall first speak of the labors of Editors, then of their sins; afterward of the subscribers and those who ought to be subscribers, following the same order; first labor, then sin. The labor of the Editor of any given number is most perplexing. First, he writes something huge for a leader, afterward something profound for an article, and last of all, something wonderfully acute for an Editor's table, with something excessively statistical for the Memorabilia. But O ye aspiring wights among the "lower classes!" Ye ambitious in the list of "young gentlemen who have lately entered College!" Ye think, doubtless, that when the Editor hath dipped a dozen sheets of foolscap in his seething brain, all is done, and his only load is his blushing honors. But ye have never yet seen the "interior arrangements." Ye have not yet penetrated the sanctum which your greenness has pictured as a desirable place, but whose doors, to confess the truth, are never opened save to show to the sorrowing Editor "the elephant in all his huge dimensions." You have never yet bumped your heads on the low walls of North Middle and South Middle, in hunting subscribers; you

have never yet broken your shins on the rickety staircases of North and South Colleges to get new contributors for your number, or to ferret out old ones; never yet in the midst of your deep study or hard earned conviviality has 'the devil' burst in upon you with proofs and Stafford's notice that he is in a great hurry to have them corrected. You have never—pshaw, you *have* never and *can* never, in College, see half the perplexity which besets those five philanthropists who devote themselves so earnestly to your welfare. You are still, perhaps, a little incredulous; we will pile on a few more proofs which we know will do our business. Perhaps as you sauntered along from the Post Office, you never have met an Editor in his tri-daily rush to the printer. If not, watch! it will do you good if pity can chasten, or mirth exhilarate you. Standing thus on the watch you shall have a fine view of the seven league movement of the long-legged, or the forty-revolution-to-the-minute pace of the short-legged Editor; thus, too, shall you have a fine hearing of the cough of the lean, and the wheeze of the portly Editor as he whizzes by laden with a heavy after-thought for the printer. Don't go to the New York Theatres in vacation to see misery or mirth depicted, but, when the time for the "Lit" draweth nigh, take your station anywhere on the Green, and, from the board of Editors there shall pass you faces which scowl more fiercely than Forrest's, and forms that squirm more comically than Burton's.

And now for the Editorial sins. You certainly might expect many, and excuse more on consideration of the foregoing miseries. First in the list stands procrastination, but don't infer from this that all who hinder the Magazine by laziness are Editors. On their shoulders even-handed justice would not lay a tithe of the blame. If anybody should suffer, it is, most certainly, those contributors who do not keep their promises. The next sin, and it is one often harped upon, is the placing of division-room essays where original articles are expected. Now we think that it might be shown by the simplest kind of logic, that this practice, if not carried too far, is a benefit to subscribers, for, *First*, It satisfies curiosity as to what is the standard in the graduating class of any year. *Second*, When the essays in question have won prizes, they show, to writers in those classes which have not yet tried, what kinds of writing meet the approval of the Faculty, and hence in what they may venture hopefully. That the Editors of '53 have gone beyond this limit, we deny. Many articles which, from their soberness and want of Magazine gayety, may have been thought, by careless readers, division-room pieces, have been new work expressly for the number in which they appeared; and we have

no doubt that full half of the complaints on this score can be resolved into similar inattention. The individual "we," who now lectures you, has not during the year, printed one division-room essay, and although there is one in this number, it has been entirely remodeled and is only inserted because its subject is now occupying much attention all about us. One more argument in favor of the insertion of Prize Essays and pieces of a similar kind. In after years, nine-tenths of the worth of the Lit will be in the remembrances of classmates and their doings. And if there be articles of theirs inserted of the kind so much reprobated, the men who wrote them rise up before the reader much more clearly, since you call to mind all the particulars of his effort in the class, and have presented to you, in a manner much more suggestive of old times, all his old characteristics.

And now to the labor of subscribers. This labor is, in the main, to give us our two dollars. You are not asked to read prosy articles, (give thanks for it most devoutly,) no more are you urged, beyond what is decent, to subscribe; but when you have subscribed, you are asked to make good your promise. And here is the most comical thing in all College, a thing which brings us to the next grand division, the sins of subscribers. There are dozens of fellows vaporing around these College barracks, who are full of talk about class dignity and personal honor, but are as true sneaks and thieves as any Matsell ever shut up in the New York Tombs. To hear one of these talk is rich, decidedly. Always at their old game, they open upon one a regular brag battery on the least occasion. The good old maxim that "an acre of performance is worth a whole land of promise," is to them unknown, and indeed the eighth commandment seems just as little familiar, if we are to judge from the way they have served us. One word, then, to you who have thus deceived and cheated us, on the decency of the thing. We have a long list of you. Some of you, on some accounts, we have considered good fellows, but must say that this is a feature in your character which we, in common with the world in general, despise. In the code of College morals by which, while here, you stand or fall, one who cheats towns-people is bad enough, but one who cheats his fellow students is infinitely worse.

One word more on the *policy* of the thing. Many of you, no doubt, have some College aspirations in one direction or another; believe us, then, that if you follow Napoleon's rule, "to leave nothing undone which may tend to the desired result," you will certainly pay us our due. We have known on more than one occasion these aspirations hurt or helped wonderfully by much smaller matters than this, and we know that the

want of faithfulness to pecuniary engagements, has in very many cases spoiled all a man's cunning plans for acquiring honor from his College fellows. Of two men presented for your choice to any place, if, as is generally the case, there is no vast difference in talent, you will scarcely give your vote for one who has cheated you, in preference to one who has treated you honorably. This is sober truth, and if you are "smart" in the least, you will take care that the Lit subscription list shall never rise up against you. You undoubtedly think it a much more acute thing, to sit in your room among after-dinner cronies finding fault with the Lit and foretelling its fall; thus shall you preserve the dignity of a sucking College prophet, but, to speak plainly, we never knew one of your sort who was not seen through. While you thus bore your fellows who smoke your cigars and drink your ale in jolly acquiescence, they look into you and grin at you. They know what you are then, just as well as when you find fault statedly with some College performance among whose managers you tried to be enrolled and could not, or when you abuse a classmate who has got the start of you in honors, or when you give new theories as to what is true scholarship and what its true rewards, the Faculty having ignored your pretensions. And now, to conclude, let us lay down to all College what is our due. We wish for your names on our subscription list, and if you are not poor, very poor, we certainly see a streak of meanness in your character if you refuse, especially as there is not one in ten of those who refuse who does not, at times, borrow our periodical from his neighbors. Still, refusal to subscribe is a venial sin compared with refusal to pay a subscription, which, with us, is mortal. Don't subscribe, then, unless you mean to pay. There are always subscribers enough to support the Lit if payment is prompt. Moreover, don't blame us for prosiness, for who wouldn't be prosy with a large deficiency to make up and all arising from the cheatery of scamps who were considered honest? And ye whose fault-finding and whose shirking payment arises from a want of appreciation on our part of some of your early efforts, be assured that people are not so blind as not to see through you, therefore keep still awhile. A word, also, as to the stale old College common-place, that the "tone of the articles should be elevated." We know it well. Right glad would we be to see the thing done, and we think that to a certain extent it can be, and will be done, but as to reaching that pinnacle of perfectness, which these fault-finders contemplate, we think it plainly impossible until the university excludes all from her privileges who have not attained their full majority at least. There is an astute old maxim declaring the impossibility of making a whistle,

&c., and the same processes of reasoning which gave it to us, will also lead us to the conclusion that it is fully as hard to make giants in historical research, in criticism, or in general literature, out of youth who have no farther data than what a comparatively slender course of reading has given them.

You can't expect that our brains are yet rich enough to give you a Blackwood, or that our pockets are full enough to pay for such articles as make up Putnam's, or that we are so crammed full of jollity as to give you a Knickerbocker, or that our consciences are so totally depraved, and our way of working so piratical, as to give you a Harper's Magazine.

But if we cannot pretend to cope with these, we do make pretensions to anything that can be reasonably expected of us. You have been told a thousand times that our Magazine is the oldest College periodical in the United States. We think, too, that there is no doubt in unprejudiced minds that it is, to say the least, fully equal to the best. We have been told, scores of times, by the graduates and students of other Colleges, that it is *the best*, but this, although we have never heard it denied, our modesty does not permit us to claim. If you complain of prosiness in our articles, we think you will not have the unfairness to charge upon them bombast or softness.

The Yale Lit has not yet become a mere organ of the American Eagle, nor of moonshine romancings about student junketings in term time, and student love-nonsense in vacations. Although we see in cotemporary College Magazines much to admire, and in some, much to fear in the way of rivalry, we think that any student among us, grumbler though he be, will, on examination, confess that the Lit is at least as good as any. It has now gone on eighteen years. If you wish to break it down, do so openly and fairly. Do it in regular class conclave, and not by lying to the Editors. To be sure, the class which does this will be handed down as a pack of fools, and the movement would be vain, as the next decent class following would mend the matter, but let us have fairness in your proceedings. Against the whole race of sneaks who have bothered us, in behalf not of ourselves, as it is too late now, but in behalf of those who succeed us, we set up the old rallying cry of "Yale," and expect a strong force of good fellows to come to the rescue. W.

Zenobia.*

THE subject and many of the incidents of the following poem were suggested by the romance entitled, "*Letters from Palmyra*," by WM. WARE.

——————"*The Palmyrene*
That fought Aurelian." TENNYSON'S 'PRINCESS.'

AMID the wreck, confused and vast
Of ages, and of gloried past,
Whose temple, tower, and pyramid
Beneath the desert sands are hid,
And bones of countless thousands rest,
By long forgetfulness oppprest,
The traveler stands, in thoughtful mood,
And muses mid the solitude.
"Silence, how solemn and how dread,
Thou royal city of the dead!
Each broken shaft and architrave
Is crumbling o'er a nation's grave,
And marble piles, in ruin blent,
Afford thy fittest monument.

Where now the sounds of life and cheer,
The tramp of myriads gathered here
The hearts which beat of old, as free
As throbs the pulse of infancy,
The mien erect, the kindling eye,
Which said, "These splendors cannot die!"
Forgotten now, and once so great!
How is thy beauty desolate!
No sculptured stone or chronicle
To future times the tale may tell
Of *all* the glory and the fame
Which shed a halo round thy name,
When minstrels of thy triumphs sung,
And time and those alike were young;—
But here and there a feeble light
Illumes the universal night,
And by its faint and flickering beams,
I shape the fancies of my dreams.

Fair city of the waving palms,
Where art and nature seem to vie
In lavish gifts of countless charms,
To dazzle and delight the eye;
Amid the eastern desert set,
Like flashing gem in field of jet;

* A poem recited at the Junior Exhibition of the Class of 1854, by James K. Lombard.

Full soft and balmy are the skies,
'Neath which thy thousand columns rise,
And breezes, through thy long arcades,
O'erarched by green and living shades,
Across the trackless, desert wild,
With perfume laden, blow as mild
As if eternal summer smiled.
Renowned and feared in distant lands,
Palmyra in her beauty stands.

'Tis morn upon the groves of palm,
Reposing in the gentle calm,
And morn upon the gilded spires,
All glowing with reflected fires,—
When gathering throngs begin to fill
The streets but now so lone and still:
The form, else with traffic rife,
And mingled sounds of daily life,
Forsaken stands, while to and fro
Through colonnade and portico
The still increasing numbers press
With joyous looks and gala dress:
The city wears an aspect gay,
Proclaiming some glad holiday.
From sounds of toil and busy mart,
And scenes of humble life apart,
Surrounded by the lofty piles,
  Where dwell in princely pride and state
Beneath the light of fortune's smiles,
  Palmyra's noble and her great,
Of massive form, proportions fair,
And grace unequaled, even there,
'Mid gardens, fountains, slopes of green,—
Behold the palace of the queen!

The brazen gate, wide open swung,
With massive arch above it flung,
Disclosed but a partial view
To him who looks the vista through,
Of statues, columns, promenades,
And winding walks, mid tempting shades,
And warbling birds, and cool cascades.
  And now the throng is drawing near,
Expectant crowds assembling here
To greet their beauteous queen, and see
The glittering pomp and pageantry.
Nor long they wait—the stirring blast
And cymbals' clash are heard at last,

As from the gate a herald rides,
And silently the throng divides.
A few brief moments intervene
Before the cavalcade is seen.
A hundred knights, with trappings gay,
And clad in armor, led the way,
Each mounted on a prancing steed
Of fleet, far-famed Nisean breed,
While banners float the breeze upon,
'Mid peal of trump and clarion.

A hundred more are in their rear,
With nodding plume and glittering spear,
On Arab coursers, black as jet,
With jewels in their housings set.
And now the gaze of all is bent
Upon a waving canopy,
And from the multitude intent,
Like swelling surges of the sea
Ascends the shout from near and far,
"Long live our queen, Zenobia!"

With beauty, gentleness, and grace,
Adorning a majestic mien,
On every feature of her face,
And every look impressed the queen,—
She rides amid the royal throng
Upon a lofty seat enthroned,
And hears, in joyous shout and song,
Her universal empire owned.
A helmet light concealed her hair,
Surrounded by a jeweled band,
One arm, save slender bracelets, bare,
And golden sceptre in her hand.
A purple robe around her waist
Is clasped by diamond buckle rare,
Nor ever royal purple graced
One better fit the crown to wear.
Her gracious smile new zeal imparts,
And louder swells the glad acclaim,—
O thus to reign in loving hearts,
Were worth a thousand years of fame!

It is Zenobia's natal day,
And thus in oriental state
She to the senate takes her way,
Where counselors her coming wait.

Upon the broad and level street,
Where two frequented crossings meet,
A hall of polished marble stands,
The work of no unskillful hands,
Whose countless massive columns rise
Like giants reaching to the skies.
Within, the only light is shed
From dome at dizzy height o'erhead,
While reigns around the spacious room
An air of grandeur and of gloom.

At end remote, approached by flight
  Of steps of alabaster stone,
A dais raised, of gentle height,
  Supports a sculptured ivory throne.
Palmyra's senate seated round
  In Eastern and dignified array,
Like Roman Conscript Fathers gowned,
  In silence wait their monarch's stay.
Behind them all the ample space
Is crowded with the populace.
The wall from roof to marble floor
With tapestry is covered o'er,
And every wanton summer breeze
Light sways the pendant draperies.
At length a rustling sound is heard
Of silken hangings gently stirred.
The heavy folds are drawn aside,
And with the blush of kindling pride
Forth steps Zenobia to view,
Attended by her retinue.
The knee each loyal subject bends,
As to her throne the queen ascends,
While to the echoing arches rise
Long, loud, enthusiastic cries,
The prayer of every Palmyrene—
"The gods defend our lovely queen."

She waves her hand, and at her will
The shouts subside, and all is still;
Then, while her dark and piercing eye
Denotes a purpose firm and high,
She speaks in tones so full and clear,
That all within the room can hear.

"Witness, my friends, my boast is not in vain,—
The gods have smiled propitious on my reign,

Since first they gave me to possess alone
Palmyra's sceptre, diadem, and throne.
And now the dawning of this gracious day
Beholds me wielding undiminished sway,
And while the Roman claims the distant west,
Zenobia mistress of the East confessed.
And shall I lightly lay this glory down,
Or lose a jewel from my radiant crown?
'Tis said Aurelian brooks no rival power,
And in the West the storms of battle lower,—
Shall we, dismayed, if but a Roman nod
Fall down and worship as before a god,
Or costly presents to the conqueror send,
And pledge our word to never more offend?
Thus live enslaved! nay *life* were paltry gain,
Then let me perish when I cease to reign.
They charged me with *ambition*, as if aught
Of solid greatness *ever* came unsought!
The charge is true, it but bespeaks an aim
To win by merit, not to *chance* on fame;
The lofty soul no narrow bounds confine,
I would the empire of the world were mine;
And, rest assured, the spacious *world* should know
My will and power to bless it, were it so."

She speaks, and takes her royal seat,—
Then hastes each noble to her feet,
And as he low before her bows,
His loyal faith and fealty vows,
And pledges to Palmyra's weal
His life, his fortune, and his steel.

Again the mingled shouts ascend,
As thousand voices wildly blend,
Invoking ruin on his head
Who dares Palmyra's soil invade;
And praying for a sky serene
Above their country and their queen.

'Tis morn once more, as pure and bright
As ever tipped with living light
The summits of the hills, that throw
Their shadow o'er the plain below.
Ere yet the rosy tints are fled
Which morning o'er the city shed,
The streets are all alive again
With crowds of eager, bustling men;

A chariot drawn by prancing steeds,
With rapid motion here proceeds,—
Their baggage-trains are urged along
Amid the noisy, motley throng,
And troops of horse, with harness gay,
Without the city take their way
To join beyond the northern gate,
The camp, where now their comrades wait.

Zenobia at length appears,
Surrounded by her cavaliers,
In armor clad of burnished steel,
Whose joints her faultless shape reveal;
With ease her fiery steed she guides,
And, fearless as a centaur, rides;
She heads her train, at dashing pace,
As when in pleasures of the chase,
Then wheels and draws the flowing rein,
Her Arab's mettle to restrain.
Before the royal tent she stands,
And quickly gives her brief commands,—
Then, as the trumpet's blast is heard,
And every breast with ardor stirred,
The tents are struck, the flags displayed,
The word to march is passed, obeyed;
And soon the pageant, vast and gay,
Of marshaled hosts, in grand array,
Fades in the distant west away.

Proud, beauteous queen! thy destiny
Thou canst not shun, enrolled on high;
As shoots some glorious star in air,
And shines awhile refulgent there;
Then fades its transient splendor o'er,
In darkness blacker than before,
Thus shall thy star, whose rays benign
Adorn and gild where'er they shine,
But point thee to impending doom,
Then fade and die in thickest gloom.

Another scene, and this the last,
Ere yet the spectacle has passed;
Palmyra conquered, humbled, bowed
Submission to the conqueror proud,—
Aurelian comes with gorgeous train
Triumphant back to Rome again;
With glittering spoils of war displayed,
And dazzling pomp and gay parade.

Gold, jewels, statues, borne along
Amid the wonder of the throng,
And mournful files of captives, bound,
With downcast eyes, fixed on the ground.
And lo! amid the train is seen
Palmyra's once majestic queen.
On foot, beneath the burning rays
Of mid-day sun, and under gaze
Of Roman mob, she marches there
With pensive and abstracted air,
As if her heart were far away,
Nor felt the insults of to-day.
Her thoughts are with the loved and fond,
The azure waters far beyond;
And as in swift succession rise
Her friends and home before her eyes,
Forgetful of the crown and throne,
And all the pride of empire flown,
A struggling tear affords relief
To that deep, crushing load of grief.

'Tis o'er—the dream of buried power,
The idle fancies of an hour:
All, all is silence, hushed, profound,
And spacious ruin spread around:
The traveler turns at set of sun,
And breathes a parting benison.

A Bid for the New Drama.

It is a fact which, by their actions, men have taken care to post very plainly before the world, that in lopping from any system its unhealthy members, the healthy have usually to suffer also; that thoroughness in such affairs generally takes to itself many proportions of heedlessness; that they who have been fierce to cut out or burn out some small social evil, have often made fissures through which the life has oozed also.

Among these surgeons and cauterizers are many who, from their knowledge of the world's ailments, as well as that prior knowledge which disciplined them, have had no small share in the world's esteem. But this esteem, notwithstanding the study it took to gain it, and the hard labor it took to keep it, went almost before it yielded profit to its possessors. They were reformers long enough to show that the cure may be worse

than the disease; they were scholastics long enough to found new schools in theology; but were sure to be mere babes in common sense long enough to spoil their schools with persecutions, and this same heedless thoroughness. Of this kindred are many at this present who preach crusades against the Drama—men who in their very strength are sickly; who have heard how the theatre ranks among moral charnel houses, but have not thought what a very palace it would become with noble intellects and honorable purposes as its architects. To skillfully bestow the Drama among moral pests, and these the worst, is with many a test of pious shrewdness. We propose then to show some reasons why the legitimate Drama, legitimately conducted, so far from being injurious, is most beneficial to any people.

It must be owned, however, that arrayed against the theatre soberly and firmly, is a body which the whole people must respect; men whose opinions are of great weight, because they are formed with great care; men who, for any belief they have, can give a reason, and a good reason; men whose reasonings have a right to the confidence of their neighbors, because they are rarely if ever tripped in following out the common courses of action to their legitimate results.

Perhaps the *real* Drama has been injured as much by the unfairness of its upholders as by any other cause; and among sophisms used in behalf of the Drama none does it more harm than that very common and very miserable one, that the abuse *can* be no argument against the use. The employment of this proposition in the common fallacious method seems to show a weakness and worthlessness in the Drama which can show no better arguments. Take the argument a moment to try its worth; take as representing the *use* of the Drama, its aggregate good results; take as representing the *abuse*, its aggregate evil results. Let us then look at the two common fallacies which Bentham has shown so clearly.

The *first* is, that *in taking an account of the effects of a system, we are to set down all the good effects, and take no notice of the bad ones.*

The *second* is, *that if, in taking an account of the effects of any system, we do take notice of the bad ones, and find that they make up a long column, while the good make a shorter column, we are nevertheless empowered, by the mere existence of the less good, to go on with the system and not to mind the greater evil.*

Such an argument weakens any cause, and it is impossible not to allow that where the abuses attending the public exhibition of the Drama are great, and the use little, the Drama should be suppressed. This is fre-

quently the case in comparatively small towns and cities, where the abuses exist, but where the meagre talent and small stock of the theatre cannot show counterbalancing uses. This, however, is but an exception to a rule universal, which we would endeavor to deduce.

All society must have its amusements. Some seek this in modes which please minds which have passed through the niceties of a most thorough cultivation; others in ways suited to more blunt perceptions. There are several degrees of cultivation, and each demands some characteristic in its amusement differing from every other: each has an idol which the others refuse to worship, but which they do not refuse to tolerate.

As one progresses in strength of mind, he needs less of appeals to his love of a mere pleasing leisure, and more of a suggestive amusement. This may be in easy reading, sifting new theories, examining curious learning, criticising thinkers claiming originality, sporting with the claims of upstarts, or in any similar occupation. Another who has not progressed so far in fastidiousness respecting his mental cravings, stops short of the former's mark. Another, who has progressed still less, falls farther short, and makes demands seemingly utterly at variance with the others; but just as satisfactorily do these amusements cover this common necessity of the latter by bluntly coming in at his eyes or ears, and alighting on his love for the marvelous, as in the former class by making an entrance more noiselessly, and settling on his nicer perceptions of the sublime or ridiculous. The problem in the rough then is, having given a common necessity in so many gradations, to find a legitimate amusement to satisfy this necessity, it being premised that the most perfect will be that which can be demonstrated to cover the wants of all at the *same time.*

To know what the canons of this amusement are, take the formula already given. Something is needed in a mind under the highest cultivation, to satisfy the love of an easy acquaintance with standard literature, new and old—the love of original thought and original modes of its presentation—the love of the choice disquisitions of genius, of comparisons in character, of tracing the easier sequences from cause to effect, and perhaps some little disowned love of pomp. In the next class these things are needed in a less degree, with more material for fancy, and less for reason. A class lower still, looks for broad humor, loud cracks of wit, and the dazzle of the stage mockeries. All these wants, the Drama may satisfy by a single good example. Take Shakspere's Henry IV. There is thought to be pried into by the acutest intellects, pomp enough

to distribute elation to the largest audience, and what congelation of humor plunges into our affections deeper, or cheers us longer than Falstaff? But the formula already given, is satisfied by the Drama in another and most vital requirement. It was laid down that the most perfect amusement would be that which satisfied the different classes at the *same time*. The Drama alone does this. It alone gives each lower class the benefit of the more refined taste of each higher.

But the cause of the Drama has been injured by another argument, used by its too zealous admirers. It is claimed by some as a vastly wonderful means of moral and intellectual progress. This has, at bottom, some truth. That historical personages and their acts stamp their images deep upon us in the theatre is most true; that this stamp *lasts* is also true; but that moral and intellectual discipline comes from the stage is doubtful. They who learn their geography by rhymes, their arithmetic by marbles, or their latin by lectures, rarely enjoy them more than harder workers in the processes while present, or praise them more when past.

No more would we see some pretending persuasion to morality scrambling for place in the Drama. There are other places beside the stage for positive religious teachings, and any great weight of sanctimony generally breaks down the best vehicle which play-wrights can construct. There must be in the Drama some tawdriness, and we should refuse to set great isolated truths in such a framing, as we refuse for the diamond a setting of tinsel. The celebrated remarks of Dr. Channing, against displaying religious truths too frequently and openly, here apply most forcibly. It is only where some great moral idea looks out from the whole; where body, strong for evil, is seen confronted, and confronted hopefully by mind strong for good, that the Drama can force upon us pleasing analogies between the actor and proclaimers of moral truth. Here then is the great mistake in summing up the claims of the Drama. Many show it wholly as a piece of moral or educational enginery, when it is primarily neither. It is an amusement, and all good grafts are gain only as they do no hurt to the stock. Trees for shade are useful; trees for for fruit are, perhaps, more so; yet he who grafts from the latter upon the former, is rarely a great gainer. But legislation in endeavoring to give this bias to the Drama forcibly, has generally met that doubtful success which marks the overstepping of its profitable functions. There is little use at any time in hedging in the platform of pious action, so that all but the most cadaverous are certain to be scratched in their endeavors to come at it. Such a plan arrays a very small band of defenders of a faith, but a very large band of its opposers—men who *would*

be its friends, but catalogued among its enemies, speedily become so. It is best to make some account of the erratic in human nature; for, although without this account, our theories may be better, our practice will certainly be poorer. We argue, then, that it is best to seize upon the prevalent satisfaction to the need of amusement; to mould it in as good form as possible, and not to attempt any complete destruction of the methods in use. The practical rule is to recast much, and to create little; but it is necessary to find what there is to recast, and who is to recast it. This material we have already described, now we consider the agency.

In this matter there is, holding a middle ground between the two extremes of positively right and wrong judgment, a large class of indifferents; men who seek not *the* amusement, but *an* amusement; men who could school their tastes into any system which fashion might commend to them; who, regarding the true basis of an amusement, know little and care less. There may be, perhaps, three fourths of a community, and of the remaining fourth, comprising the two extremes—the positive in right-thinking and wrong-thinking, we may say that half are perverted in their tastes, and the other half careful analysts of various systems, and, therefore, the reliable judges in the premises. In this latter fourth will be found the dictators of popular modes of relaxation. At one time the perverts rule, at another, those of sound judgment; commonly, however, there is a compromise. This is most clearly seen in the present theatrical system. It is between perversion on the one hand, with its weapons of indigestion and peculiar love for the small hours of night; and, on the other, educated taste, ready to yield all else if there may remain the amusement itself with the outward decencies. The great cause of any yielding of principle is the apathy of this latter educated eighth. In any strife in a community regarding this matter, if the men of sound judgment muster as much interest in their own hearts as do their adversaries, they are sure of the victory. The whole history of the perverts shows, that, to such a contest, they bring little real force. The history of operatic amusements in our country proves these assertions. The triumphal march of the new Drama, or, rather, of the noble old Drama in new robes, as conducted by Fanny Kemble, proves them. Refined taste builds grand opera houses and concert halls; but that reaction which is sure to come, shall build grander theatres—theatres without drunkards behind the boxes, and courtesans behind the curtain. Taste now pays a king's ransom for importing eunuchs to interpret the silliest kind of love, and the softest kind of heroism in high musical flourishes,

and in an unknown tongue; but it shall yet pay as well to bring over a foreign talent, and bring out a native genius, which shall give us in sturdy English the great thoughts of our glorious old dramatists.

There is no sound economy in the legal suppression of the Drama, because the exertion necessary to carry out the suppressing law would give the right arbiters of amusements the ascendancy. It is, indeed, a cause of sorrow that this moral exertion is not used—that it does not drive folly from the stage, and immorality from the audience. A few vigorous strokes would break away all the supports of crime in the perverted theatre—a little diligence would crush all the earthly, sensual, devilish, which now hives in our play houses; careful preservation of old, and fostering of new talent, would again bring to bear upon the whole community the chastened grandeur, the wit, the pathos, of the most gifted. Then would come the glorious Easter of ancient, the splendid Advent of modern genius. Station, talent and beauty would again gather to put themselves, for a time, in the grasp of men always acknowledged strongest in moulding human character.

But it may be said, that, clear the theatre as we will, we do little, for immorality is wrought into the very substance of the standard Drama. Let us examine this. Immorality in the drama may appear in three forms: first, in words and expressions, which, though coming from genius and wit, are still not those which are in common use thought consistent with the purest morality. As this argument holds equally against *reading* the best of Dramatic compositions, as the efficacy of this reading is not denied, and as there is no fear among the opponents of immorality from this source, we pass it. Those who prefer a *positive* argument, however, can find it among the essays of Macaulay. The next method in which a bad influence can be exerted, is by painting vice in charming colors. This is a charge often made, but it is easily refuted on historic evidence. Taking the English drama, we find that, with trifling exceptions, the time of Charles II is alone open to this objection. But the Stuart drama is now entirely withdrawn from the stage. Congreve, Wycherly, and their compeers, as far as action on the stage goes, are obsolete, and we shall show presently that there is a guarantee against the presentation of similar productions of any other age. The third and last way in which vice may employ the stage as its engine, is to give plausibility to skepticism. This charge falls like the last. Every one who gave us dramas, had, during his writing, the terror of the English public before his eyes. But this public, not even in its worst times, would tolerate skepticism on the stage. So true is this, that we may much more

confidently reckon on something of the opposite nature, open or implied, than the unities of time and place. A good show of orthodoxy, well managed, is as reliable as a show of patriotism. The best dramas written in our own age are remarkably free from each of these three faults, as all must own. And finally, it is argued, that the Drama gives false views of life. In a measure we grant it, and would make it an argument in favor of the system. It is a fact well known that the Dramas which please best and are most frequently represented, are those where good is seen ultimately triumphing over evil. Shakespeare breaks this rule at times, but for the great body of dramatists it would be ruin. Popular love attaches most to Macbeth, where right crushes heartless ambition—to the Merchant of Venice, where honor tramples upon avarice—to Richard the Third, where, notwithstanding reverses, virtue continually gets the better of baseness. So with a vast majority of all other Dramas. It may then be considered the *rule* of the Drama to show good triumphant over evil. The *false view* complained of then, consists in representing a betterment of life which does not exist. Now it is true that in this life the right often gives place to the wrong, but can the feeling in any man, that there is an intrinsic worth in virtue, do him harm? Can it be injurious to any one to think that there is in vice a self exhausting force? Is it worth one's while to discourage such bracing hopes which the Drama strengthens because they may not be wholly realized? We have said that the Drama has no special mission to usurp the proclamation of great moral truths, but a truth sometimes makes the Drama its organ with the greatest effect. Let any one who has seen that noble play of a modern master, where one priest, strong only in mental strength and firm only in mental firmness, rules calmly an agitated realm, baffles the conspirators crowding around him, and wields king and court as instruments of his purposes; let any one who has seen this upon the stage in good hands, deny that it gave him for a time, at least, new powers. There are few who can deny this invigoration, and to many it returns in times of perplexity and temptation as a strong force to ward off evil. It is something to know that man *can* withstand corruption—that he can obtain resources in himself against oppression—that he can, though in outward nakedness, pass unscathed through the thickest ranks of his enemies. W.

The Wives of America.

I HAVE roomed in the same house ever since my entrance into College—and with the same lady;—and being naturally of a quiet disposition, I have advanced into the good lady's good graces farther, I imagine, than her lodgers generally do. Her affection for me mostly shows itself in her peculiar arrangement of my books and papers, and in her presenting herself for a chat (always a long one) when I am settled to any particularly hard task. One benefit I have reaped from this affection—it has been the means of bringing to light a literary curiosity—several curiosities, in fact, which I am now about to give to the world through the columns of your influential Magazine. My lady says that when she began to keep house, one of her lodgers was an eccentric individual, who left New Haven very suddenly in his Senior year. She afterwards received a letter from him, saying that he was married to an angel of peace and gladness—that he had found his wife in the newspapers—and that she should sell the furniture of his room and pay herself out of the proceeds. The furniture belonged to her before,—and so she very properly refused to sell it; in fixing up the apartment, the only relics she found were some old clothes, a 'Whewell,' and a number of old letters—all seeming to be answers to an advertisement for a wife. My old lady had read them all one rainy day, and on another she brought them to my room to keep me from feeling 'donsy.' I read them all through and have picked out a few at random for the edification of the public. They were extraordinary letters, there can be no doubt about that—very extraordinary letters, they were. To see them in print can give but a faint idea of them; their chirography—their orthography—their punctuation—the unique way in which they were folded—and directed—and sealed—all can better be imagined than described.

The reader probably thinks that this story is what is regularly called 'a hum,' and that the letters are all by the same hand; the reader may think what he pleases about the story, but the letters are veritable answers to a matrimonial advertisement; and it is only in them, considered as such, that there exists any interest.

Some philosopher once desired for a companion a beautiful ignorant woman, that he might be happy in instructing her;—he should come to America and advertise for a wife; he could take the word of the ladies for their beauty and need look no farther than the outside of the letters to be satisfied on the score of ignorance. One, by way of novelty

recommends a friend and says nothing about her own wishes—she has light brown hair and amiable temper—is a member of the church and calculated to make a good wife. The letter was probably intended to give the advertiser a specimen of the writer's versatility, for every word seems written by a different hand—they are only alike in each ending with an immense flourish. She says that she has a 'tall, light complexion,' and spells Episcopal with two o's and a t. You meet capital letters staring you in the face in the most unexpected places; they start up especially in the middle of sentences, and it is really dangerous for a nervous person to read the letter,—such very large capitals are always popping up in situations where no well disposed capitals would think of intruding. But this lady has a few periods—others have not a single stop in the whole manuscript, which makes them rather inconvenient for an asthmatic person to read out loud, to say nothing of the difficulty of finding out the meaning of some parts. Some young women appear to have made an agreement about the stops and capitals. One put in stops enough for both and the other capitals for half a dozen; but the difficulty is that the first has no capitals and the second no stops. Here is a specimen of the latter. It is written on the back of an old letter with the original wafer sticking to it, and is fastened by another of enormous size. At first sight the epistle seems to be in poetry, but on inspection, it appears that the fair applicant, not knowing exactly what to do with her capitals, put one at the beginning of every line to make it look symmetrical.

SIR:—In looking over the paper I observed your Advertisement for a wife I beaing desirous To becom a wife take the liberty to Answer it in regard to your looks I am very easy seuted providing he has a good Heart and is capible of making a wife Happy I am a young widow say 25 Years old 5 feet high dark hear and eyes As regardes my disposition you may see When we become acquainted if you Are sincere you may answer this Stating when and where we may see each Other I shall wate with patience to see you

Yours * * * * * *

The next is a more extraordinary specimen still. Fancy the family council presiding over the production of this. It is written on a half-sheet of paper and enclosed in an embossed envelope—postage unpaid. It was probably not answered 'by Return of Male,' if the advertiser had any respect for punctuation, or thought that the rule of spelling the big words right and letting the little ones take care of themselves, did not always work well.

DEAR SIR:—We learn through the N York Herald that Your Are Desirous of farming A Matrimonial Engagement I write we for i Have Farther Mother Brothers And a Sister You state that You are ill favored but off A Good figure And A good

heart Now those Are verry good And go A great ways to Wards Making Life happy And Pleasant but inn Reply i would state that i Am Seventeen Years of Adge And verry good looking Off Decided Literary Tastes and some Fortuin And would Like to Except Your offer. Please Answer this by Return of Male Stating further Particulars P Her Brother Write this by her Request She says upon Recipe of Your Answer She will Return An Answer.

The original is rendered difficult to read by the strong resemblance of the h's to the m's, of the l's to the g's, and by an unfortunate propensity the writer had of inserting an r when he meant to write some other letter. I wonder if he thought that literary tastes had anything to do with candy?

Here are two letters which seem to be from the same person. Our eccentric friend probably answered the first from curiosity, and the effect he produced was fully worth the trouble. The answers are both on gilt-edged paper, without envelopes. There is a margin of two or three inches left at the side.

March 18

DEAR SIR:—As you want A wife I take the liberty of answering it I am very partial to tall Gentlemen I am A young lady not what the world call beautiful nor am I badlooking I am very affectionate and would do all in my power to make my home pleasant and my husband happy I am sure yoo cannot object to the latter part if yoo do to the former. I remain yoor * * *

I am 5 ft high and lady like
in my appearance and maner

March 24

DEAR SIR:—I received yoor letter today and sit down to answer it yoo ask me to send you A Daguerreotype then I suppose I might take the same liberty of asking yoo to send me one of yourself as I think a fair exchang no robbery what think yoo on the subject yoo can think about it and let me know and as to the standard Poets I shall give yoo my opinion the next letter Byron's Poem's I think are excellent but if yoo adore him I think perhaps yoor love for him would engrose yoor mind from your little wife I am extreamely fond of birds and flowers are yoo if I married I should like to find A kindred spirret not one that would oppose me in my favouret persuits do yoo think yoo could love me I could love yoo I think tell me my Dear do yoo love the glorious spring when nature is smiling and gay and dressed in A robe of lovely green what more do yoo want me to tell yoo about myself now it is my turn to ask yoo something about yourself what complection are yoo do yoo love large eyes I have large blue eyes I think I have wrote enough answer this the same as before as I shall feel anxious.

I remain yoor * * *

P S Please write me as soon as yoo receve this and tell me what colar yoor eyes are are yoo thin or fleshy how do yoo like Mrs Hemens poems do yoo not think some of them are soulstiring I love Burns sweet Melodies oh they are so beauti-

ful I am passionately fond of poetry I never get tierd of reading poetry write soon for I feel anxious to hear from yoo * * *

The orthography of these two is not to be despised, save a monamania the lady has on the subject of spelling you with two o's.

Then comes one written in a business hand—in a business envelope—postage unpaid. Her father was a lawyer, I am certain of that, and she would make a good lawyer's wife. Some of her sentences are worthy of Mr. Micawber.

SIR:—it cannot be incompatible with my sex nor of course with what I owe of delicacy to myself to look into and investigate aught which Providence has already designed and made manifest for the peace and comfort and blessing of this very sex—

I have before me your advertisement for a wife for your bosom and as manliness appears the characteristic of your writing this advertisement I would disdain prudery and false shame and I do hereby essay to answer you and if all things propitiate to have and secure your affections and an union with you * *

(I omit the description.)

If thus going so far please you, I do require that you say so by your ready reply and arrange how we can respectfully and honorably see each other and canvass our hope and our union without a change of impropriety or to each other or either of us the mortification of regret in that we have not done that only which protects our meeting and if it be so our parting without certain satisfaction—

A letter in reply hereto and directed to me shall be confidentially and sacredly received and respectfully observed and regarded in its requirements.

Yours most respectfully —— ——

Admirable young woman! Splendid education! Extraordinary talent for letter-writing! But why did she neglect to pay the postage?

One modest young woman thinks that she will suit, and therefore writes immediately to save him all farther anxiety. How kind and considerate! Another one says,

SIR:—I have met with your remarkable way of declaring yourself in want of a wife, and have been tempted to reply to it, not because I think myself either pretty, amiable, or smart, but because I thought a young man who ventures to choose a companion for life in this manner, deserves encouragement. My education is not finished, and my literary tastes are such as to allow me to say without vanity that I prefer Shakespeare to Mother Goose; my age is nearer sixteen than twenty-four, and, as property is a minor consideration, I am sure I shall meet your wishes in that particular as I have no property whatever. You say you are by no means ugly, what is the signification of this? and do you judge the applicants, who reply to your advertisement, with the same partiality as you do yourself? Should you wish to learn more of the writer, you will address * * * *

The last selection I will make comes evidently from a lady far advanced in life. The very penmanship impresses one with the idea that it comes from an old woman—without any incumbrances, such as children or property.

Mr. ———:—I observed your advertisement and after a little reflection I have concluded to answer it, not that I think I will suit you on account of my age; I am older than you some years; but from the description you gave of yourself I have some curiosity to see you and should you not be better suited perhaps we can make some arrangement

You wish the lady to give a description of her person, I am *tall* and what most people call *fine looking* not handsome but good looking, well educated and of a literary turn of mind, kind and affection disposition, one that will treat a husband with dignity affection and honor. Should I find a gentleman possessing the same qualifications I shall not hesitate to marry immediately. If these few remarks meet your approbation I will be happy to hear from you soon, Tell me when and where I can see you, I am without any incumbrance.

There are many other letters that will repay the perusal; these are not by any means the most interesting ones. One of them begins 'Unknown Alone;' another 'Stranger Friend;' a third insists on seeing a Phrenological Chart of the gentleman's head before going any farther. She would be for bandaging her children's heads instead of employing Moral Culture in order to form their characters. From all Phrenological women, St. Hymen deliver us!

O' Φρογγος.

One day as I walked by the side of a pond
Intent upon anything new,
A bull-frog I spied, by the side of the drink,
Singing loudly his merry goo goo.

Then sing of the right jolly bull-frog,
For of jollier birds there are few,
As he sits by the side of the mill-pond,
And sets up his hullabaloo goo,
And sets up his hullabaloo.

The bull-frog was firstly a head and a tail,
And wriggled about in the spring;

But as time wore away, his tail wore away,
And his head is the principal thing.
Then sing, &c.

The frog's a musician; and here's how he sings—
He fills out his belly with wind,
Then opens his mouth, and swells out his throat
Very much like the great Jenny Lind.
Then sing, &c.

The frog is a kind of mechanical piece,
And on his own principle works,
For he walks when he jumps, and jumps when he walks,
That is—he goes "steady of jerks."
Then sing, &c.

To walk and to ride at the very same time,
The frog seems by nature inclined,
For he always stands up on his hind legs before,
And sits down on two legs behind!
Then sing, &c.

I spoke to the frog, as he sat by the pond—
Dear sir, and pray how do you do?
When he turned up his eye, as if to reply,
Then said not a word but goo goo!
Then sing, &c.

I picked up a stick, or a stone, or a brick,
And threw it, and what do you think?
He kicked up his heels, and says he, No you don't,
And threw himself into the drink!

Then sing of the right jolly bull-frog,
For of jollier birds there are few,
As he sits by the side of the mill-pond,
And sets up his hullabaloo.

The Maying Party.

Sol rose from rest, with smiling face, to usher in the day,
And in her best, Dame Nature drest, looked fanciful and gay;
Aurora, mistress of the morn, then donned her golden crown,
And in her robes of loveliness upon the earth looked down;
While Sol looked round and winked his eyes, and somehow seemed to say—
"Ye birds and flowers and sparkling streams, and woods and mountains gay,
I make ye all acquainted with the merry month of May.

Come forth with baskets on your arms, ye lads and lasses all,
And greet with smiles this gladsome month in rural festival.
She brings you bowers and birds and flowers, come forth to seek them now
And let the sweet arbutus deck the brightest, fairest brow."

Scarce had the glorious king of day thus issued his command,
When climbing up the eastern hill was seen a glorious band,
Two urchins with the baggage train, marched soberly before,
And, eating pickles by the way, relieved the load they bore;
The others followed on as best to each one might appear,
And two seemed highly satisfied in bringing up the rear.
No incident of much import occurred upon the way,
Except such ordinary ones as happen every day.

At last the chosen spot was reached, and all looked vainly round
To find a seat, but finding none, they took one on the ground.
Next, various wishes were expressed, a table—or a chair—
But *if* was always in the way, there was no table there,
No programme, order of the day—nought but a bill of fare.
At length, for want of something else to pass the time away,
The party balloted awhile to choose the queen of May.
The choice of all most worthily upon Celestia fell,
Her maids of honor, Flora fair, and gentle Isabel.
An expedition then was sent for flowers to crown the queen,
But truth to tell, the flowers they found were rather far between,
Although the fairy of the flowers was there the search to lead,
And constable with stick in hand against a time of need.

But time would fail me to rehearse in any fitting way,
The deeds performed, the speeches said, the frolics of that day.
The table spread upon the ground, the various sorts of cheer,
The way in which the gingerbread began to disappear,
The thieves who stole a loaf of cake and ran away so fast,
And how they all were followed up and tried for that at last;
The ladies of the jury too, the judge and advocate,
And prisoners' pathetic speech about their wretched fate,—
All these and much besides are doomed unmentioned to remain,
For I must hasten to the close of this protracted strain.

The sun had vailed his gloomy face and clouds obscured the sky,
While now and then the falling drops proclaimed a tempest nigh.
A sprinkling was not just the thing, so without more delay
They gathered up their flowers in haste and turned their steps away:
Long may such pleasant memories still cluster round the past,
And their soul-cheering influence around the future cast.

Our wish besides, may those who meet upon that first of May,
See many a glad return of this so dear a holiday. J. K. L.

One Suggestion to College Architects.

WHOEVER has read the second of the ingenious books of the "Oxford Graduate" has, if he lives in an American community, at least doubled his capacity for misery. Thoroughly converted, as he must be, to the Ruskinian notions of art, how can he walk through our streets and squares without sorrow at catching so few glimmers from the Lamp of Sacrifice, or Power, or, most of all, of Truth? The bushel which hides the first of these grand luminaries is generally wrought into the shape of a cheap imitation of an ancient temple, where a colonnade of pine, covered with white lead, apes the glories of ancient marble porticoes; the second lamp flickers under miniature basilicas; and the lamp of truth sends up a mere smoke under cathedrals pretending to the dignity of stone, but known of all men as mere shams in stucco and *papier mache.*

We would not say that there are no exceptions to this flourishing rule, for, as our pen has run along the last two lines, our thoughts have run to two exquisite churches in a neighboring small city where the ideas of Ruskin are finely developed, notwithstanding the rather unpoetical and unaesthetic occupation of the citizens, viz., trying out whale-oil. Then again we have passed, dozens of times, on our pleasant trips from, and our dreary journeys to New Haven, another specimen, from which shot many rays of truth and sacrifice, and which promised a strong light from the lamp of beauty, when the young trees just planted about it shall grow older.

Then, too, churches come to our mind which violate most rudely many vital rules in aesthetics, but which have a great deal to redeem them. The ivy screens upon the sides of our own St. Paul's and Trinity serve quite well to atone for the pepper-box towers of the one, and the tea-caddy which crowns the other. The beautiful proportions of the Centre Church redeem, in some measure, its flimsy materials; the College Street Church, although its spire, in violation of all rules, merely bestraddles the weak portico, and has no other support, is somewhat excused by its beauty; and the fact that the church inChapel Street is next the Railroad Depot, and thus presents facilities for a rapid separation from its ugliness, to any man of taste whom it has distracted, is quite a good offset to its miraculous concoction of a Corinthian doorway, a Doric portico, semi-Gothic towers, Roman cupolas, nondescript ornaments, and Egyptian emblems.

But, to come to the field of our present investigations—the college

grounds. We have, first, the old buildings, but as they pretend to nothing beyond mere utility, they show no hypocrisy. Next to Trumbull Gallery, which is a poor casket indeed for the treasure it holds; still, were it twice as ugly we should love it, for it inspired a member of the Faculty to declare in Linonia that there was *one* stuccoed building on the college grounds, and, if he could help it, there should never be another—a spirit which, if it prevails among our college authorities, is cheaply bought, even by such a sham as the "Gallery."

The Libraries would surely be abused by a stickler for architectural truth, and that alone. Compared in this respect with the library at Harvard, ours are vastly inferior. There we find no stucco masks and no wooden cornices or pinnacles. If our memory serves us, verity has such complete sway there, that the mullions of their windows are granite, where ours are sanded pine, and their woodwork, generally, oak, where ours is a pine imitation; they have squared granite blocks too, where we have sandstone not so perfectly shaped. But in beauty and symmetry of the whole, we consider our building far superior to theirs. Ours gives what, in such a structure, is of vast aesthetic value, a *pile* of buildings, while theirs is isolated and single in its whole design; ours, from the tint of the stone, is, in the distance, more venerable, while theirs, for sixty years to come, will show that newish exterior which cut granite retains so long. But it is to neither of our college edifices already mentioned, that we are to call particular attention. Our main subject is the castellated structure erected on the northwest corner of the university domain, for the Alumni and the Societies. We would premise here that, in this matter, we have taken no small interest. We saw the foundation laid, and day after day we watched the different courses of masonry, until the building became our old familiar friend. We expected, as a thing of course, that there must be some sham about it—some sanded wood battlements—some false towers and pinnacles, although, when we saw the cut stone so plentiful about the entrance, we tremblingly hoped the pockets of the Corporation and Societies now long enough to place *rough* stone where it was more needed to protect the work from harsh criticism. All the space, however, between the towers, is substantial and true, so are the corner battlements. The mullions of the windows, too, notwithstanding all that Ruskin taught us about the hatefulness of anything like the Perpendicular Gothic, are more pleasing than we anticipated, since they fill quite a portion of that wonderful void which composes so large a portion of the walls of the building. The blocks of stone are large, and better cut than those in the Library, and

the general solidity of the whole. atones for the want of any pretensions to ornament.

The interior of the building, however, is not likely to gain much praise for that solidity which redeems its exterior. We saw, on our last visit, unmistakable preparations for *plastering* the Society halls, if not the hall of the Alumni. This is truly the unkindest cut of all. Everybody knows how miserably unpapered plaster serves its purpose on a public hall. In a year from its spreading, "the heads of the people" are nicely outlined on its surface in a dark greasy pigment, which is anything but ornamental. In *two* years, cracks and notches diversify it, even if it was hard-finished, while the yellow stains, so sure to come in this damp climate, are by no means rare. True, it may be said that these walls can be whitewashed; but, *first*, we do not think that whitening can fill, to any good purpose, those inevitable cracks and notches; *secondly*, we cannot so soon forget Whewell's morality and our own, as to countenance any such provocations to profanity, as placing whitewash where it shall do harm to student broadcloth. But these objections and a thousand others, are made on the score of morality and utility. Let us look at the matter in its bearings on good taste.

If there is any place where rooms should have just that substantial, venerable air which lath and plaster cannot give, it is in a structure making some architectural pretensions, and belonging to an old and honored university. We may fairly look for an age of two or three hundred years for a hall so well built as the one in question. The old chapel, (now the Athenaeum,) and South Middle College, have weathered the storms of a century, and, although of brick, and subject to much harder wear than the new building, are not yet completely worn out. The age, then, which the new structure is likely to attain, would really seem to warrant some corresponding interior finish.

Now let us make the pecuniary premises which the condition and usages of the Societies allow, and, on common principles, deduce what should be done. The Societies will probably expend in the fitting up of their halls, within two or three years, at least a thousand dollars. This is low evidently, judging from their past history when single appropriations of a greater amount have been made, and considering, too, that there is pledged to one Society, for this purpose, six or seven hundred dollars, which will be quickly equaled by the other. How should this money be expended?

If we follow what has generally been the mode of procedure, there will be some narrow sofas covered with a wonderfully scant veneering of thin

mahogany: there will be, very likely, some very poor fresco daubing on the plaster ceiling; there will be, undoubtedly, vast expanses of pine painted in sickly imitation of a kind of oak never seen by a human being. The members will, undoubtedly, be provided with a cheap magnificent carpet to trip their feet, and a brassy chandelier to bruise their heads. A President's desk, like those at present used, which, in order to suit some wonderful new revelations in architecture, shall continually prove its worthlessness for any good purpose, will undoubtedly cramp the future presiding officers, and teach all who speak from it hard lessons in Christian patience. We will lay a wager that three times as much will be spent in curled hair, in seat plush and in curtain cloth, with cords and tassels, as in all the other appointments together. In a word, there will be a room-full of sham, but not one old, substantial thing, to embody the spirit of the old Collegiate Gothic with which the massy outer doorway had impressed you—a mere repetition of the faded hangings of the old Linonian without the sanctity of its age,—a second edition of the glare playing on the dirty walls of the Brother's hall, without the pleasing and strengthening associations connected with the theatre of so many brilliant contests in wit and eloquence. It may be answered that these rooms, even as we have drawn them, (and we appeal to all concerned if the picture is not life-like,) will serve the main purpose, which is, to give a commodious hall for debate, but so did the old halls; so would a barn. We presume, however, that something in addition to this main requirement is expected; and now to our idea of a just expenditure of the funds which we have supposed each Society likely to use.

Out of a thousand dollars, we would have enough set aside to give temporary, necessary accommodations. The old carpets and furniture being used, two hundred dollars would certainly make the room habitable for five or six years. This having been done, let the remaining eight hundred be set aside for some specific purpose, and some more worthy purpose, too, than mere upholstery. A large portion, indeed the whole might be spent on a ceiling and wainscoting of black-walnut, substantial enough to last as long as the building will be used, and with such carving, here and there, as would raise College taste in the estimation of every visitor. In a few years, other things, each the best of its kind, would be added piece by piece. One year would give the ability to add a worthy President's desk, massive and carved into keeping with the surounding architecture; another year, seats solid and beautiful. Still another, something in the way, perhaps, of a chandelier of which the Society need not be ashamed; and when the time comes, according to the process just set

forth, something rich in that which is of least account—cushions and hangings.

All this could be done were it not that our Societies are in too great haste to become magnificent—a haste perfectly absurd, for there will be time enough—a haste which sickens one when he remembers what it has done for edifices, making such pretensions as Trinity and Grace Churches of New York, in the first of which the worshiper of Eternal Truth has an equivocation overhead, and in the last a lie all around. The plan we would see adopted, is the plan of the men who built the glorious old cathedrals and town-halls of continental Europe, where one generation did one grand, substantial thing, and the next another, until there grew up the noble edifices we now see. So would we have each College generation make some single contribution and take pride in it. There is then a legitimate growth—slow but sure—proved by all natural analogy, the only growth worth our trouble.

Let us not, then, spread our Society energy, in our first attempts, over too great a surface. Do not let us, by thus trying to do everything at once, cram our halls with shabby-genteel furniture, which, in a dozen years, will be replaced throughout with new, but let us make additions, little by little, as we can, which shall last long enough to become venerable. By the present system we inherit nothing of interest, but if the system just hinted at had been adopted, we might now have, in our halls, walls and furniture of intense interest. Could we introduce visitors among the veritable seats occupied by the greatest men of the Republic during their stay here,—could we point out the walls and roof beams as those which echoed their youthful eloquence—could we show even the old clock that ticked off the time allotted them, would not our halls have an infinitely greater value than at present? Would not this be worth more than worn out hair-cloth cushioning and scratched mahogany veneering, which, no matter how much loaded with the dust of ages, or marred by the scars of centuries, in appearance, could not, in sober reality, date back twenty years? W.

The Song of the Comet.

The Fire-God o'er Chaldea's plains
One heavenly journey more has rolled,
And, from his western sea-grave, stains
Each grassy mound and mead with gold:
As the bright dolphin's color glows
Thrice gorgeous with its final breath,
The Fire-God's evening radiance throws
Divine resplendence o'er his death.
Now the soft, mellow, sunshine bright
Bathes the whole plain with rosy light,
And purple, gold, or crimson fire,
Illumes each humblest grassy spire.
Now slowly slant these level rays
Aloft, but still their dazzling blaze
Beams with a softening splendor on
The grave of fallen Babylon,—
Now, these tall mounds are chill and dark,
Though here and there one silver spark
Behind its mates, hangs lingering yet
On some tall dome or minaret
In yon proud Baghdad; till at last,
Chased by the darkening shade that fast
Climbs the white spire, it but adorns
The highest cresent's sacred horns,
Then upward shoots.—The day is gone;
The loud muezzin's mournful tone
Rings from the highest minaret,
"Allah Akbar! The sun is set!"

But while within the city's wall
The faithful thousands hear the call,
Who is it, at this sacred hour,
What Jewish dog, or Christian Giaour
Who lies beneath the plantain-tree
Without, nor bows the reverent knee?
Alas! Al Hassan's Moorish name
Could naught but Moslem birth proclaim,
Yet he, who oft by clash of zel
Hath chased the flying infidel,
Now wanders banished, outcast, lone,
In sight of Baghdad—*once* his own!
Though deep his draughts of Persian lore,
As longed his thirsty soul for more,

Spurning, in spite the Imaum's threats,
Nativities and amulets
Himself had dared the veil to draw
  Which mysticism has ever thrown
O'er Allah's world, and Allah's law,
  And plucked new sweets, before unknown—
Had dared to think each sparkling star
  That spangled o'er Night's vest of blue
A glorious world of light, afar
  Did its revolving course pursue.
But ah! too soon by many an age
He read this bright, celestial page,
Doomed by the Caliph's stern command
To live—like the foul leper—banned—
Since these strange doctrines must, if true,
The Ghebers' hellish rites renew,
And light those star-adoring fires
Blood-quenchéd by their Moslem sires.
Three lonely, famished days have passed
Since Baghdad heard his footsteps last
Move reverent to the holy mosque,
Or gaily in the cool kiosk
Dance to the music wild and sweet
Of tymbalon and ziraleet:—
Alone, in view of Baghdad's towers:
Famished, where red pomegranate bowers
Blaze like a gory scimetar
'Mid groves of palm and tall chenar.
But now, when leaves the nightingale *
  Her day-bower in pomegranate groves,
And seeks her in the starlight pale
  The tufted palm so well she loves,
Al Hassan feels his sufferings cease
And o'er him steals refreshing peace
As when the sad nyctanthes' flower †
Breathes fragrance at the sunset hour.
Now with less painful step he walks
Among the crinkling, reedy stalks

* "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russel's Aleppo*—an authority which Mr. Shakspeare probably did not consult, when he said,

"It was the nightingale: * * * *
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree."

Romeo and Juliet, *III*, 5.

† "The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odor after sunset."—*Note to Lalla Rookh.*

Which like a fringéd border seem
Where Tigris hurls his arrowy stream,
Climbs the steep bank: then sinks to rest
'Neath a tall plane-tree's quivering crest,
Sunk in a lethargy divine
Like that of Shiraz' golden wine.
Still his old love within him burns,
And still his ardent gaze he turns
To those bright, glorious heavens above
He dared to reverence—dared to love.
As in that fearful dream he lies
And heavenward turns his dying eyes,
His senses change: those worlds of light
No more salute alone his sight:
A new, strange joy his spirit feels
As in sweet, silvery numbers steals
Harmonious o'er his raptured ears
A chanted music of the spheres!
But see! O'er those dark mounds, the haunt
  Of many a fearful Deeve and Ghole,
Still a new sight appears, to daunt
  Al Hassan's star-adoring soul.
As darkling up the vaulted sky
  Rises the glittering veil of Night,
What strange celestial portent high
  Lifts its long belt of snowy light—
Its head high o'er Chaldea's plain,
Far, far behind its dazzling train?
Al Hassan's brain seems still to ring
With that sweet, fearful murmuring,
But feels a thrill more fearful still
Though sweet as song of Israfil.*

On! on! on!
  By world, and planet, and sun,
In the glorious glee of my majesty
My ceaseless course with resistless force
  And lightning speed I run.
  Untamed, uncurbed, and free
  As I rove wherever I list
In my headlong chase o'er the realms of space
No laws bind me with their stern decree
Like the sluggish planets and moons that I see
  Content that they only exist.

* "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—*Sale.*

I hurl proud, withering scorn
At each dull, drowsy clod,
Nor deign to plod in the path once trod
As they in the track for ages worn.
But no kindling spark of ambition warms
Their heavy, gross, material forms,
Or feeling deforms by its passionate storms
The dull, dead calm of the ceaseless psalm
Which, untasting of joy and unmeaning of harm,
In their slow, staid march they chant.
They know not, those dull, trained dolts,
The rapture the Comet feels
With his form so gaunt and thin to haunt
The slow, sure stars, and with menace and taunt
Those pale scared orbs from their path to daunt
Like unbroken colts, with fearful jolts
In the soberest planet-wheels.
But the wandering Comet, I,
Exulting in vagrant glee,
Leave gladly to those their dullard repose;—
To them be the slow, sluggish life that they chose,
But my own merry roving to me.

Fly, fly, fly!
Through orbit, by orb and moon,
Not a moon nor an orb but I hurtle by
Or pause if I list, or distant or nigh,
As hither and thither in space I hie,
Some prank to play, or some mischief to spy,
Quick appearing, and vanishing soon.
Now near the red, regal sun
For a moment in awe I stand,
Whose dazzling disc since last I viewed,
Since last at whose terrible throne I stood,
The utmost star round its orbit grand
Strong-curbed by that mystic, majestic band,
Five-score full times has run.
And I pause, and I list, and I gaze:
And I gaze from this central, imperial place
O'er the wide, wide waste of limitless space,
And I see round me, proud Sun, and round thee
In a fearful, wildering maze,
Moon, planet and world resistlessly whirled
In the old, worn paths in which first they were hurled,
And on they haste in the wide, wide waste,
As though the world's raced and were chasing and chased;

So the globes of fire-blood course along
The starry arteries bright.
But I pause, and I gaze, and I hear;
And I list with a strange delight
To the heavenly harmony, clear and strong,
While space rings out with the choral song
Of each silvery-vocal sphere:
And I list, while celestial symphonies
Roll thundering down the vast abyss,
And the melody swells like myriad bells
In a jubilant chime of awful knells
Loud tolling down the limitless:—
But sweeping, rolling back
In tumultuous surge from the farthest verge
Of the circling Zodiac,
To this flood of harmony divine,
In a plaintive minor come strains diviner
From the remote lone-wandering orbs,
Whose waves with that jubilant flood combine,
Sweetly to soften and sadly refine
The great sound-sea which its music absorbs.

So I gaze, so I list as I pause;
But now slowly I turn from my post so bright,
Whence around and above into fathomless night,
From the central orb shoots the thick dense light;
And lothly I turn, because
I have lingered too long at the terrible shrine,
I have listened too long to the strains divine,
Chimed by the melodious stars that shine
Through the crystal diaphane;
For far, far too bright, in its whelming might,
Is the hot, hot light for a comet's weak sight,
And I feel in his proud disdain,
The Sun-God my arrogant nearness to spurn,
And unwilling, awe-stricken, I feel that I turn,
Driven on by an unknown power;
While all my particles thrill and burn,
And I moan, as I tremble and cower;
And slowly, reluctantly sweeping along,
I keep tune with my wailing, departing song,
In the heavenly symphony;
And dimmed is the sheen of my glittering train,
And its lordly length begins to wane,
As it shudders and shrinks in its flaunting vain,
And flutters in fear from me.

Far, far, far,
In the depths of the infinite,
Where the white-winged car of the farthest star
Wheels on its circuit bright—
Beyond where the grand and motley host
Of the constellations stand,
Each one at his ancient kingly post,
Unmoved, when the universe changes most,
By Time's remorseless hand—
Beyond where ORION proudly bears
His mace and sword before myriad globes—
Where the zone that the cinctured VIRGIN wears,
Clasps brightly around her sparkling robes—
Where the horns of TAURUS are white with foam,
And the LION's eyes flash heavenly flame,
And the prowling BEAR seems still to roam,
In quest of the planets so scared and tame—
Where blazes the SCORPION's blood-red star,
And the Bearer spills stars from his water-jar;
I turn my eyes and I turn my course,
I must speed me on with untiring force,
And I may not rest, until
I have passed where these terrible warders stand,
Beneath, above, and on every hand,
To guard the bounds of this system grand,
With menace so fearful and still;
Till I lave and cool my withered form
That was scorched in a region all too warm,
Like a moth in the candle's flame,
In that crystal sea of eternal day
Which millions of millions of leagues away,
Appears but a milk-pale chariot-way,
For beings of heavenly frame.
And I may not rest, though my wavy train
Be shattered and torn in my toil of pain,
As I dash by the rolling spheres—
Though fair Venus spread her witchingest wiles,
Arrayed in her loveliest starry smile—
Though Imperial Jove in his sweeping might,
With each glorious full-orbed satellite,
Bear fiercely down my impulse light,
And stay me for scores of years,
I must thither bend my weary flight
Where the Galaxy's tide appears.

See! see! see!
What bright, fair thing is this,

So fair and bright, it must surely be
The abode of serenest bliss.
'Tis a glorious globe of purest green,
Where its face peeps coyly through
Its fleecy cloud-veils silvery sheen,
And there rolls and tosses in frolicsome spleen,
Yet lovingly clings to its orb, I ween,
An ocean of dark deep blue.
'Tis the EARTH—round the SUN that centres all,
'Tis the loveliest orb that rolls,
But nobler far than each rolling ball
Is its freight of precious souls;
For mightier far than the mightiest star,
Are those myriad spirits there;
And I pine to think how frail *we* are,
And would fain their earthliness share,
For when planets and suns shall fade away,
To original chaos given,
For them commences eternal day
With the Author of all in Heaven.

Slowly the phantom sinks behind the hill,
While new, strange hopes Al Hassan's bosom fill,
That from his clay his bruised soul should rise,
To live when stars are faded from the skies. K.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Forenoon.

1. Latin Oration, "De Eloquentia Americana," by CARROLL CUTLER, *Windham, N. H.*
2. Dissertation, "Athenian Democracy and Modern Republicanism," by HENRY E. HOWLAND, *Walpole, N. H.*
3. Oration, "The Huguenots," by THOMAS G. RITCH, *Stamford.*
4. Dissertation, "Our Indebtedness to the Sixteenth Century," by EDWARD WILBERFORCE LAMBERT, *New York City.*
5. Oration, "Archimedes," by WILLIAM REED EASTMAN, *New York City.*

6. Oration, "The Pupilage of Nations," by HORATIO W. BROWN, *Burdett, N. Y.*

7. Dissertation, "The Conflicts of an Inquiring Mind," by WILLIAM B. DWIGHT, *Constantinople, Turkey.*

8. Oration, "Rome under the Emperors, and Rome under the Popes," by WILLIAM HUTCHISON, *Chester Co., Pa.*

9. Dissertation, "The Grandeur of Life," by JOHN MILTON WOLCOTT, *West Springfield, Mass.*

10. Dissertation, "War in its Relation to the Progress of Civilization," by JOHN C. SHACKELFORD, *Glasgow, Mo.*

11. Dissertation, "Cervantes," by ALEXANDER STEVENSON TWOMBLY, *Boston, Mass.*

12. Dissertation, "The True Thinker," by STARR H. NICHOLS, *Danbury.*

13. Dissertation, "Characteristics of the Present Age," by BENNETT JASON BRISTOLL, *Naugatuck.**

14. Dissertation, "The Character of Thomas Jefferson," by ABRAM ELISHA BALDWIN, *Cornwall.*

15. Oration, "The Union of Enthusiasm and Principle," by SAMUEL WALKER, *Downington, Pa.*

16. Dissertation, "The Influence of Science in the Modification of Labor," by ERSKINE N. WHITE, *New York City.*

17. Oration, "The King behind the Throne," by GEORGE F. NICHOLS, *Greenfield.*

18. Oration, "Heresies in Philosophy," by LEMUEL STOUGHTON POTWINE, *East Windsor.*

Afternoon.

1. Greek Oration, "Λεωνίδας ἐν Θερμοπύλαις ἐπὶ μάχην παροξύνων," by WILLIAM H. FENN, *Charleston, S. C.*

2. Dissertation, "Our Country," by JAMES WILLIAM HUSTED, *Bedford, N. Y.*

3. Dissertation, "True Manhood," by STEWART L. WOODFORD, *New York City.*

4. Oration, "Charlemagne," by ORSON C. SPARROW, *Colchester.*

5. Dissertation, "Invention and Reason," by ERASTUS LYMAN DE FOREST, *Watertown.*

6. Oration, "Hernando Cortes," by GEORGE DE FOREST LORD, *New York City.*

7. Oration, "Shelley," by J. MORGAN SMITH, *Glastenbury.*

8. Dissertation, "The Middle Classes," by JOSEPH WARREN WILSON, *Natick, Mass.**

9. Dissertation, "William Wilberforce," by JOHN WORTHINGTON HOOKER, *New Haven.*

10. Oration, "The Manifest Destiny," by WILLARD CUTTING FLAGG, *Paddock's Grove, Ill.*

11. Oration, "What the Trees Say," by LEANDER H. POTTER, *Rockford, Ill.*

12. Poem, "Zenobia," by JAMES KITTREDGE LOMBARD, *Springfield, Mass.*

13. Dissertation, "The Triumphs of the Baconian Philosophy," by JAMES EDWARD RAINS, *Nashville, Tenn.*

14. Philosophical Oration, "The Conventional," by WILLIAM HENRY NORRIS, Jr., *New Haven.*

* Excused.

DEATH OF ALEX. F. OLMSTED.

At a meeting of the Students in the Department of Philosophy and the Arts, held Monday, May 9th, to express their sentiments in relation to the decease of their late fellow student, Mr. A. F. Olmsted, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, in the all-wise counsels of our Heavenly Father, it has pleased him to remove from us by death, Alexander Fisher Olmsted, late a member of this Department—

Resolved, That while we bow before the hand that smites us, we deeply deplore the loss to us of a friend, whose disposition so pre-eminently amiable and generous, and whose characteristic willingness to oblige at whatever sacrifice, have endeared him to the recollection of all who knew him; and we regret the loss to the world of one just in the bloom of manhood, whose scientific attainments, untiring industry, and firm Christian principles, gave so fair a promise of a useful and honorable life.

Resolved, That to the afflicted family we tender our heartfelt sympathies, and trust that in their bereavement they will find much consolation in the full assurance we have, that what is our present loss has been to him an eternal gain.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

C. D. SEROPYAN, Chairman.

C. L. IVES, Sec'y.

Editor's Table.

——"I would derive the name *Editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called."—*The Biglow Papers.*

AND in good sooth, gentle reader, the present is an occasion when peculiarly the Editor would fain "esteem himself called" to the occupation above alluded to, rather than that other which public sentiment usually assigns him. Still, however, opposed to an entrancing vision of indolent after-dinner repose, there rise up before the mental sight of the unhappy Editor, grim visions of the devil unappeased, of an "appreciating public" eternally embittered with disappointment, of the entire editorial *corps*, "fierce as *four* furies," wreaking dire vengeance on the delinquent. Here though, in this last group of the fearful picture, there is suggested to me one thought of consolation, for am not I, or (for an Editor *must* be either egotistic or *we*gotistic) are not we at least the equivalent of that dread group! Are not the individual *we* at this present emphatically the Bored of Editors! (*There's* where I haäved them.)

This last successful sally of humor however, hath a salutary effect on the Editor, and causeth him to wax good humored, so that he concedeth that perhaps he hath performed the one duty to such an extent during vacation, that he cannot complain that the other duty cometh now.

And as to that vacation, reader mine, how did *you* spend it? Alas! poor fellow, you couldn't answer if you would—you don't know the pleasure and the dignity of wielding "that tremendous engine, the public press;" but you may be interested to know how the Editor spent it—which was in rustication. The Editor never tried this in term-time, but is so well pleased with the experiment in vacation, that he is firmly resolved to try it this very term. N. B. After Presentation Day.

It was a very calm and unimpassioned style of pleasure, was this ruralizing, very like one long, blissful after-dinner *siesta*, of at least two weeks duration. There was quiet lounging on sofas "in the house," and placid discourse with them, (with whom?) there was unscholarly and discursive, but very vacation-like reading-where-ever-he-liked, in the forty octavos of the "Living Age"—and what a store of every thing good in reading is that for vacation times or all times! Surely a man must almost live an age to be satiated with the product of the last two lustruma. There were sleepy May-day strollings, diversified occasionally with episode of interest. Such was that in which the Editor, remote from "home," and overtaken by a shower, seeks shelter in a friendly farm-house; the good-wife in the parlor-kitchen, in the midst of pie-making, striketh up with the "college young gentleman" a conversation unto edification on the state of religious feeling at the University, who however speedily bendeth his gaze toward a somewhat un-rural and comely damsel, apparently of "sweet sixteen" or a little beyond, on the other side the fire-place, who tendeth with almost maternal care a bright-eyed youngster, whom the Editor at once decides to be the fair damsel's youngest brother. Editor admires the filial affection which thus assists the parental culinary efforts—and exclaims, (mentally,) "Felix pi-etate natæ!" Enters at once into animated discourse on babies in general; endeavoring to show his knowledge of the subject, is somewhat surprised at the indignation his polite inquiries meet with, when he asks how many teeth the baby has, and whether it can walk yet, (baby between three and four months old;) succeeds in mollifying indignation by giving baby his watch to play with, and allowing it, after frantic efforts to dash the watch upon the hearth, to practice gymnastics in his (Editor's) hair. (N. B. Editor has by nature about an equal affection for babies, toads, and snakes.) Editor concludes after a few minutes more that, though not given to self-flattery, it would not be going too far to say that he had made a decidedly favorable impression. Proceeds very skillfully to turn the conversation upon country life and scenery; quotes from Horace, (in English,) "O fortunati nimium," &c. "Oh yes, but I don't live in the country now. I've only been up home for the last five or six weeks for a visit." (Dreadful suspicion flits vaguely across the Editor's mind.) "Indeed! Quite a long stay in the country, especially at this season?" Damsel, (smoothing the horrid little baby's bald head,) "Yes. Quite so. I presume my husband will think so, when he sees me next week." Editor walks to the door, and surveys the clouds—thinks the rain has held up so far that it will do for him to go on. Turns to make parting salutation to the old lady in question,—sees her in the act of taking the first batch from the oven; singular coincidence, they were just *done!* Editor relates his adventures

upon arriving home; is unable to see what "the girls" find to laugh at in them—*he* didn't laugh!

The Editor, however, tries also equestrianism—that is, he indulges in extensive expeditions on pony-back. (Editor declines to narrate how he makes *just one* essay on the mountainous* ridge, by courtesy called the back, of a certain elephantine animal, taken for the occasion from more useful agricultural employment, and how without a single moment of preparation, he is launched from the back of his faithful courser (qu. coarser?) on to his own back, and recovering himself to an indistinct sound of something like "Quadrupedante," &c., he walks home not quite three miles, a good deal "more in sorrow than in anger." Editor don't like to think of this—'twas *so* discreditable to the horse; but he resolved then and there to stick to the pony in future—it didn't seem to be his gift to stick to the horse.)

Pony succeeded however admirably; in fact, he seemed to throw himself, (*there* the acute observer will discern wherein he differs from his projectile predecessor.) Mounted on Pony the Editor makes triumphal progresses through the streets of every village within ten miles' radius, and finds it very easy to "phansy the feelinx" of Napoleon entering Vienna. He takes also a grim delight, when questioned as to the proprietorship of the noble charger, in flinging a quotation from Horace at the defenseless skull of his impolite interrogator, "Pone *meum* est," and then pegging along the road at a rate that leaves to the astonished rustic a view only of a confused maze of tail and bushy fetlocks. (N. B. The word "corned" evidently derived from that confused state of the brain in which it is said to be in a maize.)

To say nothing of the occasional relaxation of a Sunday, in staring out of countenance a large young lady of decided personal appearance, who "wabbled" in the choir, the Editor was in the country long enough to appreciate and enjoy the following touching lines from a "cotrumpery" down South. They are suggested by the complaint of a Colonel or Judge Somebody (every body in that part of Georgia is either judicial or military) that some scoundrel had been slitting the ears of his darling pig, with the evident intention of "cutting and coming again." In other words, he had served poor piggy precisely as melancholy served the youth in Gray's Elegy—had "marked him for his own." Hear the indignant burst of heartfelt sympathy:—

"Oh, ever *thus*, since childhood's hour,
  Ve've seen *our* fondest hopes decay;
Ve never raised a calf or cow, or
  Hen that laid an egg a day,
But it vos 'marked' and took away!
  Ve never fed a sucking pig,
To glad us vith its sunny eye,
  But ven 'twas grown up fat and big,
And fit to roast, or boil, or fry,
  Ve couldn't find it in the sty!"

The above overflows with tenderness and pathos; the great West, however, will surpass it in true sublimity. We have before us a small sheet entitled "The Light

* Instar montis equum. Virg. Æn. ii, 15.

of the Age," and bearing date Cincinnati, January, 1853. This document is wholly made up of communications from a single individual, addressed for the most part to (then) President FILLMORE, whom the author of the Proclamations claims to have deposed as a monster of iniquity, and to have founded a new empire by express command from Heaven, in token whereof he signs himself "The Constitutional Citizen," "The Prince of Peace," "The Constitutional Freeman," "The Lord over Esau," "The Constitutional and Theocratic Rees E. Price." The last article is a letter headed "IRONY," and addressed "to his Excellency Millard Fillmore." After dealing with this gentleman pretty severely in prose, he finally winds up with the following rather vague, but very fine piece of objurgation:—

"The Beast of the Pit—O! the Beast of the Pit,
O! Fillmore of Light, Help the Beast in thy flight,
O! Give him his doom, If in hell there be room;
In despair and affright, See! his hair is upright.
In the hold of thy Ship, Sink him down with a whip.
Let him know thee a Whig, Dress him down like a Pig.
In the Gulf, be aware, Lift him from despair,
And when you are done, Push him into a gun,
Then ring the great bell, And shoot him to hell.
With high regard for the obedient,
I have the honor to be the
Upper Foreign Minister,
the Constitutional Citizen,
Rees E. Price."

Rather strong, ain't it! But at the same time there is a studious politeness about it, that must be withering to its unhappy object—when he sees it.

Long will Yale College have to remember the trembling anxiety which pervaded her halls for the day or two succeeding the terrific railway slaughter of the 6th instant. But thanks to an overruling Providence, those fears were groundless; for not one of the hundreds hastening back to the opening session was involved in the calamity of that ill-fated train. But shocking as this occurrence seems, there yet mingles something of ludicrousness in the following ready ascription of liberality to the Corporation under which the disaster occurred. "Mr. Whistler, the active Superintendent, has caused fifty coffins to be procured *at the Company's expense!*"

A Correspondent (would there were more such!) sends the following rythmical version of an old anecdote. He intitules it

A FIELD FOR LAWYERS.

One cold winter's day in the old Nutmeg state,
A bevy of lawyers sat round an inn grate,
The thought of good fees was a foe to all sorrow,
For a court was to open its session the morrow.

In the midst of their laughter there entered a man,
(His like you'd not find from Beersheba to Dan!)
He looked like (I hope Greece will not think me rude,)
The timber that holds up Pythagoras' food.
In vain did he seek for a share of the heat,
For the lawyers as usual had filled every seat.
A waggish disciple of Blackstone and Coke
Thought the Yankee would furnish a capital joke,
And said, "my good friend you're a traveler, I know;
Did you e'er to the land of *Old Nicholas* go?"
A villainous smile played upon the rogue's face—
He replied, "I have seen the outskirts of the place."
"Ah well, brother Jonathan, what saw you there?
Were the people like you, just as graceful and fair?"
"To be *brief*, ('twouldn't *suit* you to tell the whole *case*,)
By the *verdict* of all 'tis a terrible place,
But there's one thing I'll say, since you so much desire,
The *lawyers*, as usual, sit *nearest* the *fire!*"

Coke apud Lyttleton.

Speaking of taverns, reminds us of a "little incident" related to us the other day by that amusing young gentleman, —— ——, Esq., (you probably know him,) in which he himself bore some slight part. Those of our readers who attended the Regatta last fall, at the lake with the unrythmical name, may possibly recollect the large demand there was, sometimes in fact exceeding the supply, for bottles of a peculiar description and label, at every stopping-place on the route. "In view of this fact," the chronicle proceeds: "That the amusing young gentleman in question, shortly after reaching home, having one day indiscreetly left a pile of tavern-bills on his table, enjoyed the pleasure on his return, of finding them in the act of being examined by a paternal 'Committee on Finance.' He endeavored to look unconcerned,—perhaps he succeeded; till finally relieved by the paternal investigation appearing to be satisfactorily closed, with the remark—'Well, Sam, it's all very well; but there's just one item at every hotel I can't precisely understand—such very heavy charges for "Porter," when you'd only *one small carpet bag!*"

Reader, we should not be doing our duty as conductors of a Literary Magazine, were we to close without asking, Have you read YUSEF? If not, then do so immediately, so that when you do read it, as you certainly will sooner or later, you may not reproach yourself with having postponed an absolute enjoyment. Of all travelers in the East, for pleasure in perusal, we place first Sir John Maundeville; and second, Mr. Ross Browne. Again we repeat the injunction, read the book at once, and by all means, for there will be a two-fold enjoyment in it; you will gratify yourself and YUSEF will gratify you.

EDITORS' FAREWELL.

The Editors of '53, in giving up their charge, will inflict no long farewell exhortations on their Patrons. All who have aided them, by articles contributed or otherwise, they thank most heartily. Among these, they would mention especially Mr. JAMES K. LOMBARD, of the Class of '54, who has devoted much valuable time to make the "LIT." readable. With great respect and a thousand good wishes for all,

ALFRED GROUT,
GEORGE A. JOHNSON,
CHARLTON T. LEWIS,
BENJAMIN K. PHELPS,
ANDREW D. WHITE.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

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THE

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BY THE

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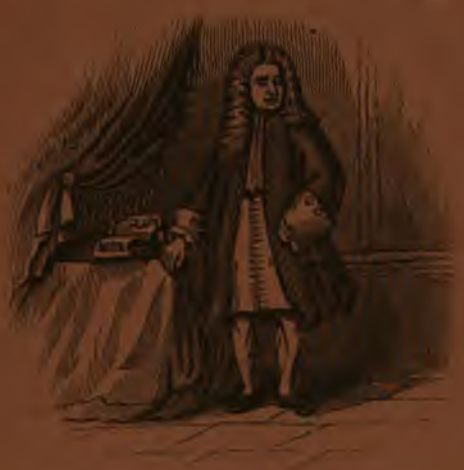

"Dum mens grata manet, memor laudisque Valentes
Canitabunt Nosoles, unanimique Patres."

JUNE, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

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MDCCCLIII.

CONTENTS.

TO OUR READERS.

In the present number, we appear before you for the first time as editors of the "Yale Literary Magazine." We need not speak to you of its history and value, nor need we say but a word respecting our aims in conducting it.

It shall be our object, trusting to the co-operation of those who are interested in Literature at Yale, to sustain the hitherto high character of the Magazine. Especially should we endeavor to make it College-like. Philosophy and politics no one can expect to be discussed—ably discussed—in a College Magazine. So far, however, as these more solid subjects may be adapted to the plan and scope of the Magazine, we shall take pleasure in setting their discussion before you. The monotony, which might otherwise characterize our pages, shall be avoided by the occasional insertion of humorous contributions.

For the honor which a kind expression of Class feeling has conferred upon us, we tender our profound acknowledgments. Should the Magazine, whilst under our control, contribute to the dignity and excellence of Yalensian literature, and present to the Collegian a true type of his manner of thought and feelings, our aims shall have been reached, and our ambition gratified.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLARD C. FLAGG,
JOHN W. HOOKER,
WILLIAM S. MAPLES,
LEMUEL S. POTWIN,
CHARLES T. PURNELL.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. JUNE, 1853. No. VII.

John Randolph.

IRREGULARITIES in human character, as in natural scenery, arrest the attention. However beautiful the landscape, wearied by its sameness, we readily turn to behold a rude and shapeless cliff; interesting, because it is novel and grand.

Could we imagine human characters taking the form of external things, or more properly, assuming the shape of that which we see *out* of ourselves, a scene, varied as that of the physical world, would be presented us. Here would be deformity—there symmetry; in one place beauty—in another, strength. Everywhere we should behold *combinations* of the elements, deformity, symmetry, beauty, strength.

The ratio in which he possessed the best of these attributes, would become the criterion by which to judge the man. We would say, this man is great, because he is good; that man, because of gigantic intellect. One is distinguished by a symmetrical, or well-balanced organization. Another, because isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind, and incapable of classification.

In looking over our human landscape (if allowed the expression) we desire to call the attention of others to an object, which has often arrested our own.

The name of John Randolph suggests quaintness, eloquence, sarcasm,

and a host of idiosyncracies. Many apologies present themselves for the singular conduct of this truly extraordinary man. Waiving, however, any mention of his noble lineage, and his early prejudices, let us dwell only upon the matured, chivalrous, eccentric, and eloquent John Randolph of Roanoke.

We find him entering upon life, surrounded by illustrious men,—his friends and relatives. His education was one of experience and observation. Politics he studied and learned among the wise and great, of his own family circle. Statesmanship he saw daily practiced and illustrated in Congress. In fact, he may be said to have graduated in our National Assemblies. The locality of Congressional meetings was the locality of his alma mater.

His political creed was based upon a compound of Burkite and Jeffersonian principles. He was Thomas Jefferson minus Paineism. If he did not worship, he at least believed that there was a God who "rules in the affairs of men." He was a *practical* man, which may not be so confidently asserted of Mr. Jefferson. War, with him, was a terrible reality; with Mr. Jefferson, a political dream, or problem.

Such an acquaintance with Mr. Randolph's *first principles*, furnishes a clue to his course in our National Councils. History will tell us how far he was a statesman. Bred in the school of those who lay much stress upon descent, he is represented as tenacious of forms, and attached to that chivalry, which in his time particularly marked the sons of the "old dominion." He almost worshiped the *principle* of Republicanism; but was singularly *exclusive* in his individual taste. Nor can we here accuse him of inconsistency; for, one of an ancient and highly educated family, he was doubtless more refined in manner and mind, than the mass of men in his day. Innate disgust for impudence, or *smallness* of any description, characterized the man. Hence, we are often inclined to reproach his severity, or arraign him for misanthropy. A freedom of expression, natural to him, may have often made its victim his enemy, where it should have made him his friend: for it is a truth, that John Randolph was keenly alive to his own faults, and those of his fellow creatures. No man could more easily detect, and more forcibly expose human frailty.

Randolph was a *prejudiced* man. Having surveyed, however, the circumstances of his early life, his associations and education, we are not astonished that he was a Virginia aristocrat. It is not strange that he should desire to be known, not as John Randolph merely, but "Randolph of Roanoke." He was prejudiced in favor of old English customs. He was prejudiced against certain sections of our own country. He was a

gentleman by birth and *code*. In these practical, common-sense days in which we live, *mechanical* gentility is justly going out of repute. Chivalry lies writhing under the torture of Cervantes, and Falstaff is held up to daily ridicule and contempt. This attachment to empty conventionalities, than which nothing is more burdensome to its supporters, or more perplexing to society, was a *weakness* of Mr. Randolph. But before we praise or censure the *man*, we should form a correct judgment of his *times*.

Mr. Randolph was a *sincere* man. Few knew him intimately. His caution and self-respect made him always guarded. To those of whom he knew nothing, his bearing was cold, but gentlemanly. His friends were (so to speak) his existence. Perhaps there never was a man so thoroughly different, as John Randolph among strangers, and John Randolph among friends. His letters afford the amplest proof of his sincerity. They *are* models of style; and, could feeling have a *model*, they would be models of feeling. We see in these communings of kindred souls, what the man really was. No morbid life is there. Nothing is spoken for *effect*. We feel, in reading his letters, especially those to a certain wayward, but gifted friend, that here are truly the outpourings of an earnest soul. While he acknowledges and laments his own faults, he gently probes the gaping imperfections of his friends, and pours in the healing oil of encouragement and good sense.

As an *orator*, Randolph ranks among the first of great Americans. He possessed, in an eminent degree, most of the requisites of oratory—excitability, good sense, lively imagination, striking personal appearance, fine manner, and voice, effeminate, yet searching and impressive. His oddities assisted, rather than injured the effect of his eloquence. Who has not heard of that *speaking* fore-finger? A great man's peculiarities become, in a manner, his arguments. Men learned to *believe* when Patrick Henry assumed his peculiar attitudes. That "sledge-hammer" gesture of Mr. Webster was an *argument* independent of the one which it enforced. Another source of Mr. Randolph's popularity as an orator, was the practical wisdom which he always displayed. He spoke of present necessity and policy, not of prospective good. His influence over the popular will grew, also, out of that knowledge which flows from association and acquaintance with the human heart. When he addressed his constituents at the "hustings," he spoke not as a demagogue, but as a patriot and political philosopher, warmed up by the justice of his cause. Independent of their depth and practical bearing, his speeches are worthy of admiration and study, as models of style. It rarely happens to

one to meet with figures so apt, and so well carried out. He frequently subverts his opponent's propositions by the appropriate use of a metaphor, or by some happy allusion. He darts suddenly upon his prey; he is immediately fatal, never torturing by prolonging the existence of his victim. If one were asked to describe his style, to say that it was a continuation of apposite metaphors, would not, indeed, seem inappropriate. True, such a style may appear, at first thought, both ridiculous and destitute of merit; but his metaphors and illustrations, taken chiefly from familiar objects, have a *suggestive* force, excusing, and even commending the frequency of their occurrence. This *pointedness* of expression was, in fact, a great cause of his success in oratory and literature. The daily avocations of life, the natural world, the world of art, seem alike to have spread out before him their wealth of illustration. Orator-like, when the occasion demands, he

> ——"Bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown,
> Turns them to shapes,"

producing argument and effect from airy nothing.

In forming an estimate of John Randolph's character, we are especially exposed to error. To use a common phrase, he "made a stir" in his day and generation. Probably his eccentricities made him more prominent before the people, than he or his friends desired. The mass of mankind forgot the refined orator, statesman, and gentleman Randolph, in contemplation of a great *public oddity*, connected with the same name. The rabble gave one history of him; men of learning and refinement gave another. Hence, we hear his biography recited in the drawing-room and the grog-shop. Some of the commonest vulgarisms of the day, should they possess any merit of sarcasm or wit, were immediately accredited to him. He complains, in a letter to a friend, of this undeserved reputation, and denies its justness. Mr. Randolph was often severe, but never ungentlemanly. The great defect in his character, was the want of uniformity. His feelings frequently dethroned his judgment. "Born an idiosyncracy," after events fed his morbid nature. Schemes in politics resulted contrary to his desires. Domestic troubles crowded thick upon him. He endeavored to bury his sorrows and his eccentricities in the shades of Roanoke; but his restless nature tormented him. The last years of his life call to mind the tossings of a sick man, crazed by the delirium of fever.

As a literary character, few men of his time were his superiors. Deeply read in all that was valuable in English and French, he added to these a

very thorough, though less extensive acquaintance with the ancient languages. Had not politics consumed the better portion of his life and labors, we should have no reason to blush on beholding Randolph occupying a full share of that eminence in American literature, which now adorns and is adorned by Washington Irving. C. T. P.

Thulia.

Smooth the waters, sparkling waters, in the sunlight lay,
Clear the sky and soft the breezes blowing o'er the bay,
When with freight of gentle ladies, and with gallant crew,
Swift our boat the curling ripples gayly glided through.
Merry party—strong and hearty, bend upon your oars,
Not the swelling breeze could waft us faster from the shores.
Give way bravely, mind your feather, pull together all,
And we hear but one soft dipping, as the bright blades fall.

Now we list to lively song from silver voices twain,
Joining sometimes in the chorus and the clear refrain:
Only oft the words are twisted, for the afternoon
Is not just the time for "rowing 'neath the silver moon."
Questions then are asked and answered, explanations made—
"This is starboard, that is larboard, thus we turn the blade;
Very easy, when you've learned it, is it thus to row,
And to make our boat like music o'er the wave tops go."

Now the bow is pointed shore-ward, shouts the captain "Strong!"
And the 'Rainbow' strokes propel us lustily along.
Oars are shipped, and out the bowsman leaps upon the sand;
Then the crew, and some quite gallant help the ladies land.
At your places, lift her stoutly, beach her high and dry,
And our graceful craft neglected, there awhile may lie.
Then along the shore we saunter, stopping now to rest,
Looking out beneath the branches, on the ocean's breast;
Swift and lightly speed the moments, while we talk and sing,
Or beneath the leafy covert at our leisure swing.
Puns are uttered prematurely, often very poor,
Names are *mis*matched very queerly, singing *Vive L'Amour!*
Till at length, all pleased and rested, soon the boat we reach,
And, by sturdy arms uplifted, slide her from the beach.

All embarked, once more we're gliding smoothly from the shore,
And our banner streaming proudly, as it streamed before.
Rest again upon your oars, and as we glide along,
Let us praise our boat and burden in a cheerful song.

SING, brothers, sing, as we float away,
Lightly adown the rippling bay:
See to the strokes of the dipping oar,
Swiftly we glide from the shelving shore.
Then pull, pull away, brothers, hearty and brave,
While proudly the THULIA cuts through the wave.
Our hearts are light, we know no care,
Save for the gentle freight we bear.
Soft, soft, soft, our oars in measured time
Rise and fall to music's ringing chime.

Sing, brothers, sing, while the ripples float
Gently around our gallant boat;
Gayly above the water's breast
Flash our feathered oars in rest.
Then sing, sing away, brothers, hearty and brave,
While lightly the THULIA rocks on the wave.
The sky is bright, our burden fair,
And light the toils which thus we share;
Still, still, still, upon the yielding tide,
Slow and smoothly down the bay we glide.

Voices low,—
Still and slow
Ripples flow.

SOFTLY dies away the music, then three ringing cheers,
Startling all the listening Mermaids, burst upon our ears;
And, while faint the shoreward echoes still repeat the sound,
Under way once more we gayly now are homeward bound!
Jokes are uttered, dull and sprightly, falling, some, like lead,—
Not the worst are those that issue from the 'figure-head.'
Songs are sung, and 'Trancadillo' ringing from the stern,
Answering oft to 'billow, billow,' lightens our return.

Nearer draws the distant city, nearer comes the night,
Tower and spire, in quick succession, all appear in sight;
Till with one strong pull together, swiftly up we glide
To the only landing left us by the ebbing tide:
And the last sweet notes of music, ere we homeward hie,
Reach us in the sentimental chorus of 'Good-Bye.' L.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Philosophy of Socrates, as Influencing the subsequent Philosophy of Greece.

BY GEORGE A. JOHNSON, SALISBURY, MD.

SOCRATES, the son of Sophroniscus, was born when Pericles was making his first appearance in public. Marathon and Salamis had been fought. The Persian kings had been humbled. Athens, the deliverer of Greece, was enjoying her proud ascendency.

The Socratic embraced the Golden Age. Science and the arts succeeded the heroism of other days. The fathers of Tragedy, and History, and Medicine, were living. The old man Sophocles was vindicating his sanity by his Œdipus Coloneus. Euripides was contending at the "dramatic Olympia." The son of Olorus was thinking of the Peloponnesian war. Anaxagoras was discoursing on the "Great First Cause, least understood." Aspasia was instructing the learned, in Rhetoric and in Politics. Pericles was pronouncing a funeral oration over the corpses of his heroic countrymen. Phidias was chiseling the Minerva and the Jupiter. Zeuxis was deceiving the birds with his pencil. Parrhasius was deceiving Zeuxis with his. The Parthenon was crowning again the Acropolis.

Every Athenian could go to the theatres. The State granted two oboli from the Theoric Fund. His mornings were passed at the Agora, the Assembly, the Courts, the Councils. Then followed the social evenings, and the literary symposia.

Did he wish to meditate? Here was "the olive grove of Academe." There was the "flowery hill Hymettus." Yonder Ilissus rolled "his whispering stream."

But the Socratic Age had its shame, as well as its glory. Certain teachers arrogated to themselves the proud title of Sophists. They subverted all principles by their quibbling dialectics. They elevated human ingenuity above god-like truth. Many of them were not unlearned. Hippias and Gorgias had made vast acquisitions of knowledge. Many of them taught not immorality, openly and directly. The moral fable of "the Choice of Hercules," was the principal theme with Prodicus. But they disputed for mere victory. Like Milton's Belial, they "could make the worse appear the better reason." They professed and taught it for a price. Human faith staggered. It fell. The question stood, Dialectics *versus* Truth.

What enabled the Sophists to produce this gross skepticism? Two evils existed in their reasoning. They *began* wrong. They laid their basis in mere assumption. They received the current maxims of the day as dogmas. "It was a fancy of knowledge, without the reality." They *proceeded* wrong. They indulged in petty quibblings and unmanly evasions. Broken links in the chain of reasoning were unseen for a cloud of words. Thus they became victors in debate. Thus human faith was shaken from its foundation.

But Socrates was unlike the Sophists. He did not dispute for mere victory. He was a devoted lover of truth. It was more beautiful to him than the Gnidian Venus. While perplexed by the false dialectics, he saw "γνῶθι σαυτον," on the Temple of Apollo, at Delphi. He began to commune with himself. Like Descartes, he turned skeptic to find out truth. He doubted until he could not doubt. He laid firm hold on the moral convictions. The eternal principles which they contemplate, he knew that no dialectics could reason away. Thus he stood forth, champion for the truth. He and the Sophists came to a wager of battle. One man put to flight a thousand. For he lifted up the Medusa-headed ægis. His enemies durst not look at it. *Truth above the false dialectics*—this was his victory over the Sophists.

He conquered next the Philosophers. "Γνῶθι σαυτον" had enabled him to discover truth in the world. But another problem remained to be solved. How far is truth attainable? What are the limits to the human mind? The Philosophy of Greece was *one-sided*. Like Aaron's rod, which swallowed the wands of the magicians, physics absorbed all science. It was *atheistic*. No adequate theory of causation was given. Matter was substituted for moral design, alike in the Orphic Hymns, the Poems of Hesiod, the Ionic and Italic schools. It was *speculative*. Philosophers sought some principle or element, by which to solve the problem of the universe. They resembled the alchemists of a later day. They founded their reasoning on sheer hypothesis. It was *unfruitful*. Thales and Pythagoras had made discoveries, but the results of inquiry into physical science were greatly disproportioned to the time which it monopolized. There was little theoretical knowledge. There was less practical benefit. Socrates knew these facts. He concluded that the human mind was *unadapted* to physical science.

After an interval of two thousand years, Francis Bacon lived. He gave to the world his experimental philosophy. Physical science is conducted now according to the right method. Its highest aim is the

welfare of man. Its triumphs illustrate the grandeur of modern civilization.

But Socrates discarded the philosophy of his day for another reason. Other truths were more *important* for his times. Moral evils cried out trumpet-tongued for reform. Of these, the principal *cause* was the popular religion. The very gods of Greece were in league against right. They fought against it with the thunder, the trident, the winged cap and the winged sandals. Zeus and Dionysus led the column. Men assisted. They learned to perpetrate on earth the licentiousness of Olympus.

Events during the Persian Invasion contributed to increase this depravity. When it began, Athens was a contented subject of the Lacedæmonian preëminence. When it closed, she was the first power in Greece. At one time, surrendering the altars of her Gods, the revered statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the green graves of her sires, to the fury of the barbarian, she had taken refuge within her wooden wall. At another time, she had borne down every rival, and illustrated her fame with Salamis, with Platæa, and with Mycale. But her change of fortune was too great. She became *drunk* with success. Asiatic luxury began to corrupt her citizens, and indolence to palsy the strength of her arm.

Other causes help to explain the moral phenomena of the times. The powers of the Court of Areopagus were diminished. The treasure of the allies was lavishly expended. All reputation was at the mercy of the old comedy. Woman was not exalted, as in the Homeric age. All principles were undermined by the quibbling dialectics of the Sophists. Philosophy had run mad. Thus skepticism and corruption became rife. It seemed a Pandora-box without hope. Wise men longed for the return of a former age, when Greece followed the palaestra and the field.

These considerations, the inadequacy of the mind to the physical inquiries of his day, and the greater importance of other truths for his times, produced the second triumph of Socrates. He proclaimed that "*the proper study of mankind is man.*" This was his victory over the Philosophers. Truth above the false dialectics, was his victory over the Sophists. Thus the change which he introduced, as to the objects of philosophizing, is known. He taught the world to find out truth, but especially the truth of man.

It was a new revelation. Philosophy had been proud. She had soared among the stars and the elements. She had listened to the music of the spheres. Man was beneath her notice. He groaned; but her ear was heavy. He entreated; but her heart was stone. Then Socrates spoke out. Man is more important than suns, or stars, or elements. He can

"The dark'ning universe defy,
To quench his immortality."

Straightway Philosophy hung down her head. She deigned to look at man. She asked him for his health. She went arm in arm with him to the agora. She talked and laughed with him at the theatres. She passed sleepless nights in planning for his welfare.

This change was important, not only as applicable to the times, but also as influencing the subsequent philosophy of Greece. Ethics received a scientific spirit of inquiry. They ceased to be comprehended within the few aphorisms of the seven wise men, and the sparse allusions in the epic, lyric, and tragic poetry. Truths, in moral philosophy and natural theology, became boldly prominent. Plato developed a contemplative morality. Aristotle projected a theory of the active virtues. May not these means have kept alive a religious feeling in the heart? May not the moral philosopher have been an appointed forerunner of Him who came "in the fullness of time?" May not the apostle's victory on Mars' Hill have owed something to the son of Sophroniscus?

Moreover, Socrates was the first that subjected every question to the light of universal science. From this starting point, subsequent philosophy went forward. It clearly distinguished object-matter into dialectics, physics, and ethics. It fully recognized the coëxistence and inter-communion of these sciences. This was an important truth. The merit belongs chiefly to Socrates, though something is due to Anaxagoras.

The son of Sophroniscus effected another change. He had repudiated the old dialectics, because they were available only for disputation and victory. Hence, it was necessary that he should substitute a new method which would elicit the truth. The Sophists founded their reasoning on arrogant assumption. Socrates laid his basis in the moral convictions. The Sophists indulged in petty quibblings, and unmanly evasions. Socrates proceeded cautiously by question and answer. He and his interlocutor carried on a process of investigation. Both arrived at the same conclusions. There was an entire absence of dogmatism.

But it was the *negative* part of his dialectics, for which he became most distinguished. He would ask, what is the honorable? what is the base? Numerous definitions would be improvised. He would interrogate by way of further analysis. He would cause the interlocutor to contradict himself. He would show his definition to be too wide, or too narrow. Moreover, he made free use of logical distribution, and of analogy. He classified and distinguished objects according to the genus, the subordinate genera, and the individuals. He tested the truth of an as-

sumption by parallel cases. Thus, he constantly limited the subject. But he left it negatively, rather than positively defined. *He substituted the proper order of investigation, analysis for synthesis, and used the dialogistic process.* This was his change as to the methods of philosophizing.

It was of vast importance to the times. Men were afraid to think for themselves. They supplicated the gods to act as their proxy. They were complete automata. The Socratic Elenchus gave them analytical acumen. It developed their faculties. They became philosophers.

Moreover, the intellect needed purification. It was surfeited with false sentiment. It was corrupted by authority and example. The Socratic Elenchus forced opinions to a test. It was adapted for a thorough purgation. It opened the way for truth. Socrates did the same for moral and political science, that Bacon did for physics. Both carried on an experimental process. Both removed old abuses. Both prepared the mind for positive results.

It is a method of eternal value. It makes the great men of to-day. They question their knowledge. They subject it to every variety of combination. They make it account for itself. They first clear away with the negative arm of dialectics. Then they build with the positive arm. They raise a Doric column of perfect symmetry. The base corresponds to the die, the die to the shaft, the shaft to the capital. Our own country can boast of such men. The turf is not full-grown on their graves. One of them sleeps at Marshfield; another at Ashland.

But this method was important as influencing the subsequent philosophy of Greece. It enlarged beyond comparison the number of dominant minds. All the schools were Socratic in origin. They lasted till the edict of Justinian, a thousand years. The teachers at the Academy, and at the Lyceum; Aristippus, and the philosophers of the Porch; Diogenes, and Euclid of Megara—all traced their legitimacy to the son of Sophroniscus. They all bore a certain resemblance to their great progenitor. They all had a kind of family likeness among themselves. *They reflected.*

This freedom of thought gave rise to a diversity of systems. So it did after the reformation of Luther. So it has done through the whole of European civilization. But it has illustrated the grandeur of human progress. Where this reflection has not existed, some exclusive principle has become predominant. Immobility has followed. This is verified in the physics of the ancients, the caste and theocracy of Asia, and the infallibility of the Romish Church. Diversity accompanies reflection. Reflection is the condition of progress. So in the myth, the waves roared.

Their dark waters fought. They became crested with foam. Thence was born Aphrodite, the Goddess of beauty.

Reflection is the legitimate and inevitable effect of the Socratic Elenchus. Thus, the change which Socrates introduced as to the objects and methods of philosophizing, may be characterized. *It was reflection applied to find out truth; but especially, the truth of man.*

Socrates had now done his work. An accusation of impiety, and of corrupting the youth, is brought against him. He is condemned to die. The execution of the sentence is delayed by some religious ceremony. At length the Theoric Galley is seen off Sunium. It reaches the Piræus. Does he tremble? Does he supplicate for life? No! No! In his youthful days he had seen service at Potidæa, at Delium, at Amphipolis. He is now weak with age; but the truth makes him strong. Crito may weep. Xanthippe may weep. The officer may weep. But Socrates, the founder of the logical and moral schools of Athens, weeps not.

He drinks the hemlock. He dies. History, thou hast done him injustice! He only shook off the ungainly exterior of the satyr. He is as well known to-day, as when standing in the agora at Athens. He can

"The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality."

Inconnue.

INCONNUE, *inconnue*, I am thinking of thee,
A murmur of music has floated to me,
So sweet was its cadence and silver its tone
That a spell of entrancement around me was thrown.

Did it come o'er the wave from some wonderful shell,
In the caves where the Sea Nymphs and Mermaidens dwell?
Did regions ethereal give it its birth,
Or was it the song of a daughter of earth?

I never may know whence the melody came,
I never may see thee, or utter thy name,
But still in my thoughts thou art present to view,
And I *dream* thou wilt not be for aye *inconnue*.

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Cervantes.

To deduce from abstractions their true value in the concrete and the practical, demands genius of a high order; to make and apply these deductions, argues superior endowments. Cervantes not only refined upon the idea of the burlesque, by severe contemplation of its philosophy, but he demonstrated in actual application, the power of humor to reclaim and elevate the intellect. He found his age foolishly romantic; he left it, at least wise to its own folly. The sunshine of his wit had melted away the fantastic frostwork of romance, and vivified the latent germs of a more solid literary taste. To trace the process of this transition, claims our present attention. In every period of society, the sentiments of chivalry have been more or less operative, but in Spain, from its peculiar political and social condition, these sentiments, lofty in themselves and embellished by the softer refinements of courtesy, became extravagances; thus was Spain emphatically, the land of romantic chivalry. The religious element, fostered by wars against Islamism, sanctioned, while the laws of the land legalized Knight Errantry, and an atmosphere of romance seemed to intercept the rays of reason, and tint them with unnatural hues. When the lance and target became gradually modernized into musket and cartouch-box, then the old love of the marvelous gave birth to a corresponding taste for tales of wonderment and extravagance; faith in them was strengthened by tradition, and a disposition naturally romantic; the reader gave himself up to the illusion, and by a too credulous intercourse with fantasies, lost all relish for more healthful literature. An individual or a nation thus enthralled, the sensibilities become warped, the muscles of the mind enervated, and a full development is impossible. Such was the captivity of the age. The emergency was threatening. Cervantes successfully confronted it. But his work was a delicate one, demanding acute penetration into the secret springs of human action; the disease of the age needed medicine, mingled with peculiar discrimination; a moiety too much would nauseate; an ingredient too mild would destroy the effect; Cervantes theorized upon, and examined the disordered intellectual anatomy of his nation, and the result was a remedy! By pandering to the popular taste; by gratifying the whims of national caprice, Cervantes might have purchased distinction and wealth; but he chose the nobler, though seemingly less remunerative purpose, of restoring his country's mental vigor; the decision has ranked him among the truly great!

The feeling of the ridiculous has a strong tendency to overturn those nobler qualities and finer susceptibilities, which have the lawful mastery over the mind. The habit of seeing things in a ludicrous light, often makes aggressive movements upon principles held sacred by the wise and good. How dangerous to society, is such a perversion of wit! The raillery of Aristophanes sadly biased the public mind, and originated the persecution of the unimpeachable Socrates. Had Cervantes thrown the reins over the neck of his humor, its wild vagaries might have trampled down the rich fruitage of thought instead of its weeds alone; but he felt himself a Reformer; his satire had in it, a purpose; it was directed against the false taste of the age. His wit was heightened by a strong sense of its necessity; lurking under an odd similitude, or an uncouth conceit, he hid severe censure. He ridiculed seriously and grandly! Moreover, mark the prudence of his plan. He angered by no direct expostulation; knowing that pride refuses to stir before arrogated authority, but that it goes readily, when seeming to have its own way, he cloaked sly satire under gravity of style, and left men to apply for themselves, the blame to their own case. The incongruity of his writings with real fact, was a parody on the habits of the times. In Don Quixote, was burlesqued the mass of romance readers of that day; the author made them ridiculous in their own eyes, without seeming to bestow upon them a passing thought. Don Quixote's faith in the reality of chivalrous romance, was but their own; his extravagant acting in accordance with his belief, made such belief ludicrous in the extreme, and contempt for his folly reacted upon their own minds, when they felt that his permanent inconsistency in action, and their own inconsistency in emotional bursts of feeling over romantic story, were but one and the same in nature, varying only in issue.

But the reform to be effectual must be comprehensive; the taste of a whole nation must be modified; romance reading was the dissipation of the high, the bane of the low. Cervantes realized all this, and uttered chivalrous sentiments for the high-minded by the mouth of his principal hero; a hero, whose enthusiasm, though ill-directed, was noble; whose very dreams were the dreams of a magnanimous heart, and whose aspirations were too lofty to do battle with the realities of life.

For the learned, Cervantes had indirect instruction and original criticism; his strictures upon literature were bold, but just. With the truly refined, his profound acquaintance with true principles of taste, gained him ascendency. In Don Quixote, he combined with the finer inconsis-

tencies, which cultivated understandings seize upon with avidity, those broad strokes of the humorous, at which the peasant laughs outright.

He descended to no low ribaldry, for the true poetry of chivalry which animated his soul, shrunk back from its unholy touch, but by a universality of tact, he gained the ear, and won the heart of a large and proud nation. Thus did Cervantes leave a mark upon his age, and the work showed his strong faith in what is most valued in our nature. But the impulses of his nature could not be walled in by the limits of a century; he discerned other follies than those peculiar to his own age, and has left for every eccentricity of human nature, an appropriate rebuke; to correct the temporary errors of his countrymen, was his one idea, but with an almost prophetic judgment, he wrote for all times.

Satire against local conventionalisms, rarely survives its sting; against principles, it is coëxistent with them. Cervantes ridiculed causes, not accidental effects; hence his good-natured irony, though somewhat blunted by translation into foreign tongues, is relished by all nations even to this day. Moreover, the portrait of his age, which, with vivid fidelity, he has painted, partakes of the nature of sober history. He entered home circles and depicted the every-day manners of the people, thus improving upon the gravity of history, which deals mainly in majestic facts. Thus he makes us his debtors!

But have the claims of this great creditor of his own and succeeding times, been duly appreciated! The traveler in Spain, vainly seeks some stately mausoleum, on which to hang the garland of honest appreciation, for Cervantes needs no such monument! his body sleeps as it lived, in obscurity; but the record of his efforts and his success, will ever remain a part of his country's history. Every earnest scholar then, must feel with Cervantes, that talent misapplied is worse than insignifiance, but that the moral grandeur of independent integrity of motive, is the sublimest thing in nature, before which, the pomp of sepulchral magnificence and the splendor of a name, are odious as well as perishable. A. S. T.

The Collegian's Topics for Writing.

——"I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart."

As You Like It.

It has been said, that in no place do men study more, but think less, than in College. This is not true; but its falsity is not half so glaring as it ought to be. It finds plausible support, partly in that foolish dissociation of study and thought, whereby the former is connected with the repetitions of the recitation room, in the relation of cause to effect, and the latter only with the stolen joys of general reading; and partly in the miserable selection so often made of topics for writing.

It is plain that the character of a mind is indicated by its choice of subjects. What, then, are the subjects which engage the thoughts and pens of College students?—and what ought they to be? Of course, it would be pleasing to find the answers to these two questions identical; and on the supposition that they are so, we need not dwell long on the first. One source of information respecting it, is found in the programmes of the public exercises of the Colleges; another, in the magazines supported by the students; and another in the various literary society exercises fulfilled by the same. Examining the data derived from these sources, giving special attention to the first, we must say that the topics are not, in general, worthy of the Collegian's position. They appear to have their origin either in some "Catalogue of Themes," or in the "common sentiment of mankind." Only here and there you can point to a theme, and say that it arose from the vigorous thinking of the claimant's mind.

It is not within our present scope to consider the general character of productions attached to such themes. Sometimes an old or foreign theme becomes vital in the hands of him who ought to let it alone; but more commonly, he who chooses his subject anywhere but in his own thoughts, will choose his ideas to match it in the same place.

We will now notice the Collegian's topics in two aspects—the difficulties, and facilities, which attend their selection. In the first place they are somewhat *restricted*. *Practical* subjects are mostly to be passed over by the student's pen: for, so far as his studies are concerned, they do not make such familiar to his mind; and in the forensic disputations of the societies, these are discussed, if not with thoroughness, at least to satiety. Everything of a practical nature, from the laws of Solon to the

last morsel of annexed territory, is there disposed of. Nor, if these objections were removed, would such topics be desirable. To fellow-students they are not interesting; nor, if they were, would the writer's opinion be much valued on matters of legislative or diplomatic policy, and the like; while out of College his opinion is neither valued nor known. We consider, then, that the time spent by the student in making such contributions to College literature is a perfect waste. This is one restriction.

Again, subjects purely scientific are excluded from our list; and for the obvious reason, that we cannot do them justice. Facts and truths which would, indeed, startle the ignorant vulgar, in College are as familiar as the morning salutation. Useless, therefore, would be the attempt to clothe these with interest, and what can we hope in original investigation? Alas, for the spindling theory of the Collegian, beneath the overshadowing attainments of professional research.

We might mention more restrictions. In general, they are such as arise from the student's circumstances, and stage of advancement in education, and they often make themselves felt as serious difficulties in choosing subjects.

In the second place, the College student is prevented from a wide acquaintance with cotemporaneous literature. This is produced by the pressure of regular studies, and the necessity which he is under of acquiring a large amount of history, and historical literature. In this way a great number of appropriate topics are excluded from his mind.

A third difficulty is found in the prevailing notion that original thought is not within the capacity of an undergraduate student. How many are there who listen to a College oration, or take up a College magazine, with the expectation of finding anything essentially new? This question is present to the writer's mind when he selects his theme. All that is expected of him, is that he will take up some common topic, and make the best possible show upon it. He does so, and has the satisfaction of feeling that in this respect he is on a level with most of his fellows. Whether the notion that constitutes this difficulty can be removed, may be doubted; but while it exists, it robs the College-world of even attempts at new and brilliant topics for writing.

We turn now to the other side, and glance at the facilities afforded to the College-writer for the selection of topics. In the first place, he is not rigidly called to account for the positions he may advance. We would not connive at recklessness in advancing opinions; but who cannot see that we, who are only forming our minds in these mental gymnasia, stand

very differently, in regard to responsibility of opinion, from those who are more strictly "in the world?" Thus, the Collegian has a license with the pen, which he will possess but a short time, and which may be made to contribute largely to the variety and richness of his whole mental store. What if a too bold advance may require to be retraced? His returning footsteps may be strewn with the fruits that he snatched on the very confines of forbidden ground.

Again: during the most of his course, the Collegian is studying that which is suggestive of varied and suitable topics. The College-course, we grant, is not usually so regarded. By some, it is thought antagonistic to everything voluntary, or original. But why should this be so? We have specimens of everything curious and instructive in mythology, history, and antiquities; we investigate the formation and peculiarities of languages; we study the models of all literature; and trace the abstruse theories of metaphysicians. Now, why may not these things be productive, in our minds, of enlivening thought and criticism, and curious speculation? At no other period of our lives, will so many rays of thought concenter in our path. The professional man writes of things connected with his profession, because in this all his thoughts have their embryos; the student has for his suggesting power those treasures which are applied alike to all professions.

But close beside College-studies, stands College-life, to furnish themes for the writer. Here is a wide field left to us entirely, and yet but poorly occupied. There ought to be more writing, which derives its existence from our own life, not from everything beside. There ought to be something emanating from the College mind, which shows what it is, and what it is doing; while the throbbing of a student's heart ought to give to our literature a warmth and character which it does not yet fully possess. The student, while in College, should write like a student, not like a statesman, nor like a stump-orator, and he should choose his topics accordingly; and when, at graduation, he makes his final exhibition of scholastic thought, his theme, as well as his thoughts, should show that for four years he has been a Collegian. L. S. P.

Indian Summer.

INDIAN Summer, mild and mellow,
  Gentle vesper of the year—
In her robes of crimson yellow,
  Queen of Autumn's festive cheer—
Held awhile the rolling seasons
  Motionless in dreamy rest,
As though each in low obeisance
  Waited on her high behest—
For their beauties all she blended
  In her own Elysian hours:
On her forest's boughs descended
  Richest tints of Vernal flowers,
Whose gay painter—Winter furnished
  In the clear Autumnal nights—
By whose matchless brush were burnished
  Streamers fair of "Northern Lights."
Every clustered grove was studded
  With its wreathes of gorgeous dyes,
Glist'ning in the light which flooded
  Softly from the arching skies,
Like some rich and rare selection
  From the Raphaels of old,
Mellowing to ripe perfection,
  As the circling years have rolled.
Till the blended hues seem plundered
  From the blush of sunset clouds;
And the gazing spirit wondered
  At the Soul the canvas shrouds.

All the drowsy air is sleeping,
  As it were but Summer noon,
When the Harvesters are reaping;
  Or when 'neath the round, full moon
Silence—Night's enchanted warder—
  With her wand of silver sheen
Spreads her dim and mystic border
  O'er the star-enraptured scene—
Scarce the Aspan leaf is ruffled—
  Scarce the lakes' fair bosom heaves,
And with footfalls softly muffled,
  Glide the streams o'er fallen leaves.

Seems there not in all a *feeling*,
  What or whence we scarce can tell,
Yet o'er heart and senses stealing,
  Like the chimes of evening bell,
As of pensive recollection
  Silently embodied there,
Thoughts of grief or fond affection,
  Thrilling on the saddened air,
Like faint melodies from heaven
  Or man's inner soul of truth,
When around life's tranquil even
  Float the memories of youth.

Still, though tinged with hues of sadness,
  Loveliest days of all the year!
Melancholy yields to gladness
  When thy golden hours appear—
As the dying swan when sinking
  In the chill embrace of death,
Spells the grieving air with drinking
  Strains of her melodious breath:
So fair Nature, ere she lays her
  Down in chains of icy sleep,
In her fairest robes arrays her,
  Smiling so that none may weep. R.

Study and Reading.

One would think that education was least of all a subject for speculation and theorizing; not that there is one beaten track from which, in the nature of things, there can be no deviation, but that the side-paths and by-ways are royal roads to many minds, and constraint, which breaks down will, destroys energy and makes dolts of men. Whatever may constitute sufficient grounds for generalization, it is quite evident that no system, however extended, or however thoughtfully and minutely drawn, can provide for all the possibilities of intellectual structure, or even develop symmetrically the generality of minds. There are, however, some facts underlying all mind, which, as conditions of its existence, make it tangible to some sort of reasoning and inference. Upon these facts men build splendid systems of airy metaphysics and intellectual economy away

in the third heaven of thought and fancy, or laboriously mark out some tough course of study, which could by no possibility incur the charge of Quixotism. We are at present more interested with the latter, and are inclined to inquire, what is the fact on which our system rests, and what connection with it has general reading.

That intellectual development can result only from intellectual labor is the primary fact in our system, and in every system of education. It needs no philosophy to discover this. Accordingly, we are, and rightfully, plied with the severest study. But the great tendency of American utilitarianism is to reject study, and plunge into what is significantly called the practical. This tendency invades the schools of learning, and changes what should be intellectual gymnasiums into intellectual lazar-houses. We who boast of pursuing a liberal course of study, try all expedients to make it illiberal and meagre. Out upon these text-books and this dreary course of mental drudgery, which gives a man no knowledge! Down with discipline and refinement, and up with newspaper learning and solid gold! Such are the watch-cries of the fast men of our time. Even those whose own culture ought to teach them better things, talk of extemporaneous preachers, and change old classical Colleges into primary schools, for the purpose of giving unlearned men a smattering of *practical* knowledge, which their very ignorance will prevent them from using to any advantage. It requires very little acumen to perceive the wretchedness of such philosophy. It is the only source from which there can arise danger to our political institutions. It makes lawyers pettifogging, politicians hot-headed, priests ignorant and weak-minded. Who does not know that the only safeguard of any enlighted nation is a firm basis of thoroughly educated men,—men who can grapple with any subject, show up the fallacies in state policy, and explode the theories of enthusiasts and fanatics.

Our State, more than all others, needs this ballast of discriminating intellect. From the impetuosity and almost recklessness with which we pursue all the material ends of life, we are peculiarly liable to be blown into mid-air, or plunged beneath the waves, by the gales of popular feeling. And yet there is a strong tendency to cast out the ballast and spread more canvas.

Sterling intellect is always liable to be under-estimated by the masses of men. They love fact, and above all when it appears in the shape of dollars and cents. They cannot speculate, and hence they hate theory and theory-makers. Determined themselves to cling to the more tangible goods of life, they have little patience with whatever is above the level of

their own understanding, and entertain a pious horror for all learned disquisition.

It is with reference to intercourse with such men that most students conduct their education. Hence arises this unwarrantable ambition to gain distinction in speaking and writing, while the solid foundation for future distinction in everything, which becomes a man of mind, is comparatively neglected. We cram the intellect with condiments, when we should partake moderately of meat, and naturally enough turn out very dyspeptic thinkers. When we should be laying the firm granitic basis and riveting together iron ribs for a great temple of intellect, we toy with delicate gingerbread work, and with exquisite taste erect a fabric which may tickle the coarse fancies of unlearned men, but vanishes at the mere glance of a fearless inquirer. An undisciplined mind is incapable to receive knowledge. The memory may cling to some facts, but memory is worthless except as a dray-horse for the judgment.

If, then, it be true that the intellectual architect is bound by the same law as the builder in wood and stone, it is certainly the part of a wise student, first of all, to lay broad and deep the firm foundations of his edifice and carefully to rear an inflexible frame-work, without regard for those tasteful adornments which embrace the whole attention of fops, or those stores of information so lauded by practical men. We want first to unfold the mind and then to fill it.

With these views it is plain that those who study little and read extensively in College, do not accord. But it is claimed that discipline may be as well gained by reading as by study. To this it may be replied, that those who have too little energy to grapple with the difficulties of language and science, will reap small profit from any course of reading, which is far more likely to enervate a mind not previously disciplined, and incapacitate it for vigorous, independent thought. There is, moreover, very little of that discrimination in the choice of authors, which would be employed by an energetic reader. Strong, severe writers are too often cast aside for "popular books and booklets, which consist, for the most part, of nothing but stimulants for the sensibility and soporifics for the intellect." We want a little self-denial to refuse to dally with every gaudy image that floats from the diseased brain of stupid sentimentalists.

But reading in connection with study should not be wholly condemned. What we meant to say was, that it should be made only a subordinate part of our course of Education. Every hard-working mind needs an occasional change in the objects of its pursuit. But it should be remembered that it is no relaxation to turn from severe study to the vapid pro-

ductions of shallow minds which do not deserve to be dignified with the epithet of sentimental. Such reading weakens and befools the mind.

We should rather labor to attune our intellects to harmony with those noble souls who have brought forth the great thoughts which still rule nations and men. The first object of all discipline being to acquire the power to think, we should use those appliances which will awaken and purify the faculties. Hence the student will often have recourse to well-written books, not for the purpose of appropriating the thoughts of others, but to polish his own mind by the attrition, and to provoke his own intellect to more vigorous action. C. C.

DE FOREST PRIZE ORATION.

The Diplomatic History of Modern Times.

BY ANDREW D. WHITE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ANALYSIS.

Diplomacy defined; Necessity of Diplomacy; Power of Diplomacy.
Diplomacy not of regular shape, or logical expression.
Three great Motors in Modern European Diplomacy—*Dread of the Hierarch; Dread of the Monarch; Dread of the Anarch.*
DREAD OF THE HIERARCH a natural product.
Means of Warfare for and against.
New Resultant Elements—State Symbolism; State Protestantism.
Type of Diplomacy in this Era seen in Gustavus.
Characteristics of Gustavus, and his Policy.
The Ideal of this Diplomacy—*Strength.*
Reasons for Elevation of this Ideal in Position of Parties; Nature of their Struggle.
Final Diplomatic Expression of Dread of the Hierarch seen in Treaty of Westphalia.
Remarks on Obsoleteness of Treaty of Westphalia.
DREAD OF THE MONARCH caused by encroachments of Monarchy.
The Ideal of Diplomacy in this (2d) Era—*Skill.*
Reason for Elevation of this Ideal—want of clear Party Lines.
Distinction between Modern and Mediaeval Skill.
Type of Diplomacy in this Era seen in Richelieu.
Character of his Diplomacy, and cause of its fall.
Final Diplomatic Expression of Dread of Monarch seen in Treaty of Utrecht.
DREAD OF THE ANARCH a natural sequent of events in France.
First embodied in Pitt.
Afterward in Metternich, (openly,) Talleyrand, (in secret).
Characteristics of the thinking of these Men.
The Ideal of this Era—*Symmetry.*
Symmetry a natural sequent.
Final Diplomatic Expression of Dread of the Anarch seen at the Treaty of Paris.
Motor of Diplomacy in our Era—DESIRE FOR NATIONAL GREATNESS.
Type of this Diplomacy seen in Webster.

The Ideal of this time—*Expansion* in Territory; in Principles.
Expansion of Territory seen in Treaty of Washington.
Expansion of Principles seen in Austrian Letter.
Characteristics of Webster and his Diplomacy.

EVERY nation, whether it obey mob or king, must have men to embody its spirit and guide its energies. It must have power to grasp thrift abroad, as well as to shape it at home. Eloquence in its orators, forethought in its generals, strength in its armies, all are firm bulwarks; but, back of these, guiding and governing, are other servants girt with other armor, and strong in other strength. These seize from the mass of every day facts the principles which are needed, and from every day principles they deduce needed facts. Some of them deal alone with outward forces, or with inward forces in relation to outward. Their *hope* is to force upon the outer world some good expression for what is majestic, or strong, or true in their nation;—their *labor* is to raise what shall give, and to sink what shall take away this national majesty, and strength, and truth. These are diplomatists. Others may build the nation's towers, or dig the moats,—another talent, entirely, recruits bowmen and spearmen; but these stand at the loopholes, and on the turrets; their hands make the surest shots; their eyes take the keenest observations.

Diplomacy, whether working out old systems or new systems, is, to outward sight, wayward. It is not a thing of regular shape. Its expression is rarely logical, and its form never wrought with the painstaking of the cloister. It often points, for its greatest victories, to its most startling innovations. Its inner clue is broken continually—yet the nature of the state workman, as well as the nature of his material give us some general principles. Leaving behind the ancient and mediæval the three eras in modern European diplomacy give us three different motors: *Dread of the Hierarch*, *Dread of the Monarch*, *Dread of the Anarch*. The first receives its final expression at the *Treaty of Westphalia*,—the second, at *Utrecht*,—the third, at *Paris*.

The first of these principles which takes huge shape, is DREAD OF THE HIERARCH. That Europe, plagued so long by too careless Popes, and scared by too zealous nuncios, should come, at last, to dread these causes of her troubles, is not strange. Far more strange had men not seen some of God's great facts, through all of man's poor symbols. For the struggle which this dread must bring, both sides had hewn out strong-holds in the popular mind; one in the early veneration and later affection for sign and symbol,—the other in reverence for Him who gave sign and symbol force. Out of these elements in religion, sprung new

elements in politics—state symbolism, and state protestantism. The former dealt no longer with chalice and breviary alone, nor did the latter rely alone on religious simplicity; there were many worldly elements in either, and these gave Diplomacy form and consistence. It had been before the mere pretence of a policy—it had known the Italian maxims of intrigue against peaceful states, and secret war on nations likely to become powerful; but the mind of the diplomatist followed no just formula, and was true to no worthy type. And this outer smoothness was its smallest want. It lacked heart to obey any steady motor,—lacked mind to create any stately ideal. For any lasting wrestle, it had neither pith nor nerve.

This want of strength was seen, and the needs of the time compacted a new man. His type is seen in Gustavus, and it is reproduced in lesser proportions in Oxenstiern. The new state servant is an athlete strong and symmetrical, with body hardened and limbs polished; with heart plastic, and mind rigid; and his polity is like him. He stumbles into none of the old blunders, and tells none of the old lies. With overt elements he drives out the covert. He gives heavy blows and expects them, but the world has taken a great stride, for the fight has become fair. The new man uses fairness himself, and forces it upon his enemy. He seems to stir in every statesman something of old Greek and Roman life;—for Gustavus asked why men of his time might not have Greek valor. Richelieu thought there was place in modern man for Roman vigor. Many old casuistries were walled up in the cathedral crypts, and truth stalked as sentinel through the aisles above.

The diplomatist now set up as his ideal, *highest strength*. This deification of strength was forced upon him by the position of the parties, and the nature of their struggle. The struggle was open, the parties face to face; hence the chances were that victory must come to the strongest. Tilly recognized this in his saying that the God of Battles favored the strongest regiments; and this is the ideal which, in any new sequence of events, comes first. As, in the march from the primal to the normal, the strong man comes before the crafty man; as the former builds the Pyramids before the latter plans the Parthenon; as stout muscle is expressed in walls and columns, before cunning thought is carved on friezes and capitals; so, in diplomacy, strength goes before skill, and is its prophet. This force of will and strength of muscle brought victory to the northern statesman, and thrust toleration into the codes of Central Europe.

Diplomacy then built one of its strongest monuments in the *Treaty*

of Westphalia—a treaty known of all men as one that has served its purpose. True, it is now, in its direct working, obsolete; but, as the slight pillar in one of our great caverns, serves as a nucleus for the ever-growing stalactite which shall be a pillar everlasting and infinitely more beautiful, though the woody fibre at the core be dissolved, so around this dissolving work of the diplomatist, has crystallized according to the most divine laws, a public opinion which shall uphold all that is good and just in the State, when the mere nucleus shall be forgotten.

The next principle which receives the full force of diplomatic thought, is DREAD OF THE MONARCH. The monarchical principle, in its pretence of casting about for natural boundaries, was creeping into the most sacred strongholds of Europe. The statesman now made to himself another ideal,—the ideal of *highest skill*, for, as in the last era, the working of all the forces then in being made strength the highest state good, so now the new forces caused the deification of skill. The man of stout sinew now yielded to the man of quick wit. There were no longer two parties, clearly defined, and face to face; for, between those pledged to the rise, and those determined upon the ruin of absolutism, there were many grades, and their dividing lines were hardly to be found by the best searching. The thing sought then, was not to give weight to the blow, but to know when to strike and where to strike.—Under such conditions, mere brute force is ever placed in serfdom, and meets in craft, its born lord, just as quickly, just as completely as uncouth Aztec strength met its master in the skill of Cortez. This is not, however, mediæval skill—that which gave power to Louis XI, impunity to the wild De La Marck, and discouragement to Charles the Bold. It is not the cunning of the Communes, playing into the hands of the Suzeraine, to spite the feudal lord. That was poor in its plans and meager in its acts.

The type of the new man of skill, whom absolutism must have, is seen in Richelieu; and in this apostolate of his, he stands as representing past church greatness, and future state greatness. Of all men he cares least for chance. His soul in isolation is a true hermit—near no other—not to be compassed if it were near. Its only work-fellow is a spirit in French hearts of his own making; its only visitor on good terms is an abstraction—French monarchical greatness. He breaks through the confusions which baffle other men, by setting against them certain old ideas, on which, by renewal, his stamp is as clearly pressed as is his monarch's initial on the treasury ingots. What other men dream he interprets and congeals into realities. But he and his are of

the earth, earthy; he makes no pretence of loyalty to legitimate forces, and therefore, if the whole history of bold policy foretold his rise, the whole history of obsolete policy foretold his downfall. We read in the old chronicles, of the strength of truth as embodied in St. Bernard—how his voice stood for the Papal voice—how his monkish hood was often mistaken for the Papal tiara—how he strengthened truth, and crushed schism—how he conquered the last, most stubborn foe of his policy. On William, of Aquitaine, persuasive and invective had been alike useless; but at last when, full robed, Bernard stood before the lofty altar, and the obstinate lord knelt at his feet, the saint turned, and with the mysterious Host raised above him, and all the pomp of Holy Church around him, he came down the altar stairs to his enemy. Solemn warnings had before availed nothing, but now, before such a voice, and in such a presence, the Feudal lord, with all his retainers, was powerless; for, to him, that voice was the voice of Eternal Truth, and that presence, the presence of very God. Here then in this second era of modern diplomacy, was the old scene reënacted. Richelieu and the lie he upheld were strong, but there was a Power in the universe, stronger. As Bernard came down from the altar upon the refractory one and his retainers, so Truth came from her citadels against Richelieu and his absolutism; as the schismatic was confronted by his Eternal lord, so the temporal false polity was confronted by the Eternal true polity, and mastered by it.

The blow came not directly on Richelieu, or Mazarin, but Louis XIV felt its fullest strength. Peace again made war its engine. The diplomacy which relied on skill, plotted craftily, and fought fiercely—plotted like the arch-fiend, striving to outwit Uriel,—fought like the same ruler in evil striving to overthrow Michael, and like him was baffled and cast down. There came to lead the way, the statesman soldier, William of Orange, there followed diplomatists like Temple and Dewitt, warriors like Marlborough and Eugene; and Louis lost that to which all his policy tended, at the Peace of Utrecht. This gave a new and safe form to an old principle—the balance of power. True, this principle may seem, in its essence, temporal, but by one looking closely beneath, are seen laws immutable and truths eternal.

The next motor thrust upon Diplomacy is Dread of the Anarch. It was natural that France, when her shackles were wrenched from her, should fall into some excesses—that she should fling her arms about her to see if the new happiness was real; for all this sound thinkers allowed great margin. But there came another element beside mere exultation. Frenzy stirred her to avenge herself, to crusade for her new

national faith,—to administer justice without the carefulness of the ermine—to cherish religion without the sanctity of priesthood.

The master of Diplomacy who first rises to grasp the problems which the Anarch gives is William Pitt. He works well, but finds his task hard—very hard: he warns Europe, and dies. Numberless smaller men spring up to interpret his idea, and enforce it. Some hate the revolutionary principle from disappointment;—they would rob it of the good it *has* done, to avenge the good it has *not* done; they began as dupes, they end as thieves;—and among these we find Talleyrand. Another class of adverse diplomatists has a straight-forward hate of its acts, fear of its promises, and scorn of its men; and of these, we have at last, Metternich. These have shrewd ways of tracing out intricate sequences between the Anarch's past act and his future intent, and artistic ways of arranging different powers to check this intent when found; but in any assay of their effective thinking, we find no thought wholly good, none wholly evil. The best had in it some little baseness, the worst some little nobleness.

Their ideal is *Symmetry;*—symmetry in their own capacities, and in that on which their capacities are brought to bear. Neither strikes, like Gustavus, for the supremacy of a single church—neither plans, like Richelieu, for the supremacy of a single state; but the new men work out symmetry for all Europe, and their hands compress all the weak, chaotic forces of Anti-Anarch into one strong cosmic force, to ruin him who would mar their work. Symmetry here takes its place after strength and skill, in natural order; just as, on the arches of the middle ages, the stone is wrought into geometrical figures and wavy foliage, where, before, it had shot into the zig-zag ornament of the Northmen.

The desire of this new diplomacy takes its final shape at the *Treaty of Paris* It is a sad mistake for a statesman to think he grapples with a principle created by a few men, when he is in truth vainly striving to crucify a principle driven forward by many centuries. They who made the Treaty of Paris, at times fell into this folly; but Truth drove them back; for, though they could check the wild heedlessness of the Anarch, they could not check the anti-monarchical principle. That outlived the treaty of Paris, and shall outlive all treaties.

The last era—our era—seems to show, in its diplomacy, a motor compounded in great measure from those of the three previous. Undoubtedly, the greatest of secondary motives is the desire of encouragement to thrift; but that in which thrift is bedded; which is greater, nobler, stronger; which, as generic, encloses longing for thrift, which is

specific, is longing for state greatness. Thrift stands for its present vast value, because there are, in it, many stable elements of this national greatness. So too, Dread of the Hierarch, of the Monarch, of the Anarch, receive expression in diplomacy, to-day, because they guard national greatness. DESIRE FOR NATIONAL GREATNESS, may then be taken as the motive force in our diplomacy.

The man who in great measure built and braced this desire, and who may be made its representative, is Daniel Webster. The new motors of diplomacy were strong, but their influence was powerfully reflex, for Webster also was strong. They aided in shaping him, and he acted directly back in shaping them. His ideal was *expansion*, not an unlawful stretching of the Nation over a few neighboring acres. He was no thief; to unjust acquisition, he was ever the inflexible doomsman. He looked for a *just expansion* of *territory*, and a *healthy expansion of principles*.

The first is seen in the Treaty of Washington, the second, in the Austrian Letter. One appeals to thrift, the other to that which overrides all considerations of thrift; for, in it, politic national expansion has its very ritual, even to its smallest rubrics. The new diplomacy in this last act wielded a brawny arm, for it was the arm of the Nation. There is something of diplomatic gloss thrown over Austrian sin; but the youthful confederacy, speaking by its great servant, does not mistake mannishness for manliness. There is no strut—no bravado; but plain statements—frank opinions—homely history. There is no direct attempt to venture the existent for the possible, but there is great hope that the possible shall be existent—hope for happy chances—for bright ideas—for embodiments to fit them, and the rule is given that all this hope for foreign liberty is, and must be in force, even when there is no show of good in the coming era. The ship of Theseus came home freighted with joy, yet the black sails were not furled.

In Webster, seemed embodied what the Nation had of open-hearted youth, and stout-hearted manhood. Of all men, he seems that one whom the spirit of the past began, for the needs of the future to finish. The master-spirit of Liberty perfected, he tore away the enervating myths which crusted it and gave forth its stern Gospels. Vigorous thinker,—steady worker,—he thought out our state oracles,—he wrought out our state miracles. Having firmly established the true doctrine of constitutional interpretation, and thus having girt the parts of the Republic into one noble whole, he hewed out to it a policy like the living model within his own brain, and around his own heart—a policy sure to express

the National strength, and majesty, and truth; for, on it, was the deep stamp of his own strong, majestic, truthful soul;—a policy sure to be known over the whole earth, for there were elements in it which must force it into notice. St. Teresa as she meditated, filled, more and more, with ideas of truth, was so strongly attracted by heavenly forces, so strongly repelled by earthy, that she was raised above the earth bodily; and so this new policy, filled with the same eternal idea, is lifted above the nations, to be longed for, and fought for, until the whole earth shall acknowledge it. For the minds of others, may stand as emblems—the polished shaft, the lofty spire, the frowning tower,—but for Webster's mental constitution, there is known no fitting type, save in the noblest monuments of Grecian art. As those temples of old were vast, his mind was vast; as skill was wrought upon their whole fashioning, so his mind treasured skill; as symmetry brought out the exquisite ornaments, only to add still more to the grand design, so all his mental constituents were in symmetrical union;—as, upon the temple walls, the sculptor had carved the bravest deeds of noblest history, so had the time and its needs placed in Webster's mind splendid sculptures—and they are *our* history.

And from this, our imperishable temple—the still living mind of our greatest statesman and diplomatist, there yet issues to us our true policy. Forth from its sacred inner shrines, sounding over pavement, and pillar, and architrave—comes, even now, that same earnest voice, bidding us hold fast, now and ever, that peaceful national greatness, that true expansion of national goodness for which his whole life and its best energies were given so freely—so faithfully.

The American Student.

In treating this topic we do not propose to consider man as he should be, a student always, but in its more contracted sense as implying youth, and pupilage, either as the recipient of private instruction, or, as in our case, in his relation to a College, or other similar institution.

The great end of study is improvement—improvement both in the actual acquisition of knowledge and in that incidental discipline of intellect, which is its necessary and legitimate fruit.

The life of man being at best short, and his youth the period in which he must both gather to himself the positive acquirements necessary to

fit him for the responsibilities and positions which he must hereafter assume, and in which also he must commence that development of his faculties which shall expand more and more as he matures with age,—it is plain that a course of study which accomplishes this two-fold purpose the most effectually, is the one invested with the greatest worth.

The American student especially should aim at a high *practical* scholarship, for the peculiar circumstances which surround him—the popular nature of our government, and the consequent demand for men of sound judgment and disciplined intellects, conspire to render the practical scholar the man of the greatest usefulness, as well as the possessor of the chief requisites for personal advancement, and for the attainment of that position among men which true worth always ultimately finds. The age in which we live is eminently a practical one, and demands for its purposes full-proportioned, symmetrical men. The fact of a collegiate education does not place its possessor, at his outset into actual life, one inch in advance of a competitor whose advantages have been less—and why? simply because the world has too often found that the former are not only not more deserving, but frequently infinitely less so than others; and the reason of this rests, we think, partly in the system of education pursued by American Colleges. They are not sufficiently *American* in their nature. They do not adapt themselves to the times and the country in which they exist; in a word, they are not sufficiently *practical*. Were all the graduates of our country to become professors or teachers, or intending to leave the classic halls of their "Alma Mater" for a learned seclusion in their own closets, wherein to pursue a course of study which a four years' life at College had enabled them only to commence, and in which a lifetime might well be spent, our present system of College organization would be almost faultless. Were our government like that of England, under which places of distinction are, in a measure at least, monopolized by the rich, and to which class also, the advantages of an University education are mostly confined, then would a sytsem of instruction, adapted only to furnish to its recipients an *abstract* scholarship, be perhaps more valuable. But, thanks be to God, and to our own ancestors, the principles of our government are essentially and radically different. An education is, we may say, within the reach of every youth who will labor for it; the avenues to distinction are as numerous and as open to the poor as to the rich, and the demand and necessity for educated men greater than under any government with which the human race is now either cursed or blessed. Let, then, the youth, who devotes four years of his life to the purposes of Collegiate education, enjoy those

advantages and that system of instruction which shall not only store his mind with valuable classical knowledge and abstract mathematical truth; but let him also, along with this, discipline his mind by the contemplation and study of the great practical facts with which, on his entrance upon real life, he will find himself surrounded. But let us be more explicit. We believe most sincerely that the *political* education of American Students is sadly neglected in our Universities, in some more than in others—in all too much. Where, and we ask the question in no unkind spirit, where are the numerous Statesmen and public men of whom, among so many graduates, an Institution like ours ought to boast? Some we have, it is true, and we are proud of them. Calhoun, whose clear logical mind has stamped an undying impress upon his age, was indeed a graduate of Yale; but it is nevertheless true, that among the educated public men of our country, we are not largely represented. May it not be that the reason of this rests partly in the lack of *practicality* in the character of the instruction here given?

As a preliminary step to success and eminence in life, under a government like ours, the young man should make himself master of the great civil sciences! He should understand theoretically, the philosophy of legislation, and the organization of civil society, including the influences, political, judicial, and moral, that effect the destinies of mankind in the mass, and the acquirement of abstract, *ornamental* knowledge made a secondary purpose. The citizens of the ancient republics were thus educated, and that too without detriment to the cause of sound learning, and exalted scholarship, as the character of Sophocles, Socrates, and Thucydides, abundantly prove.

Again, as the peculiar nature of our institutions demand of the man who aims at distinction, a facility in public speaking and aptness in discussion, the American student should have an intimate acquaintance with first principles; he should study international law, and the constitution of his country; he should be familiar with national history, and with the great historical facts which have exerted an influence on the destinies of men. The *modern languages* too, should be, we think, more thoroughly taught. The close contact in which we are placed with foreign nations, by the enlarged facilities of intercourse lately established, imperatively demand of the practical scholar, a more than superficial knowledge of the French and German languages. Might not a portion of the time devoted so assiduously by our Universities to instruction in the *Greek*, be with advantage transferred to these languages? Why is it, that while the physical progress of the age is unparalleled by any that have preceded

it, and the necessity for a more practical scholarship an evident fact, that our Universities cling with such tenacity to the superanuated ideas of education, which are not adapted to the exigencies of the time, and insist in considering the modern languages ornamental components, rather than necessary elements in a good education?

We are far from believing, however, that our present system of instruction is valueless. Any study, if earnestly and thoroughly pursued, is beneficial and disciplinary in its influence; but as Young, with more truth perhaps than poetry, has written—

> "If not to some peculiar end assigned,
> Study's the specious trifling of the mind;
> Or is at best a secondary aim,
> A chase for sport alone and not for game."

Why should not the American student, then, enjoy those advantages which, if rightly improved, would not only strengthen his intellect by a healthy discipline, and develop into active energy his mental powers, but which would also fit him for a high place in society, and while tending to his own personal advantages, would also exalt the standard of our national character, and fill the high places of our government with American Scholars. W.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

DEATH OF A. H. MALTBY.

Mr. A. H. Maltby, so long known to members of College, as Publisher of the Yale Literary Magazine, died at his residence in this city on 25th May last.

Mr. Maltby had been connected with this Magazine as its Publisher, for about the space of thirteen years. In his dealings with us, as with others, he has always been distinguished for that generosity and sterling integrity which endeared him while living, and now endears his memory, to a large circle of friends, and the community in which he lived. With regard to his kindness of heart, and the interest which he felt in the enterprises of our College world, we have the concurrent testimony of all who, by social or business connection with him, are qualified to judge. Much of the respectability of the Yale Literary, in times past, is attributable to his management. His long connection with the Magazine has identified his name with its interests—almost its existence. We feel now as if a strong prop had been removed. Others may be just and generous, but the Yale Literary Magazine cannot fall into the hands of another Publisher so desirous of its success, and yet profiting so little by the connection, as Mr. Maltby.

When a valuable citizen and honest man is thus suddenly removed from our midst, the loss is not confined to his public services alone, but falls heavily in many places, where his offices were more important than conspicuous.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE WOODEN SPOON.

This interesting ceremony came off at Brewster's Hall, on Tuesday evening, May 31st. The Presentation address was delivered by Mr. Luther M. Lee, of Miss., and the Reception address by Mr. Alexander H. Gunn, of New York City. The audience, composed of members of College, and a large representation from the beauty and even gravity of New Haven, seemed highly pleased with the exercises of the evening. Since its reformation by the enterprising Class of '52, the "Spoon Exhibition" has been gradually rising in the estimation of our College world, until now, those who have the natural qualifications and the good fortune to be invited, may take part in its exercises without sacrifice of reputation for dignity or good sense.

The "Spoon Committee" merit the sincere thanks of College, and of the Class of '54 especially, for the highly creditable, chaste, and interesting Exhibition, which their energy and ability prepared.

PRESENTATION DAY.

The exercises of Presentation Day occurred as usual on the 15th instant. The day was warm, but very clear.

About ten o'clock the exercises in chapel commenced. After the customary preliminaries, the "Poem" by Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, of Westchester, Penn., was delivered. Next in order came the Oration by Mr. Randall L. Gibson, of Terre Bonne Par, La. The morning exercises were then closed by the singing of the "Parting Ode," written for the occasion by Mr. Benjamin K. Phelps, of Groton, Mass.

We find next on the programme, the "dinner," which, doubtless, was as complimentary to the cooks, and as much enjoyed by the favored participants, as Presentation dinners generally are. Very soon after dinner the "benches" were brought and arranged in a kind of circle upon the Green in front of the Colleges. The "Musical Troupe," under the direction of Mr. W. R. Webb, assembled in numbers, and with various instruments; which, however, were reconciled to an harmony of sweet sounds. Pipes and tobacco were, of course, on hand. The grave and the gay alike smoked, and smoked *together* for once. Enmities and rivalries were forgotten, or etherialized under the soothing influence of the narcotic.

To add to the interest and happiness of the occasion, many of the former members of the class were present. After the usual ceremonies upon the Green, the class marched in procession to the Library, and at the foot of one of the towers, planted an ivy vine. Each member, as he passed by, contributed a portion of earth to the roots of the vine, which, in its growth, and tender clinging to those old walls, shall typify the progress and gratitude of the class of '53. The procession then marched through the entries of the College buildings, cheering each familiar place. After a passing visit to the Society halls, giving long and hearty huzzas for those scenes of former excitement and pleasure, they returned to the Green, where they consumed their time until Prayers, in certain original, yet appropriate exercises. Having yielded up their places in chapel to their successors they seated themselves in the galleries, and *looked down* upon our College world below.

The Class of '53 has left us. We willingly bury the tomahawk. We are grieved to part with our honorable rivals of old. We remember their virtues and their genius; we cherish their friendship; we pray God to bless them all.

PREMIUMS AWARDED JUNE, 1852.

DE FOREST PRIZE.

Class of 1853.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

TOWNSEND PREMIUMS.

Class of 1853.

T. BACON, C. T. LEWIS,
G. A. JOHNSON, J. M. WHITON,
A. J. WILLARD.

ASTRONOMICAL PRIZES.

HIRAM BINGHAM, C. PALFREY.

PRIZES FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Class of 1855.

	1st Division.	*2d Division.*	*3d Division.*
1st Prize,	W. H. L. BARNES, C. MULFORD,	C. R. PALMER,	R. J. GRAVES.
2d Prize,	H. N. COBB, H. A. YARDLEY,	W. WHEELER,	C. B. HOPKINS, L. H. TUCKER.
3d Prize,	WM. M. GROSVENOR,	P. J. EDWARDS,	C. G. CHILD, J. E. TODD.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

Class of 1856.

1st Prize,	P. W. CALKINS,	J. H. WORRALL.		
2d Prize,	J. GAY,	J. N. HALLOCK,	W. JOHNSON,	E. T. WILLIAMS.
3d Prize,	L. R. PACKARD,	L. L. PAINE,	C. H. S. WILLIAMS,	J. R. WILCOX.

SENIOR APPOINTMENTS.

Orations.

I. H. HOGAN, *Valedictory.*
J. M. WHITON, *Salutatory.*
E. C. BILLINGS, T. F. DAVIES, C. G. M'CULLY, } *Philosophicals.*
C. BROOKS, C. T. LEWIS,
S. J. W. CAPRON I. W. M'VEAGH,
W. H. GLEASON, G. SHIRAS.

W. P. Aiken, J. R. Goodrich,
J. Anderson, C. Hedges,
H. H. Babcock, S. W. Kenyais,
B. F. Baer, J. Olds,
H. Bingham, B. K. Phelps,
E. L. Clark, H. C. Robinson,
O. E. Cobb, K. Twining,
J. M. Gillespie, G. H. Watrous.

Dissertations.

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S. B. Spooner.

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Editor's Table.

Now, dear readers, you are doubtless expecting (if we may lay "so flattering an unction to our souls") an Editor's Table full of fun and puns. Our reputation ought to be our apology. Who ever heard of our saying anything funny or puny? We might have underscored that last word and inserted a parenthetical explanation, but as it is an old pun, such procedure is unnecessary. This conversation reminds us of a fact which we wish thus early in our labors to impress upon our readers, and that is, our antagonism to puns. It once occurred to us, to devote a portion of time to this accomplishment, as some of our friends have done, but the very first fledgeling that essayed to fly forth upon its own responsibility, brought ridicule upon itself and parent. For instance, we call to mind several occasions, when, seated with our friends enjoying a good old College talk, we thought it proper and *timely* to try our skill at pun-making. Well, what do you suppose was the result of our intrepidity?

A kind of general smile pervaded the countenances of those present, and there was observable a forgiving glance which seemed to say—"We owe you this much from personal friendship, and delicacy of feeling, but your effort is unpardonable."

Do you, then, blame us, dear readers, for an earnest desire to escape being victimized to the politeness and "pity of mankind?" If we don't make puns, what shall we do for an Editor's Table? Now it may suggest itself to some that our opposition to puns is somewhat like a certain old fox's hatred of grapes. To some extent, this is true. But if you will excuse us for endeavoring to be sensible in a portion of our "Table"—we have other grounds for our aversion to these troublesome children of wit. We are expected in an Editor's Table to talk about things in general, in a general way. We are supposed to lay aside (if they ever incommode us) Rhetorical restraints. But are we necessarily expected to dispense with good sense, because we have dispensed with its best clothing? You see, therefore, readers, that puns in our estimation, are not *dignified*. However, we will debate the question no farther.

We must acknowledge that we have been disappointed in not receiving through the "Post" any fine material for the display of Editorial acumen. We refer, of course, to certain ambitious flights to Parnassus. The gentlemen who preceded us in our labors, have, we fear, exterminated this portion of "Yale Lit" contributors. We have seen one production upon "Spring," but it is not worth criticising. The author must try again, if he wishes to see his production in the *Editor's Table*. In fact, we have been so much at a loss to find anything to prey on, that several wise ones have sug-

gested the expediency of writing *our own* poetry, and then criticising it. The subject for criticism would be good enough, but we have too much *self-respect* for that enterprise. Besides, there would be more *prose* than *poetry* in the business. We have a great inclination, *for want of something better*, to pounce upon those impudent "Spoon men," who dared to call the *honesty* of the "Yale Lit" Eds. into question. Who knows but some of them may have written for that "Yale Lit" Prize, and attempted the "bribe game," and were angry because it didn't take. Never mind Spoonies! Independent of *that indiscretion* the "Pot Pourri" gentlemen did finely.

We could talk to you, readers, on generalities all day long, but "brevity is the soul of nonsense, as well as of wit."

Although we are not as tardy in our appearance, as others have been in times past, still we think, that we owe you, readers of the "Lit," an apology for our late debut. Many circumstances, however, in addition to our inexperience, have combined to oppose our labors. The death of our esteemed publisher has greatly deranged our plans, and has thrown us more upon our own resources. Besides, a cold—worse than any Pelignian cold—has so afflicted us, that we have found great difficulty in bringing the rays of our mental vision to a focus. We have thought of a number of things—but nothing definitely and distinctly. We feel thankful that our mental gear has been almost repaired, and hope by the time we arrive at our next No. of the "Lit" we shall be able to prove that we have not traveled in vain, by placing before you the fruits of a more careful observation, and of an improved experience.

EXCHANGES, &c.

We acknowledge our indebtedness for the "Popular Educationists," May, '53, and for the Monthly Jubilee. We are also greatly indebted to Senators Seward and Douglass, for copies of their speeches in the Senate, that of the former upon "Relations with Mexico," &c., Feb. 8th, '53,—that of the latter in reply to Senators Clayton and Butler on the "Central American Treaty," March 16th and 17th, '53.

Of our regular Exchanges, we have received the "Illustrated Magazine of Art," for May; North Carolina University Magazine, for April; Knickerbocker, for April; Nassau Literary, for April. We have not space to comment upon these Periodicals in detail, but in the Nos. before us, they sustain their previous high character.

ERRATA.

In the article entitled *Zenobia*, in the last No. of the Lit., page 210, line second, for *gloried*, read *glories;* line third, for *whose*, read *where;* line twenty-eighth, for *those*, read *thos;* page 211, line sixteenth, for *form*, read *forum;* page 211, line twenty-fifth, for *humble*, read *humbler;* page 211, line thirty-sixth, for *disclosed*, read *discloses;* page 212, line sixth, for *led*, read *lead;* page 212, line twenty-fifth, for *royal*, read *loyal;* page 212, line twenty-ninth, for *concealed*, read *conceals;* page 213, line sixteenth, for *Eastern*, read *stern;* page 214, line seventeenth, for *charged*, read *charge;* page 215, line third, for *their*, read *there;* page 215, line third, for *trains*, read *wains;* page 215, line forty-first, for *submission*, read *submissive;* page 216, line eighth, for *under*, read *ruder*.

In the article entitled "*The Maying Party*," page 238, second line from the bottom, for *gay*, read *gray;* page 239, line sixth, for *glorious*, read *merry;* page 239, line seventh, for *urchins*, read *worthies;* page 239, line thirty-sixth, for *gloomy*, read *gloving;* page 239, line forty-second, for *our*, read *one;* page 239, line forty-second, for *meet*, read *met*.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

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VOL. XVIII. No. VIII.

THE

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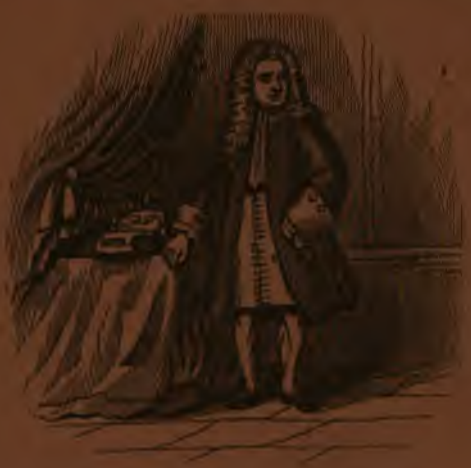

"Ipsa volens grata natura, omnes laudanda Valentes
Consulunt Poemata, omnimodo Patres."

JULY, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

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MDCCCLIII.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1853. No. VIII.

Hidden Thoughts.

"I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them." *As You Like It.*

He is a blessing to the world who uncovers a good thought, or conceals a bad one. If, buried beneath the crust of sloth, or hidden amid the roiling commotion of passion and adversity, from his own mind, or the minds of others, he brings to view a single useful, but neglected idea, the world should thank him. So it does; and equally should it, when he smothers the thought of evil, before its first lispings are heard, or, in its after growth, kills it by the throttling grasp of Logic.

There is such a thing as the voluntary concealment of thought; and often it is as useful as the suppression of any nuisance, the assertion, that all the fruits of great genius should be published to the world, to the contrary notwithstanding. But, not confining ourselves to this single point, we may take a general view of Hidden Thoughts, irrespective of their character. Some are purposely hidden; others are not, but, lurking slily in the recesses of the mind, escape the utmost vigilance of the will; or, passing beyond its province, lie in sullen silence.

There are several classes of these thoughts. First, we will notice those which *do not assume the form of language.* It is sometimes said that there is no such thing as thought without language; so we often say

that there is no language without thought of some kind, and as the latter is only partially true, so is the former. There may be language without any appreciable thought, such that the thought might as well not exist as exist in such a garb; and so there may be thought which advances far enough in life to feel "*cogito, ergo sum*," but yet never finds a vehicle in which to escape to the outer world. Perhaps there is no *perfect* conception in matters of reflection without language, yet it is still an idea, though imperfect, for if to deserve the name of idea it must be complete, many even expressed in language are not ideas. But whether by reasoning we can show the possibility of thought existing in the mind so latent as to be even destitute of language, or not, we certainly speak to experience when we assert it. Many times the mind, educated as well as uneducated, is conscious of thoughts which it is impossible to express, but which leave no doubt of their existence; they move the mind, they delight it, but never leave the concealment in which they are lodged.

> "These I saw
> And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
> No utterance to the effable within.
> Words were too weak: they were unknown."

There are two kinds of minds in which thoughts thus lie hidden. Some are *imperfectly-creative*. The materials of thought come to them as to other minds, but are never reduced to a state in which they may be compared with others' thoughts, and hence have no claim to the language in which others' thoughts are expressed. Dwell on this position a moment, at the risk of digression. What is the origin of language? It results from the comparison of conceptions among various minds. It is conventional. Two minds finds themselves viewing the same object. The various impressions which they receive they call by common names, and ever after they have thus far a language. Suppose a third mind, viewing the same object, does not receive the same impressions; it cannot have the same language. The same terms which the others had employed this one cannot appropriate. So these imperfectly-creative minds have thoughts, but so poorly and singularly formed that the terms of ordinary expression cannot with accuracy be applied to them.

Again, there is a kind of mind which may be called *absorptive*. It hears with avidity, but every new acquisition of ideas, on entering the mind, loses at once its individuality; is fused into a mass of previously-acquired ideas, and never after appears. Such a mind has thoughts, but they all have their faces inward; none return. Think what a quantity of thought is continually pouring into the intellects of any enlightened com-

munity, through the press and pulpit, and how little is heard of afterwards! Its cause is the wonderful absorbing power of the human mind.

But there are thoughts which never put on the tangible forms of language, not because of the littleness of mind so much as their own vastness. Their very size conceals them. Like the atmosphere in which we live, we can never see them, because we cannot get beyond them for a point of observation. The thought of an infinite Being, for instance, so encompasses all our other bases of thought and language, that it cannot be defined, though its secret power is felt. Poets feel such thoughts, and call upon "expressive silence" to embody them; metaphysicians feel them and toil to bring them out of their hiding-places, but never will either fully disclose them, for many lie deeper than human conception, and by a secret channel stretch back into the thoughts of God.

A second class of hidden thoughts is made up of those which are *obscurely expressed*. The great breadth of our subject is apparent in thus including things so unlike; for inexpressible longings after a great thought, and the sentences of the bombastic scribbler surely could be classed together on but few bases. In our first class, the thought does not profess to make its appearance, in this it does make this profession, and hence adds the crime of deception to the misfortune of concealment. Why do men take pains to hide their thoughts in unfolding them? Perhaps they attempt to create thought from words, instead of the opposite process, in which case an idea is not so much hidden as the absence of one. Perhaps (the supposition certainly is allowable) they attempt to conceal a common thought by uncommon language. Nor is this strange. It almost appeals to one's benevolence to do so. Think of the sad condition of a thought which for ages has traveled his "weary round" of mind, ever in the same garb. His face is familiar to every one he meets. His way-worn form, and wrinkled visage, and tattered garments, expose him often to insult. Why should he be suffered to end his days in ignominy? Perhaps they attempt to be extremely original in their conceptions. By force of will, or otherwise, they work their minds into an original state. Wonderful words issue from their mouths, and in most wonderful connections; the speaker performs with wonderful satisfaction, and the hearer hears with pleasing wonder; the only thing to mar the excellence of the affair being the difficulty of telling what is meant. The thoughts are hidden.

This view embraces only the more positive phases of concealed ideas. Many are concealed from no intention of those who profess to bring them to light. The writer is unfortunate, and his ideas quietly repose in their

resting-places, while men quarrel over the mangled words in which they are supposed to be contained. There would be much less controversy if thoughts in language were thoughts as they are.

A third class of Hidden Thoughts consists of those which are *intentionally secreted* within the mind. We do not mean unexecuted purposes, with which every mind teems, but pure ideas, such as make up literature, not action. Why do men keep their thoughts to themselves? Some do it because they love them, and are unwilling to expose them to the hard usage of publicity. They enjoy their society as that of a dear companion; see not their faults, and delight in their excellencies, and would not have them criticised by others. Are there no such persons? Why then do they spend hours in a "luxury of contemplation," and yet refuse to render account of their musings? Some do it because they are diffident, and dare not risk their offspring to go alone. The reflection of having advanced an error is too painful to be endured, and the fear of being the object of ridicule from anything they may propose crushes resolution. They are afraid of themselves, and afraid of the world, and therefore their thoughts ever nestle under the parental wings. Some do it to give their thoughts greater perfection. This is a mark of greatness. The man of small intellect and small prudence is never burdened with a load of half-finished thoughts. Like the barrel of a gun, he can safely hold but one charge at a time. Nor is this tendency to an undue discharge of crude ideas confined to very small minds. Some are given to it who think pretty soundly, and with some independence. There is great temptation, when a novel idea occurs to one, to utter it without reflection. A man gets credit for striking out a new path, and even if he is obliged very soon to recant, it is all well. True or not, his idea is supposed to be original. Sham originality! Are these leaky minds which do not hold an idea long enough to understand it, preëminently original? Many withstand the temptation of which we have spoken, and sacrifice ephemeral reputation to the good of literature. Some are restrained by principle from publishing thoughts which may turn out false and mischievous; others by an insensibility to the allurements of fame. Why should the world know all their strange or even noble thoughts? Thoughts are not such unfrequent visitors to them that they need to parade them all in order to furnish their quota to literature. Their minds are constantly thronged. The great and the insignificant, the true and the false, the deep and the simple, the specious and the barefaced, all enter the portals of a great mind as of any other. Some are received, perfected, published; many more rejected and forever hidden.

What then is our conclusion respecting Hidden Thoughts? They are characteristic of weak minds, and of strong minds; of the over-modest, and the over-bold; often they are a blessing, often not; and he who knows what to speak and what to pass over in silence, knows how to be of service to the world. L. S. P.

The Wonders of Nature.

Look above thee! look around thee!
  If thou would'st astonished be,—
Gaze, till wonder hath spell-bound thee,
  Still new wonders shalt thou see.
View the sparkling vault of heaven
  Studded with ten thousand gems,
Richer light from them is given
  Than e'er shone from diadems.

Dost thou know the rolling ocean
  Many a costly treasure hides?
As with never ceasing motion
  Rise and sink its swelling tides.
Far below the raging billow
  Pearls of richest value lie,
And the sleeping mermaid's pillow
  Wealth of princes could not buy.

To destruction thousands hurrying
  See the mass of ice and snow,
Fertile plains and cities burying,
  Falling in the vales below.
From the mountain rent asunder
  Fearfully it strikes the ground,
With a noise like crash of thunder,
  Spreading ruin far around.

Turn again, view Nature shaking
  With a strong convulsive throe,
Now the earth is trembling, quaking,
  And revealing depths below.
Now alas! ye cities fated,
  Noble spires! is your last day;

This sad end have ye awaited!
While I speak ye pass away.

Lava, boiling, hissing, dashes
Down the rugged mountain's side,
'Midst the lightning's vivid flashes
In a horrid, fiery tide.
Temples, treasures, works of sages
'Neath the stream are buried deep,—
They who've proudly stood for ages
Shall for ages safely sleep. L.

A Letter from Home.

Dear Editor,—If one may be allowed to judge from the unpleasantness of an epistle in the opposite direction, a letter *from* home must, by presumption, be eminently good, an advantage too important to be lost in these days of hot weather and "philosophical indolence." There are styles for the season in dress—heavy, substantial, and precise in winter; cool, easy, and negligent in summer—why not in writing? Thinking until your brain is weary will do very well in cold weather, but when the mental braces begin to give way beneath the heavy beams of summer, give me the more attainable labor of speaking from "the abundance of the heart," rather than the scantiness of the brain.

It was said by some eminent poet, who I think *wasn't* Shakspeare, that "there's no place like home," a position which I am fully determined to sustain. To sit in spring-time at the open window of a farm-house, on a level with acres of blooming orchard rolling in the fragrance of young leaves and blossoms, is much better than to take a hot noon ramble down Chapel street, or sit in sultry dignity one of the august *editorial bored.* And now as the air is white and fragrant with showers of locust blossoms, and the warming spring winds begin to sway the deeper and heavier verdure of the coming summer, whilst the hum of bees through the long afternoon, the contented loquacity of some dowager hen, whose regal son is lording it among the lesser denizens of the farm-yard, or the amatory pipe of that rare ventriloquist, the quail, is the only sound to break the quietude, one feels, like Peter, that "it is good to be here."

It is particularly good of a morning to escape the shrewish sound of the college bell, and to awaken with no unpleasant memories of a bad

lesson or "seven marks," only when the breakfast horn is rousing the wood-echoes behind the orchard. And it is yet better, if you ever have any sentiment about you, (and what dog hasn't his day?) to rise some three hours after midnight to watch the coming of the dawn. At three, or a little past, the dusky east begins to whiten, and the air is filled with the cool fresh fragrance of morning, though the night stillness is yet upon the earth. Anon a whippowil in the wood, awakened from a doze after his late watching, tries a few notes, and then composes himself to his day's slumber. And then, as scattered songsters awake, the day choir begins in the dark twilight a few distant notes, which gradually swell forth until the darkness is vocal with their matin-song. Soon "the purple dawn of day" succeeds the cold gray of morning, and "the far-darting Phœbus Apollo" is shooting his golden arrows athwart the east.

> "Lo, now, apparent all,
> Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
> He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
> And sheds the shining day."

Noontide is a pleasant hour too, with its hot quiet and glimmer of warm haze over the prairie. The cattle have gathered together around the watering troughs or beneath the shade of the willows along the "branches," to have a social whisking of tails and chewing of cuds; and the horses have left their grazing for the lone "black-jacks" on the ridges. The pigeons perched along the ridge of the barn take a lazy wheel into the air, but soon follow the example of the shade-seeking poultry. The wind barely ripples the rising tide of the young grain, whose green waves threaten the farmer's barn with future floods of—plenty. The lark's twitter and the plover's whistle sound lonely and far over the sprouting meadows where their cunning nest-work lies hidden. The bees hum drowsily amid the blossoms;

> "Great Pan has gone to rest."

But, perchance, as yesterday, in the calm a storm lies hidden. There is a black wall of cloud beyond the western creek-timber rising in fearful majesty behind the clearly-defined landscape glared over by the yellow lustre of the half-eclipsed sun.

> "In a moment all is dark,"

and the big mass comes booming on. There is a stillness as of suppressed wrath, and then a distant roar, as of swollen torrents. A few scattered

rain-drops patter upon the cabin roof, and *now* the storm is upon us! The long-limbed trees with hissing roar have grappled with the tempest. The air is filled with torn foliage, and the white spray of blossoms comes combing into the very window. The swallows, half exulting, half fearing, are cleaving the murky sky far aloof, and the fowls are taking the wind silently and as little abeam as may be. The philosophical porker alone is superbly indifferent, and says, as plainly as actions can—"be blowed." A few minutes more and the squall is over. A soft light, as of sunshine softened among clouds, comes over the earth, and soon the sky is bright as ever.

> "The radiant sun with farewell sweet
> Extends his evening beam, the fields revive,
> The birds their notes renew."

Now the sun is down and the stars shine out, whilst the moon lifts her broad red shield over the eastern wood, and the whippowil makes night ring with his cry, mingled, perchance, with the shrill shriek of the screech-owl, or the "midnight cry" of the more venerable bird who adds his solemn *to-whoo* through the lone watches of the night. The dews lie heavy on the young grass, and the mists settle white and ghastly on the lowlands. Now the moon is in high heaven, and the sparkling lights of the fire-flies grow more dim along the prairie's surface. A glorious night for a gallop over the prairie by moonlight! Are you romantic and silent? it has a beautiful solitude. Are you noisy? there is room to exercise your lungs. A "grand" place, if you will, to try a stave of "Gaudeamus."

> "Vivant omnes virgines
> Faciles formosae;
> Vivant et mulieres
> Tenerae, amabiles,
> Bonae, laboriosae."

I have read of a shrewd son of New England, who said he never could endure the prairies,—they were "too darned still." He always "liked to be where there was some kind of a racket." How far this feeling is shared in by the many, would hardly be policy for me to inquire; yet there is, for the lover of nature, an *original* "beauty and majesty" in the prairies, such as I have never seen elsewhere. In its broad expanse, there is much of the majesty of Ocean combined with the beauty of Earth's life and change. It is picturesque, even in wildness and winter, brown with withered verdure, blackened by the late fires of Autumn, or whitened with the snowy pall of the dying year;—with nothing, save an occa-

sional deer bounding over its surface, or a flock of prairie chickens, whizzing with short, quick-beating wings through the air, in faint relief against the leaden sky. It is fair when Spring throws over it a mantle embroidered with rare flowers, and enlivens the solitary trees and lone hollows with the song of the thrush, the boom of grouse, the lowing of cattle and the tramp of horses, seeking the fresh pasturage of the "bottoms." And when the Summer sun throws his early beams "aslant the dew-bright Earth," and for miles and miles away, the broad plain is flashing in diamond sheen, when the glory of the decked Earth below has only its match in the deep Summer blue above, let the dullest clod of our Earth-born race go forth on the wide waste, and he cannot choose but feel glorious exultation and reverend joy, in the lone presence of the great God of Nature. When, too, Autumn and its frosty nights, that tinge the dark green leaves with brown and wrest the leafy glories of the hickory from its brow, have come, and through the warm Autumn days the Indian Summer lingers lovingly along the misty forest sides in the beauty of eloquent silence, pleading for a few more days of grace from the stern old Winter, the lovely pensiveness of the prairie is more than words can utter or music even tell. The grass, faded and withered, rustles mournfully in the Autumn wind, and the last flowers are casting their withered garlands from their heads, like the latest revelers at a feast. Through the clear Autumn sky, the cranes are leading on their squadrons, with plaintive cry, to the southward. The young quails, grown into tight-fitting jackets of russet, pipe forebodingly along the fences, and great flocks of grouse perched upon the tree-tops along the prairie side at noon await the frost's disappearance, and the shocking of the tall corn which is falling with heavy rustle beneath the stout knives of the farm-hands, whilst around all the broad prairie is surging in the late wind's heavy waves of autumn brown. Glorious is it too, on fire, when night has closed over the Earth, girting the horizon with fire, and leading on stout squadrons of crackling flame along the ridges, and charging with impetuous fury down into the rank herbage of the hollows—whilst far above, through the towering smoke and flame, frightened wild birds beat a devious way.

* * * * *

But the shadows of the first Summer's day are growing long and admonish me that I must hasten, lest my letter seem both "late and long." Wherefore, wishing you a stout heart through the Athenian plague, and unlimited confidence in the veracity of optics, I leave you to your Editorial.

W. C. F.

Water.

I.

Traveler o'er the barren sand,
Wanderer in a weary land,
Onward toiling faint and worn,
To thy long-expected bourn,
In my grotto rest awhile,
Where the limpid fountains smile;
Bend the knee and slake thy thirst,
Where the sparkling waters burst,
Ever flowing pure and free,
Streams of life and health for thee.

II.

Here beneath the quiet shade,
By the rocks o'er hanging made,
In this calm and still retreat,
With the fountain at thy feet,
Quaff from out the bubbling spring,
And amid its murmurs sing;
Let the tuneful echoes raise
Grateful songs in water's praise,
While the Naiads standing by
Join the chorus in reply.

III.

Cool the liquid dew distills,
On the gently-sloping hills;
Softly on its couch of green,
By no mortal vision seen,
Silent as the noble few
Deeds of love and mercy do.
Thus it sinks to quiet rest,
Making all around it blest,
And the daises from the night,
Wake to drink in new delight.

IV.

Drink for flower, and sweets for bee,
Bubbles on a perfumed sea,
Tears of love the angels weep
While poor weary mortals sleep,

Lest upon this barren earth
Love and joy should suffer dearth;
Diamonds in the moonlight clear,
Sparkling on each grassy spear
With the rainbow's violet hue,
Gentle, radiant, pearly dew.

V.

On the fresh and springing grass
Tiny footsteps softly pass,
And the voice of growing flowers
Mingles with the march of hours;
On the shingles old and gray,
Just before the dawn of day,
List the dreamy, mystic strain
Of the silver footed rain,
With its sweet and solemn tread
Pacing on the roof o'er head.

VI.

Hark! the fiercely driving rain
Beats against the window-pane;
How the hostile winds without
Storm and shake your frail redoubt,
And their music wild and shrill
Sounds the charge of battle still;
While amid the rattling hail,
In the pauses of the gale,
Swaying branches creak and sigh
Like the wounded sufferer's cry.

VII.

Down within the silent ground,
Banished far from sight and sound,
Lives and toils a captive, wee,
Struggling ever to be free;
Slow it works its upward way,
Pining for the light of day,
Till, its fetters left behind,
Joyous, bounding, unconfined
From its prison issuing,
Glad we greet the dancing spring.

VIII.

"Streamlet by the wayside springing,
Dancing o'er thy pebbly bed,
Life and freshness ever bringing,
Beauty is around thee spread.
Pure the waters
Gushing from thy fountain-head.

IX.

"Streamlet, art thou never weary?
Tirest never on thy way?
Is thy narrow channel dreary?
Would'st thy gurgling current stay?
Wayside fountain,
Art thou never weary, say?

X.

"Oft the forest's dark-haired daughters
Watched the sunshine and the shade,
Flitting o'er thy sparkling waters,
Rippling down the narrow glade.
Changing often
As the breeze the branches swayed.

XI.

"Pleasant are the sunbeams glistening
Through the leaves thy banks along,
While the silent trees stand listening
To the music of thy song,
And the echoing
Wakes the wild-wood choral throng."

XII.

Realm of waters! azure sea!
Reverently we gaze on thee;
Awful in thy mildest moods
Are those shoreless solitudes,
Where the waves forever flow,
And the ships pass to and fro,
Tracking o'er the waste a path,
Heedless of the tempests' wrath,
And the slumbering hosts that rest
Far beneath thy heaving breast.

XIII.

But when storms to battle crowd,
And the heavens with black enshroud,
While the fitful flashing light
Gleams amid Egyptian night,
And the thunder long and loud
Peals from hostile cloud to cloud,
Angry billows dashed on high
Sprinkling with their foam the sky,
What is man to stem thy rage,
Or amid the strife engage?

XIV.

Once thy waves their prison burst,
Rushing unconfined as erst
When the earth was void of form,
Cradled in the night and storm;
Then the sentries of the deep
Ceased their usual guard to keep,
And the waters unrestrained
All their pristine sway regained,
Banished once from solid land,
Now recalled by God's command.

XV.

Scarce the mandate He hath spoken,
Fountains of the deep are broken,
And the murky clouds outpour
All their secret watery store;
Thus to wash, if wash they may,
Damning stains of guilt away.
Fertile vale and grassy plain
Sink beneath the surging main,
And the mountains disappear
Slowly from the drowning sphere.

XVI.

But a speck upon the tides,
Hope forlorn, in safety rides,
He protects thee, at whose word
All this tumult wild was stirred,
And at whose benign behest
Floods and tempests sink to rest.
See! the helmless voyage o'er
Shoreless sea hath found a shore;
Smoke ascends of sacrifice,
And the rainbow spans the skies.

XVII.

Father! source of life, Divine,
Thine these gifts, the glory thine;
From thy hand impartial, fall
Ceaseless proofs of love for all,
Dew alike on Hermon's height
And the valley's humbler site,
While the bounteous showers descend,
Freely blessing foe and friend;
Evil and unthankful, we
Take thy gifts and turn from Thee.

XVIII.

She who came to Jacob's well
Heard the gracious stranger tell
Of a fount of whose blest store,
They who drink shall thirst no more.
Earth's best, deepest, purest tide
Ne'er the soul hath satisfied.
We have sought, and sought in vain,
Drank and thirst, alas! again;
Yet the stream of life is free—
May we find that stream in Thee. L.

Peripatetics.

"Οἱ περιπατοῦντες."—*Greek Language.*
"A turn or two I'll walk."—*Tempest.*

"WALK in!" In we walk; and after walking round in a "how are ye" style, without waiting to deserve the odious correlative, "walk out," we leave the room and a good impression—to walk about in general. Everybody else seems to be walking. It is surprising how much walking there is done in the world; and it is interesting to observe in what different ways and for what different purposes men walk. We have orreries to represent the perambulations of the heavenly bodies, but what a curious piece of machinery that would be which imitates the motions of terrestrial ones. In the former you turn the crank of universal gravitation, (which evolves after the fashion of "organ-grinders," "the music

of the spheres,") and sun and all, the former however mighty stingy of the *common* centre of gravity, commence their march, while the comets pass among the ranks to marshal them. Now, by what system can we stop and start, at will, the goings to and fro of much humbler objects, even the denizens of earth? Art cannot go into such a maze without being confused, yet Nature manages the whole frame-work with invisible wires and wheels, so that everybody with every degree of speed walks in every direction almost all the while.

Regarding our subject in a moral point of view, we may say in general that some walk when they ought not to, and where they ought not to, and as they ought not to, but we will not undertake to specify further, as the reader can judge of this as well as we. Walking is very expressive; it expresses permanent character, transient emotion, fixed habit, temporary circumstances, state of body, and state of mind. Sometimes its expressions harmonize with the other personal developments, sometimes contrasts with them. Here goes a gentle benevolent man. His step is so easy and quiet, you may be sure that he never "needlessly sets foot upon the worm that crawls at evening in the public path." His gait is far from handsome, for his tread lacks firmness, and his footsteps are as irregular as the serpent's path, turning hither and thither, as they do, to avoid discommoding even the saucy cur that wakes up just as he passes by. Yonder goes a blusterer. You could tell him without seeing more than the lowest six inches of his person. Every descent of his foot seems intended for a blow at mother earth. One would think he was trying to kill something, but the rapidity of his movements suggest that it is only time at which he is directing his "murderous intent." Here is a precise, mathematical man. His heel goes into its print as exactly as a bolt into its socket. From one step to another it passes with a uniform motion, timed with the accuracy of a chronometer, in a curve whose equation may be estimated in strict conformity to "Calculus." In meeting obstacles, if timely warning is received, he can "make a tack" which will infallibly clear him; otherwise his fate is doubtful. Here, again, goes a lazy, independent, jolly soul who stalks along with a passive and measured pace, as much as to say if the world'll not wait him, he'll wait for the world; and there an active, diligent man walking in earnest not as a luxury in itself, but as a "means to the end" of his journey.

Look moreover at the various attitudes assumed not only in the act of walking but in the incidentals frequently required of walkers. Head reaching forward, on the principle that mind should lead the body; head extending backwards, on the principle that light bodies have least momen-

tum; head up and head down; mouth open and mouth shut; hands swinging, hands held perpendicular, and hands pocketed; turning to the right, turning to the left, and not turning at all; bowing low, bowing high, or upwards, (as if a lever of the first kind were placed under the chins of the individuals concerned)—bowing with the hat on, with the hat off, and with the hat badly pulled out of shape. These are a few of the constantly occurring phenomena, which give variety to the activity of a street, and afford more or less amusing indications of character and disposition.

Look again, and see if you can detect any of the objects for which all this walking is done. Don't try to understand all, for many walkers have no object. They walk because occasionally it is preferable to doing nothing. Next come those who walk to show themselves, being firm believers in the truth of our main proposition, that walking is very expressive. It never appears so more conspicuously than in the case now in our view. Next in the ascending scale are those who are out to see others, of whom we have nothing to say, except that a distinction should be carefully drawn between those, who, like ourselves, make their appearance for purely philosophical purposes, and those who do not. You may detect the man who is walking on business, for he makes a business of walking;—the lawyer on the way to his office, because he walks with a contemplative, imposing step, fixing his eyes earnestly on the pavement, and letting a handfull of bills stand out of his pocket. Here is a walker of delicate form, who

"Who drags at each remove a lengthened chain,"

though from his looks one would judge the world to be as attractive to him in one direction as another. The great problem with him is to get along; he is a student out of health, who is taking a solitary walk for sheer exercise.

Observe now the physical developments of the walker. The robust man walks as with authority. Every inch of ground necessary for his locomotion he is prepared to vindicate his claim to. He takes pleasure in walking. Every step he takes, like every breath he draws, is the natural exertion of his powers. Beside him and now behind him wriggles along a lean, consumptive, sedentary individual, trying to go to consult his friend's library on some point of great importance. Alas! for him, if that friend's dwelling were at a distance. He has sat till his physical proficiency consists in being able to sit for an unconscionably long time in the most unhealthy posture. He has long been looking with resigna-

tion to the close of his mortal life, and is determined to leave his "foot-print" in the walk of fame, though he walks on earth but little longer. On he goes; hoary age stops to notice the youthful victim, age resting on its staff, bending under the weight of time and sad experience, and walking with unsteady tread as if on the last plank of time—this has its own expressive step. Now comes by the long loose-jointed billious frame, which compensates for slow motions by length of stride; and with him the halt and lame of every degree of irregularity—there's a great deal that comes out about a man when he begins to walk.

Notice the interruptions of our peripatetics. A coal-cart at the crossing, a man with your unpaid bill, a few boxes of goods spanning the pavement, a beautiful lady, a long-absent friend, a thunder-storm—these are specimens of what often intervene to tie the knots in the net-work of locomotive activity. It is good to have men stopped in their walks; it disciplines their patience and gives them an opportunity to show how they bear the infraction of their plans. One is so polite as almost to apologize to the drayman for approaching so near his chariot, while another would jostle a lady into the street with perfect composure. You can't tell what a man really is till you meet him in a hurry in the street; if his face beams upon you full of kindness *then*, he is well tried.

Let us now leave our narrow limits of observation for a moment, and contemplate the pedestrian in a wider range. Many are the places where the lonely footstep of the traveler is needed to give to scenes their full grandeur. In the halls of time-consecrated cathedrals, how the echo of every tread strikes the soul with a sense of majesty and glory! In the solitudes and sublimities of Nature, too, he who goes on foot feels most the worth of the view. His own insignificance and helplessness in the presence and power of the mighty creation; the awful contrast between his littleness and the vastness of everything around, make him walk as if in another world. See the wanderer in the deep, wild forest. He walks under the canopy reared for him by the labor of hundreds of years,

"A boundless contiguity of shade."

He is enveloped in time, and, without the sight or sound of human sympathy, the thoughts of past duration and infinite power sway his soul as the wind the heavy branches overhead. The walker in the forest is the man for deep and reverent thought. Everything without, even the sun and sky, is hidden, and the mind expands to fill with its own greatness the void below. See the wanderer by the seashore, where the blind and

speechless deep mutters its unutterable thoughts, and shakes its hands in mute expression, feeling its way along the beach. He walks in contemplation of the unchangeable and the unrelenting. Time and circumstance but ruffle the surface which rolls on as ever, unconscious of its deeds of crime, and forcing its way onward to a goal never to be reached.

But we have wandered amazingly in our attempts to follow the footsteps of others. We stop with the remark and the consciousness that there is pleasure in resting, as well as expression and enjoyment in walking. LISP.

The Spirit of Fun.

I.

Fun was born in Eden
From a silver fountain,
Which laughed all day, in play,
On sunny side of mountain.

II.

Fun was born a spirit
Light as the breath of a fairy;
Merrily he sings queer things
In his travels airy.

III.

Musically down the valley
From the rills his voice outleapeth;
Sunshine golden, him enfolden
In its smile forever keepeth.

IV.

In the twinkles of the stars, he sprinkles
Drops of his own spirit gay;
In the clouds, strange wreaths and wrinkles
Twists he night and day.

V.

Now he teases traveling breezes,
Till in wrath they roar;
Now they play, as e'er *he* pleases,
Tunes the light leaves o'er.

VI.

You may wonder but the thunder
Rolls to suit his whim;
In the patter of the rain is matter
Of rich sport for him.

VII.

Merry thoughts and radiant fancies
Sows he in *our* hearts;
From the brow of care the crows-foot
At his glance departs.

VIII.

Since, then, Fun out-welleth
From all things on earth,
Since 'mong man he dwelleth,
Never cease our mirth.

LÆTUS.

Narrow-Mindedness.

THAT men possess, and so frequently fail to employ reason, is a fact which adds nothing to the dignity of human character.

We have judgment given us to compare, and view things in all their relations. Besides, we are endowed with a moral nature. Hence, our conclusions should be *just*, as well as logical. While the brute acts from instinct, or natural impulse, man should act from reason and conscience. The rational should never sink into the brutal. But how much superior to the animal is he, who like the animal, is guided by desire alone. The fable of the dog in the manger does not fill us with the same indignation, as the every-day history of men acting no better than that brute under similar circumstances. In the one case, the conduct is natural—in the other, the effect of nature corrupted. Viewed in relation to other creations, *expansion* is the true type of the human.

Narrow-mindedness is the opposite of this expansion. Illustrations of its nature are furnished in all the various dealings and connections of men with one another. Politicians are frequently narrow-minded. Even the Church is not free from its influence. Men *daily* exhibit developments of contractedness.

Argument is not needed to show uncharitableness inconsistent with true

religion. Nor has this error in the Church sprung from any error in Christianity itself, but from unexerted reason and exercised prejudice. Because Barnabas prefers Mark, and Paul another, it is no reason that Barnabas should preach a worse doctrine in Cyprus, than Paul in Syria and Cilicia.

Yet we find bigotry common to all sects. While the fact furnishes no argument against Religion, it testifies strongly to human littleness. With some, rejection of the doctrine of immersion would be an open acknowledgment of heresy. The surplice and prayer book, in the judgment of others, are at variance with Christian simplicity and earnestness.

To take Communion with a different denomination shocks the proud piety of an occasional sect or individual.

Narrow-mindedness upon a subject interesting all men alike, is not in keeping with the Divine injunction—"Suffer long and be kind, envy not, vaunt not yourselves, be not puffed up."

Again, how narrow-minded are many politicians! Strife seems essential to political action. When by concussion of minds, new and effective truths are elicited, the contention of party appears excusable. But when enthusiasm makes party the index and embodiment of perfection, judgment, and therefore expansion, are fettered. Why wonder, then, at fanaticism? If one arm of the balance is lightened, the other must preponderate.

Narrow-mindedness in politics, is especially to be condemned, because the successful politician becomes the powerful Statesman. Too much sectionality of feeling, marks a mind circumscribed by petty boundaries. If a statesman's *heart* is not large enough to love his whole country, let a sense of justice sway his reason.

Who are the narrow-minded men of a nation? We shall find them among the "petty tyrants of a neighborhood"—men who raise factions because able to do so. Such love to enjoy a little temporal power,—to view the image of the Congressman, or reformer, in the "mirror of their own pride." We shall find them among those who, too little to be great among the great, or eminent among *men*, are necessarily contented to share the honors of infidelity, abolitionism and spiritualism, with deluded women. Sooner than die honorably, yet *unknown*, they would, like Herostratus of old, fire the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; or like the unappreciated poet, seek immortality in the crater of a volcano.

Even our public men of the higher order, occasionally close the doors of honest investigation, and, wrapping themselves in the cloak of self-complacency, deny that any good can come out of Nazareth. Men and

principles, to be worthy, must then, be *local*. To say nothing of the littleness and injustice of such conduct, prudence should teach men differently. A Bonaparte was born in Corsica,—Cincinnatus stepped from the plow-furrow to the throne. Thus, enthusiasm degraded into fanaticism, is ever blind to the trifles which become so often eras in the world's history.

We now propose to remark a few things on the *daily* exhibition of narrow-mindedness.

Since we must be brief, it would probably offend no one to hear somewhat concerning contractedness of mind, among collegians. We are inclined to form hasty judgments upon the characters of fellow-students; and this arises principally from the fact, that few think for themselves. The mass of a collegian's ideas, independent of the valuable store acquired by the regular course of study, consists of Review knowledge,—a few generalities on morals and politics, and a vast amount of flimsy, floating philosophy, born, musquito-like, upon the surface of impure streams.

Criticism upon men and things, in College, immediately becomes lively. It moves with the rapidity of a formal dispatch. Like Rumor, in Virgil's description, it swells from activity, until its original author would find dfficulty in recognizing the germ covered by so much adipose matter.

With equal speed, and characterized by like peculiarities, travel our opinions, even our slightest remarks. Some thoughtless fellow-student has been guilty of impropriety in appearance or action. A passing mention of the fact is made in some one's presence. Ought not magnanimity sometimes restrain the human tongue? Can we not occasionally sacrifice a *timely* remark to justice and charity? Every stricture upon a man's character, at College, is magnified by circulation, into a justly deduced truth. We sometimes deplore this or that individual's baseness, ere we have proved him base. Any one who would take the trouble, can readily call to mind instances of such hasty judgments. These victims of our indiscreet censure, are generally men possessing less caution than innocence of heart. Moreover, they are, for the most part, generous and plastic in respect to disposition. Too refined in feeling to injure others, they naturally suffer keenly when injured by others. Is it just, and wide-minded, then, to discourage and wound them? To point the finger of ridicule and contempt, where we should direct words of kindness? We do not mean that it is proper to disgust every wayward man with cant, for this would fail of its object. The reason is plain. Such reformers come arrayed in the robes of arrogance.

In this world, *example* is the most powerful of teachers. If men wish to propagate morality, they must make morality fashionable, by furnishing themselves living witnesses of the superiority of a moral life. Thus others may be induced to try the *experiment.*

We spoke of *fashionable* morality. Collegians generally aspire to be *men.* The restraint of home being thrown off, it is at our option to be, or *seem* to be, men. Now, the difference in *results* is owing to the difference in *method.* Make the method a good one, and the result will be good. We show narrow-mindedness in condemning those in word, whom we should reform by deed. If we arrogate to ourselves infallibility, and sit judges of men, we are as criminal as they whom we would judge. If we go on the principle that the "rogues ought to be hung," we may ask with the little boy in the drama, where are the *honest* men to act as executioners? Errors should be corrected, not despised.

Finally—it is no less a duty than a pleasure to cultivate expansion of mind. Why, it is as easy, as it is infinitely more satisfactory, to view men and principles according to the peculiar nature of the case.

Let us take a broad and thorough view before we act; something important might otherwise escape us. While we would avoid the ditch, let us not spring upon the serpent lying concealed upon the opposite bank. It is well enough in momentous affairs, to beat every bush, as the successful rabbit-hunter does.

Making it a principle to take these precautions, we shall stand in no danger of leading a life, the memory of which is so often disagreeable, on account of denial of justice to ourselves and others. Unlike the Pharisee, let us know that we are as other men, with like passions—like tendencies to evil. Some slight difference in circumstances may sometimes make the difference between saint and devil. Let us then make the circumstances of men conduce to their happiness—not their ruin. When that feeling of self-righteousness would steel over us, let us drive it away by viewing the image of our imperfections in the mirror of our every-day life.

C. T. P.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

BY CHARLTON THOMAS LEWIS, WEST CHESTER, PA.

THE Tragedy of Macbeth is the history of a great crime. If the truth of nature, the soul of the drama, is the same forever, the tragic muse must consider crime as a miracle. For she is not limited to the ken of those to whom it is familiar, but gains its full significance by turning back her sympathies to its advent, when

> "Nature, from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost."

But there is one crime, which, even to us, seems "a great perturbation in nature." Man's instinctive awe of *murder*, surviving ages of violence, clings to the race, like an inherited recollection that not disease, not decay, not accident, but a brother's arm was the first instrument of death. To enforce the most terrible view of crime, by representing it in this strongest, darkest form, and by tracing it from its first suggestion to its last earthly consequence, is the dramatic aim and unity of Shakspeare's "Macbeth."

Exhausting, as it does, all that is mighty in art, sublime in poetry, or terrific in passion, this wonderful work is distinguished for every dramatic excellence; but as the chief interest centers in two characters, which are conceived and developed with all the power of Shakspeare, we will confine our attention to them.

Of Macbeth, we first learn that he is a brave warrior, who has won laurels fighting for his king and country. He is then introduced to us in the hour of triumph, when a soldier's fancy is moulding day-dreams of glory in the smoke of the battle, and mighty agents of the lower world, whose nature consists of "the imaginative, disconnected from the good," are striving to enforce these dreams in the form of a definite prophecy, which may cause its own fulfillment. Their supernatural, though not necessarily prophetic power, is immediately confirmed by a message from the king. Macbeth's credulous mind, fully convinced that the "greatest is behind," instantly grasps the only means by which the promised crown can be obtained, and the thought of murder hurries ambition into a con-

flict with conscience. But the action of conscience, in a superstitious nature, always excites an indefinite apprehension of danger; and even the brave Macbeth, who found a home upon his country's battle-field, amid "strange images of death," trembles at the ruin which now threatens his moral nature. His unassisted mind is too weak to grapple with the dreadful shadows that haunt it; and while yet parleying with his misinterpreted conscience, he writes to his wife, informing her of "the noble having and the royal hope" promised by the weird sisters, and confirmed by its partial fulfillment.

Lady Macbeth first appears to us in the act of reading her husband's letter, and her resolution is taken instantly, "Thou *shalt be* what thou art promised." Her reflections upon his character place it in strong contrast with her own, and thus give an insight into both. While his ambition, though great, is checked by the nobler feelings, her's would seem to have absorbed them all. While his practical mind looks upon crime as a wide gulf between him and the Crown, her excited and powerful imagination fastens upon that one grand object, and magnifies it to the annihilation of obstacles. While he would be king, but, made a coward by conscience, dares not compass it unlawfully; she, by her burning energy of purpose, ignores all moral distinctions in the means of attaining such an end, and will be content

> "To wade through slaughter to a throne,
> And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

From the first, Lady Macbeth has no struggle with conscience. She overwhelms it with a torrent of enthusiasm.

And now her husband has returned, Duncan is their guest; all the circumstances seem to favor the crime, and to-morrow it will be too late. But Macbeth is still vacillating. Fears of retribution in this world and the next, a sense of honor as a subject and host, kind feelings towards his worthy prince and kinsman,—these are the forms in which conscience urges its last appeal. He cannot meet it, and determines to proceed no further. But Lady Macbeth replies to this suggestion with indignant reproaches, for his irresolution and cowardice,—reproaches which no man can endure to hear from a woman. She then lays her plans before him, and argues against his fears of detection; until he yields, not to her arguments, for they are mere words, but to the enthusiasm of will which enforces them. With feelings not unlike those of a child in danger, under the protection of a parent, his weakness admires and leans upon her strength.

When Macbeth goes upon the bloody business, with some of his wife's energy and resolution, strong blasts of conscience strike across the path of purpose, until imagination is bewildered, and sense deranged. But his will is now fixed upon the murder, and even the "Air-drawn dagger" marshals him towards the king's bed-chamber. With feelings that partake of the suicide's blind, reckless fury, he strikes the fatal blow; then rushes madly from his victim into the presence of his wife, and pours his frenzy into her ear. Already he repents, already he trembles at his guilt, and wishes that the knocking at the gate might wake Duncan. But Lady Macbeth conceals the emotions she cannot repress within herself, and endeavors by remonstrance, reproaches, and kindness in turn, to calm her husband's disordered mind. Now that the reality of murder is before her, in all its unnatural horror—even her pride is touched—even her enthusiasm is shaken, and she breathes a fear of madness. Yet her mind is still upon the great object of its desire; she is free from her husband's superstitious fears, and boldly executes the measures which she has devised to throw suspicion upon others.

Nothing in human nature is more remarkable than the power of a *precedent* against conscience in a weak mind, and the ease with which the consciousness of guilt becomes the habit of the soul. A second murder is now necessary to conceal the first, and Macbeth finds little difficulty in nerving himself to it. Ambitious without independence; energetic in action, when roused by opposition, or by a sudden emergency, but procrastinating and weak in resolution, he was peculiarly susceptible of influence for good or evil. But now that the strongest influence has been exerted, and has led his mind into the sea of crime, he has no more doubt or hesitation. Even remorse, the friendly hand which conscience offers to guide his return, drives him further and faster to ruin. He kills the guards, Duncan's sons flee into exile, and Macbeth is king of Scotland.

The summit of his ambition is now attained, but never did more uneasy head wear a crown. And this disquiet, this pressure of remorse, everywhere finds cause for suspicion. His malignant eye first fastens upon Banquo, his former companion in arms, whose noble soul, resting in the superiority of conscious innocence, casts a shade upon the king. Besides the weird sisters have promised the kingdom to Banquo's children; and the torturing thought of a "fruitless crown" urges Macbeth to prevent, if possible, the fulfillment of this prophecy. Banquo is murdered, but his son escapes; and the guilty king still finds no peace. While seeking a refuge from himself in the duties of hospitality, remorse still excites his superstitious fears—and that grave, to which the living have been so

madly hurried, sends back the dead for vengeance. Since this apparition is entirely subjective, the figment of Macbeth's feverish brain, seen by him alone, we cannot refuse our belief in Banquo's ghost, as the avenger of Banquo's murder. It is but remorse, driving the king to madness. This takes place in the presence of his guests, who are dismissed in haste, that they may not learn his guilt. But the tyrant is already more than suspected of Duncan's murder,—his character is detested as much as his power is dreaded, and one subject, the Thane of Fife, has ever dared to disobey his summons. He resolves to consult the weird sisters again, and hopes, under their guidance, to overwhelm conscience by the enormity of his crimes.

In anticipation of this visit, the witches have prepared their most terrible enchantments. Ambiguous oracles—whose ambiguity escapes the king's notice—pronounced by typical apparitions, whose secret meaning is unexplained, persuade him that his life and crown are safe. But his eager demand to know more is met by the assurance that Banquo's issue long shall reign in Scotland; and as he leaves the cave, driven to desperation by the thought that he has lost his eternal jewel to gain a barren scepter, he resolves to give his worst passions entire dominion, and plunge headlong into crime. Macduff, too, the only man of whom the weird sisters tell him to beware, the rebellious Thane whom he wishes to destroy,

> "That he may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
> And sleep in spite of thunder,"

has fled to join Malcolm in England. Inspired by the very *passion* of cruelty, the king surprises the castle of Fife, slaughters Macduff's wife, children and servants, then retires to his own stronghold at Dunsinane, and "laughs to scorn" the power of man.

Since the murder of Duncan, Lady Macbeth has been less prominent than in many of the previous scenes. Yet if only those scenes had been written, we might almost have regarded her as a being with human passions, but without human sympathies; a fury in the form of a woman. We may, indeed, find even there glimpses of her native disposition breaking through the veil of her strong will, but they can be fully understood only in connection with the remainder of the play. Here she appears to us is a new light; not as a tempter, but as a comforter; not urging her husband on to crime, but endeavoring to soothe his sorrow; and we find that under this unscrupulous ambition, this feudal imagination, and this invincible will, there throbs a woman's heart. She is not naturally, nor is she ever wantonly, cruel. And in all circumstances, whether her wild

fancy revels in day-dreams of power, or her lonely heart is harrowed by remorse, we see her actuated by an absorbing affection for her husband. All her hopes and fears, plan and deeds, are for him; she wishes him to murder Duncan, not that she may be queen, but that he may be king; and ever after, when he is haunted by sights and sounds of terror, although her own mental sufferings are no less than his, she seems almost to forget them, in the effort to calm his frenzy. And even when silent, there is a sublimity in her silence; for it is a sublime thing "to suffer and be strong." But there are pangs under which human nature cannot support its strength. We have already seen, in the progress of the play, how the murderer, even when successful, suffers more than his victim; we have seen the mother and her children wantonly butchered at their fireside, "All at one fell swoop," and the bereaved husband and father bowed by his affliction; but the lowest depths of misery are reserved for that remorse which crushes the proud heart of a guilty woman. Lady Macbeth endures her waking hours in sullen silence, and

> "Concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
> Feeds on her damask cheek."

But when she seeks relief in sleep, troubled dreams shake her rest;—in imagination, she lives again her life of crime; and the blood upon that little hand, which "all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten," is but the symbol of the plague-spot on the soul. To escape from her utter despondency here, she "jumps the life to come," and every reader must acknowledge retributive justice in her suffering and death. But, in parting from her, we feel, like the Christian traveler, who gazes on the crumbling temple of the sun, rejoicing at the overthrow of its altars, once polluted with human sacrifices, yet acknowledging that even its ruins are sublime.

The king has now "supped full of horrors." After suffering all the anguish of remorse, until life, alternating between vain fury and hopeless grief, seems no longer desirable, he is pronounced "ripe for shaking," and the external form of retribution begins. Calamities fall upon him in rapid succession. The English force advances—the Thanes desert him in a body, and he is almost without an army. The queen's death leaves him alone in the world, as far from love as from innocence. Finally, the ambiguous oracles on which he has relied for safety, are fulfilled in their secret meaning; and as Macbeth passes from this life to the next—both utter blanks to him—we cannot regret the fate of one who has so long survived all his own bravery and virtue.

And now they are all gone—the curtain has fallen—we have seen the

hurried race of this guilty pair, from innocence, through crime, to death; and curiosity and imagination are satisfied. But every work of that "highest art," which reproduces nature, has a nobler object than the gratification of these sentiments, and teaches a purer lesson than the mere apocalypse of human character. This lesson is conveyed in those reflections which become feelings during its perusal. Tried by such a test, the Tragedy of Macbeth will be found powerfully to enforce upon the mind as true, that *crime is unnatural, and must find judgment under the laws of nature.* This truth, in the progress of our race, constitutes the soul of morality, and the necessity for Religion.

The Part which the Soldier has Acted in the History of Man.

BY JAMES MORRIS WHITON, BOSTON, MASS.

"Intraque praescriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis." *Hor. II, Carm.* 6.

"HAS acted." The word is significant. It breathes the strong conviction of those minds whose philosophic ken

Sees such refraction of events
As often rises as they rise,

that the Giant War is in his old age, that pacific means are rapidly supplanting the rusted sword, and the dominion of Might descending to the worthier head of Truth.

The action of the Soldier, though fast becoming a record or a tale, will ever present an attractive field for philosophical inquiry. "Through that long dim path of years" great monuments of his energy are thickly strewn from the earliest ages. Wherever states have risen or constitutions been established; wherever the genius of liberty has vindicated herself from tyranny; in the revolutions of nations, the migrations of races, the soldier has been the universal Hercules. No wonder, then, that sages have called Violence the parent of governments—of order itself.

Out of many various methods, it is difficult to select any particular one as best exhibiting the soldier's part. We might first contemplate the differences in the social estimation of the soldier, and the variety of his function at different periods. From the palmy days of Rome, when the

dulce et decorum was a living verity—from the time when "War was an honorable occupation, and piracy the delight of noble souls," we may trace the regular operation of a process which we may call "Division of Labor" in the soldier's office. Again, we may fix upon individual heroes and discern in each a reflected image of the times in which he lived; for truly it takes many men to make one perfect man. Reckoning, then, in these grand Olympiads, as it were, we should see how the peculiar genius of the soldier is crowded by the development of other principles and forced to take up with a corner of its former wide domain. Or should we concentrate our attention upon a somewhat partial view, we might dwell upon the pictures of Homer, and contemplate the Soldier as the Educator of that primeval society, and of succeeding generations. But we will rather attempt a wider induction, and deduce our estimate from a comparison of the character of the Soldier with the general human character in consecutive ages of the world.

The human character at any period is a curious compound of all the individualisms of the race. It varies from infinite causes more rapidly and delicately than the hues of the chameleon.

> For such is the condition of his lot
> By the apointment of the Sire of all,
> Such the complexion of the mind of man.

But if we will dissect local and national traits, as well as the moral ininfluences that distinguish so many developments of the military spirit, we shall certainly find the Soldier to have, in all ages, in every land, a character substantially the same.

If we would fix the primary and essential trait of the military character, let us go back to the beginning of war, and trace its history down. When men first turn soldiers, we are puzzled by no such complexity of influences and motives as now. We will then seize the germ in that early stage, and recognize it in its subsequent growth.

Passing over the brawls between cities, that occupy so many pages of tedious annals, we observe that the first wars were chiefly migratory and adventurous. Whole populations were on the move—overbearing opposition, displacing their inferior antagonists, and occupying the rich lands obtained by violence. Time wears on, and social institutions arise among such a people, who have now exchanged a normal for a settled, agricultural life. While, however, the nation is adapting itself to new situations, and gradually unlearning its uncultivated habits, the governing power, unoccupied yet with diplomacy, diverts itself with adven-

turous wars, and is largely followed by the people, because their wandering life has not been so far given over, that the old relish for barbarisms does not return upon opportunity. Another interval passes, and the nation has become maturely civilized. It is generally occupied with the arts of peace, and rather disinclined to war. A strong central government, however, exists, which makes war at its will, and asks no consent; makes it no longer from fancy, but from political reasons. The nation may not embark with enthusiasm in these political wars—but as there is need of men, the government will procure them, as it formerly procured the assent of the whole body of subjects—by appealing, as ever, to the adventurous spirit, or the relics that represent it.

We cannot now mistake the primary character of the soldier. There is no need to attach to him any very precise or fashionable modern ideas of a livery, a rigid mechanical discipline, a hired public servant. The army of Peter the Hermit, or the host of Agamemnon, or the combatants at Waterloo are equally soldiers. Love of change distinguishes them in the last analysis as such, and yet it is not always apparent in the days of press-gangs. As it is the earliest, so it will be found the most constant element; and unquestionably, so long as any portion of society is unfixed by ties of family or tenure of property, just so long there will not be wanting recruits for the army, or even materials for sedition.

The sketch already given of the rise and progress of wars, has in some measure anticipated a description of the development of the human character in relation to its military ingredient. But when we survey the past, the part which arrests our attention is, that there have been several distinct types of human development. This we mean when speaking of the Oriental, the Greek, the Roman, the modern European *civilizations*. Whereas mankind were placed at first upon an even level, we see that in some cases civilization shot up with wonderful rapidity, but, quickly becoming effete, was succeeded by a slower, but lively growth; which was for the time, the flower and hope of the human mind. Primeval men settled partly on the low lands and slopes of the plateaux. There the earth brought forth with trifling labor; fortunate agriculture favored civilization, and the people rapidly became refined and luxurious. Cities and powerful dyansties arose, but the national vigor soon stagnated; effeminacy prevailed—their empire fell, and they yielded up their arts, their virtues and their vices to others.

The less fortunate men, who had settled at first upon the highlands, succeeded now to the rich domain of these favored, but degenerated tribes. There the soil had been less easily subdued, the earth had yielded her

fruits but sparingly, and whole populations had been driven by the straitness of the land to dispossess the low-land people of their cities and fruitful fields. Or else the habits of such as had been from the first, a nomadic and pastoral people, had rendered them naturally prone to adventure, and motives of cupidity had frequently precipitated hordes of barbarians upon civilized lands. Although, as was perhaps necessary, the facts may now have been stated with more particularity than would include each of the numberless instances, yet it is certain that many of the ancient civilized states were encompassed with these roving barbarians, whose habitual inroads, whether impelled by necessity, cupidity or fancy, made their existence extremely precarious, and their life a continual terror.

The picture now drawn may serve to show in general how the human race has risen in civilization. We trace through many steps a series of such intricacies, but the whole onward way is marked with blood. History is often mute and our sight dim, but a general rumor of war arises from the suspicious ground.

We have found the characteristic of the soldier to be the love of change. How then were the revolutions of the world likely to be unstained with violence, before something had pointed out a more excellent way. We have seen the soldier issuing from that proper country of his, so little blessed by nature, impelled in arms against more fortunate neighbors. He settles in his newly acquired lot, and enters intelligently into the career in which his predecessors had faltered. Thus indeed would it seem that God had ordained barbarians always to dwell beside men undergoing the rudimentary discipline of civilization, in order that the ever restless spirit of the former might be a magazine of energy for the long work; and that thus the indolent disposition of men to be contented with inferior attainments, might not frustrate the unfolding of his vast plans. By this stimulus alone was ancient civilization brought forward, and so long as its several types were fulfilling each its destiny, by progress—the Soldier represented the *progressive*, even the vital element.

But one might have expected, that as often as a worn out civilization gave place to its successor, we should have a complete spectacle of the barbarous crushing the polite, that the wild rover would rub roughly upon the luxurious citizen. This would have set things altogether backward at every revolution, but by the colonial system, and various chances, it happened that the different civilizations were made, in some degree, contemporary; and the successor had generally been prepared by foreign intercourse, to enter advantageously upon his new mission. To this end contributed the immigrations of Cecrops, Cadmus and Danaus, into Greece,

from the polished Orient—and that of the Pelasgians, from Lydia, as seems probable, into ancient Hetruria. The later Greeks, also, were educated by the Persian Wars, before they finally "inoculated the Oriental civilization" with their own, and Rome underwent the discipline of six hundred years before she at length received the burden of the world from her neighbor Hellas.

Let us not appear to neglect that martial phenomenon which every common man selects to illustrate the military spirit, the Roman nation; the brilliancy and sweep of whose career is hitherto unparalleled. It may be asked, Did the Romans, that strict and legal people, rush to battle from mere love of adventure—love of change? It may be. The Roman seems sometimes to breathe the spirit of manifest destiny, and to have a foreknowledge of his predestinated part. This made him daring—it encouraged him to hope for grander heights, to be dissatisfied with past achievements—to press forward with alacrity, in the path of conquest and renown.

Humanity is a co-worker in a great plan of God to restore our nature to its original excellence. The external and the human part of this plan is civilization; the invisible and divine is dimly figured by the name of Providence, but God superintends and corrects the works of man. When humanity had utterly failed in Rome, its culminating experiment, it became necessary to introduce a new element and to commence afresh. Forthwith upon the demolition of the Roman Empire, society is set back two thousand years. The age of Achilles and the feudal age are very similar. All trace of uniformity and subordination vanishes—everywhere there are migrations, adventures, commotions. The same account is to be given of the Soldier's action here, that we have given of his part in bringing forward the ancient civilizations. Modern Europe is born of that strife in which he was preëminent; he is everywhere in the focus of observation; that was the age of the Saracens and Crusaders, whose brilliant play conceals so deep a plot.

The period of consolidation, of discovery, of progress, commenced but four hundred years ago. It has been marked by the surprising precocity of a development not only secular but spiritual, and in its twofold nature lies the promise and the hope of this last venture of humanity.

It cannot fail to be observed how rapidly the power and influence of the Soldier has, during this period, declined. We indeed preserve military establishments, but merely as a protest and guarantee. Our wars, physically considered, remind us of the brilliant corruscations of a receding storm, for Intellect retains the right to reverse the fortune of the field.

Yet, can we, in view of the prostrate liberties of Europe, and the thickening clouds that overhang the thrones, cry "Peace, peace," and proclaim that War is no more? A direful struggle seems impending there, but it will not be the mad riot of brute force, though sanguinary vengeance may light upon the oppressor. Reason will retain her sway, for it is Reason that has compelled the storm. How could it be else, in view of that bitter correction of the thousand years of barbarism? How could Europe forget that night? A new light rose upon us then, and we shall owe our salvation to the cotemporaneous progress of the religious and secular elements of our civilization. Intellect indeed has regained its throne, but it bows before a higher, which the ancients never knew; and whereas the old Roman culminated in his deification of the State under the front of the Capitoline Jove, so shall we attain perfection in the apotheosis of Right Reason, beheld in the scheme of a purified Christianity.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

"YALE NAVY."

In the month of June last the organization of a Navy, comprising at present six boats, was effected by the adoption of a constitution, under which were elected the following officers:

Richard Waite, *Commodore.*
N. Willis Bumstead, } *Fleet Captains.*
Gilbert E. Palen, }
Matthias H. Arnot, *Secretary of the Navy.*
Francis F. Marshall, *Treasurer of the Navy.*

BOATS.

ARIEL. FOUR OARS.

Engineering Department. Built at New York. *Flags*, at bow, red with "Ariel" inscribed; at stern, American Ensign. *Lights*, larboard bow, red; starboard, blue. *Uniform*, red shirts with blue facings, trimmed with white. White pants.

G. E. Palen, *Capt.*
T. Weston, *Lieut.*
A. Terry, *Purser.*
J. Bastida,
S. L. Crosby,
J. A. Duvillard,
H. W. Edes.

HALCYON. EIGHT OARS.

Class of 1854. Built at Boston 1850. *Flags*, at bow, red with gilt name; at stern, American Ensign. *Light*, white. *Uniform*, blue shirts with "H" on the breast. White pants.

A. H. Stevens, *Capt.*	E. Ingraham,
G. F. D. Lord, 1*st Lieut.*	E. W. Lambert,
A. Van Sinderen, 2*nd Lieut.*	C. A. Pardee,
E. N. White, *Purser*,	W. R. Plunkett,
J. S. Barkalow,	W. S. Potts,
T. Denny,	F. H. Slade,
L. M. Dorman,	J. Sims,
W. H. Fenn,	A. S. Twombly,
A. H. Gunn,	L. L. Weld,
J. W. Hooker,	C. A. White.

THULIA. SIX OARS.

Class of 1854. Built at New York in 1853. *Flags*, at bow, tricolored streamer, with name and stars in gilt embroidery. Presented June 25th, 1853. At stern, American ensign. *Lights*, larboard bow, red; starboard, blue. *Uniform*, light-blue shirts with scarlet facings. White pants.

W. B. Dwight, *Capt.*	W. C. Flagg,
W. W. Stone, 1*st Lieut.*	H. E. Howland,
L. H. Potter, 2*nd Lieut.*	W. Hutchison,
J. K. Lombard, *Clerk*,	J. T. Miller,
L. S. Potwin, *Purser*,	T. G. Ritch,
J. C. Salter, *Bowsman*,	J. W. Wilson,
H. W. Brown,	Yung Wing,
E. P. Buffett,	E. Wolcott,
T. W. Catlin,	J. M. Wolcott.
C. A. Dupee,	

ATALANTA. SIX OARS.

Class of 1855. Built at New York in 1851. *Flags*, at bow, blue with "A" inscribed; at stern, American ensign. *Lights*, larboard bow, red; starboard, blue. *Uniform*, blue shirts with white facings. "55" on breast, "Atalanta" on hat. White pants.

N. W. Bumstead, *Capt.*	E. Cone,
A. P. Rockwell, 1*st Lieut.*	M. B. Ewing,
A. B. Fitch, 2*nd Lieut.*	J. A. Granger,
E. Corning, *Purser*,	C. F. Johnson,
W. L. Morris, *Clerk*,	G. A. Kittredge,
C. G. Child,	G. T. McGhee,
L. M. Child,	H. R. Slack,
H. N. Cobb,	W. C. Whittemore.

NEPENTHE. FOUR-OARS.

Class of 1855. Built at New York in 1853. *Flags*, at bow, blue and white; at stern, American ensign. *Uniform*, white shirts with blue shield and facings. "N" and "55" on breast. White pants.

D. L. Huntington, *Capt.*
W. H. L. Barnes, 1*st Lieut.*
A. M. Lyon, 2*nd Lieut.*
T. S. Strong, *Purser*,
A. D. Hughes,
R. S. Neil,
C. P. Stetson,
G. Talcott,
W. H. Taylor,
L. H. Tucker.

UNDINE. EIGHT OARS.

Class of 1856. Built at New Haven in 1852. *Flags*, at bow, blue with "U" inscribed, surrounded by stars; at stern, American ensign. *Lights*, larboard bow, blue; starboard, red. *Uniform*, white shirts with blue facings. "U" and "56" on breast. White pants.

M. H. Arnot, *Capt.*
E. A. Eakin, 1*st Lieut.*
R. C. Dunbar, 2*nd Lieut.*
D. Shaw, *Purser*,
G. A. Lemee, *Clerk*,
R. L. Brandon,
J. M. Burrall,
S. Conditt,
W. T. Kittredge,
H. M. McIntire,
F. F. Marshall,
D. M. Mead,
J. Weams,
E. H. Miller,
J. Parsons,
S. L. Pinneo,
H. R. Platt,
J. W. Swayne,
T. Ward,
S. M. Van Wyck.

PRIZES.

FOR DECLAMATION.

Class of 1855.

	1*st Division.*	2*nd Division.*	3*d Division*
1*st Prize*,	W. H. L. Barnes, H. Gibson,	N. W. Bumstead,	W. M. Gay, A. D. Hughes,
2*nd Prize*,	A. M. Lyon,	H. T. Chittenden,	L. H. Tucker.
3*d Prize*,	H. A. Yardley,	C. R. Palmer, L. E. Stanton,	C. M. Tyler.

CLARK PRIZES.

Class of 1854.

1*st Prize*, W. H. Norris.
2*nd Prize*, T. G. Ritch.

BERKLEY PREMIUMS FOR LATIN COMPOSITION.

Class of 1854.

E. P. Buffett,
W. H. Norris,
J. M. Smith.
C. Cutler,
L. S. Potwin,
L. W. Ford,
T. G. Ritch,

Class of 1855.

W. D. Alexander,	J. H. Anketell,	C. R. Palmer,
G. Talcott,	J. E. Todd,	W. Wheeler.

Class of 1856.

P. W. Calkins,	S. M. Keeler,	L. R. Packard,
L. L. Paine,	E. A. Smith,	T. Thayer,
S. F. Woods,	T. K. Wilcox.	

WOOLSEY SCHOLARSHIP. CLASS OF 1856.

L. R. Packard.

CLARK PRIZE.

L. L. Paine.

Both were equal in merit, the Scholarship falling by lot to the former.

Editor's Table.

"Ἐγὼ νὴ Δί' ἐρῶ, καὶ γράψω δὴ, ὅστις κ. τ. λ."

Dem. Phil. Γ'.

"I do now let loose my opinion,"—
—"Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom."

Will. Shakspeare.

Worthy Reader—"There are many," says Dr. Watts, "who read with constancy and diligence, and yet make no advances in true knowledge." This is a general remark, but it applies with "huge" speciality, as Jeremy Taylor would say, to the kind of reading in which you are supposed now to be engaged. Many, we are sorry to say, read Editors' Tables, "and yet make no advances in true knowledge." What can be the reason? Perhaps they have presumed to read with too little realization of the high character and objects of such a Table, and if so, the reader will do well to pause and reflect a moment on what he is about to do. What then are your ideas of an Editor's Table? Ours are somewhat as follows: well the distinguishing characteristic of an Editor's Table is *method;* i. e. in a given amount of Table there are more methods than in any other equal amount of writing. Think of this a minute and compare the statement with all the specimens with which you are acquainted; meanwhile, we will proceed in our subject. Did you ever imagine the condition of one writing an Editor's Table? "Go draw aside the curtains." Picture No. 1. A very funny individual. Picture No. 2. A very unfunny individual. Picture No. 3. A compound scene, viz: No. 1 and No. 2 writing, the former looking vehemently funny, the latter extremely unfunny. Both are writing an Editor's Table. Now there are many things which we might say about this Table of which we are speaking. In the first place, it holds the last place in the Yale Lit. "*Last, but* (as Shakspeare and every body else says, and, by the way, now that we are safely ensconced in a parenthesis, (who is it that

says "Parentheses make the style clumsy?" Blair? but certainly he is mistaken, for the following reason, (indeed time itself is but a parenthesis (Who is it that didn't like "reasoning in a circle?" and yet, (for we do not wish to transgress the rule of Watt's, "Do not suffer every occasional thought to carry you away into a long parenthesis," (we know no objection to *short* ones, however,) though, to return, sometimes with a good thought, as with a man walking down Chapel street, who intends to bow to a particular lady, in a moment instead whereof he is precipitated upon and into a neighboring stove, it is "now or never." Did you never have a thought come up for an instant, and then neglected, leave no more to return? Wouldn't you be glad of even a parenthesis to put it in, in such an emergency? We would.) it is no objection to a parenthesis that all do not appreciate it. This merely shows it to be exclusive as well as inclusive) which requires eternity to include both subject and predicate,) for they increase the *unity* of a sentence, and "united we stand, divided we fall;" as we know, and as an *Editor*, who had broken both his legs, remarked to one who was helping him along. If, however, Mr. Blair is correct, and parentheses do affect the style in the way which he indicates, it should be made a practical matter. We know of many whose styles are very clumsy, and we suggest that their minds be immediately examined and cleared of parentheses,) how the ideas of genius are perpetuated in ordinary minds! They are the heart, and the rest the pulses that repeat the parent throb. We have sometimes thought it to be a characteristic of great mind that its thoughts grow from the *slip*. Every twig of an idea, if transferred to a genial soil, becomes an independent stock. How much thinking Shakspeare has done for mankind! And yet reading the works of such men does not prevent originality. They are suggestive; they encourage activity, and yet they relieve the mind; you can stop occasionally and rest on a thought, like a boy on the bogs in crossing a swamp, and get strength to proceed) *not least*." "As a mariner, &c.," so does a writer look back on a long and perilous sentence. Yes, reader, sentences are not always safe things. Martyrs have burned at the stake because their sentences did not suit those who held the torch. Yet some talk disparagingly of style. What is it? A way of expressing ideas. Style is a measure of cultivation and grows up with the mind, from the juvenile whose "Ma wants to know—me to tell ye if she may'nt have your gridiron," to the man whose polished diction and profound yet easy and graceful flow of ideas qualify him for—for instance, that in which the "author of this work" is now engaged. But, can all have the same style? No! some can't have any at all, and the rest have it under various modifications. There is one style for the man who is witty, another for the one who tries to be; one for the orator who is in earnest, another for the preacher; one for the logician, another (we beg pardon) for the commencement speaker. For further particulars see writers on Rhetoric.—Wait an instant and we will change our subject; the mind tires of a continuous contemplation of pure ideas. You see in our Memorabilia the list of the "Yale Navy," testimony that the students here have begun to appreciate their geographical position. We hardly know to what to ascribe the increased attention to boating for a few years past; it may be owing to the fact that this, an "age of progress," being thus connected with the grand "march of improvement in the 19th century." If the change is at all connected with the "coast survey," the "coast survey" is far from being a humbug. Government has employed itself well, and in order to effect the other "half of the cure" we earn-

estly recommend that the present corps be followed by a corps for "coast improvement," with something like the following instructions: "New Haven Harbor—the first point of attention, being near a "nursery of science and learning;" construct platform and stairs at "Rykers"—cut off oyster stakes, so that highest point shall be fourteen inches below low tide mark—widen current between piers of Fair Haven Bridge—extend Harbor up to intersection of College and George streets, which was its limit under ancient administrations."—Now, about boating, it may be viewed in various relations. First, we will contemplate its relations to the Pavilion wharf. "Remember whom thou hast aboard," according to the advice of old Gonzalo—this expresses the peculiarity of Pavilion boating. We are not going into raptures, we don't believe in it—but really there it an exquisiteness about this kind of "life on the ocean wave" with which we have no desire to profess ourselves unacquainted. The smiles of fair faces are never more radiant than when they shine through the half-veiling light of the Ocean-moon. Laughter and song never seem so light and fairy-like as when they break the solemn silence of old Ocean. Even the deep partakes of the mirth, and winks and dimples beneath the strokes of the fondling oar. Still there are vicissitudes here, though there is pleasure even when the waters treat us quite unhandsomely. How soberly that swell draws back from the boat, just touching its bow to the beach, and then returns with provoking steadiness, wrapping the "freighting souls" in the thick folds of its liquid mantle!

"O I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer,"

and yet it was a kind of jolly suffering after all.—It was our intention to take a more general and complete view of our theme, but we commenced unfortunately at the wrong end of the climax. In fine, there is nothing more healthy for body and mind, excepting of course creams and mathematics, and more likely to make one late at prayers, than boating.—We must hasten on, so many subjects demand our attention. The Crystal Palace should not be left out of this "tabular view" of things. It is not yet open, but this is all the more favorable for our remarks as they will be more or less advisory. The expense we think altogether too great. Fifty cents certainly is too much; it is all that is asked for a ticket to "Beethoven Concert." We say this out of no personal feeling, as we intend to take down two copies of the Lit., which will just amount to this sum, and, by the way, we wonder if there has been sufficient attention given to periodical literature, in assigning the apartments of the Palace. Devices might be adopted to prevent their occupying much room; for instance, each copy might be furnished with a "loop attached to the top" which is "convenient for hanging it on a nail."—Many other topics we might "stoop to touch," such as the Fourth (for ourselves, we will say that at set of sun, as in duty bound, we fired a cracker in behalf of the "now and forever, one and inseparable," and we heard many others doing the same thing. Even the booming cannon and the "far-summoning" bell joined with us in our humble efforts. The combined effect was quite sublime. As to the other fire-works—the nocturnal ones—after we had seen revolutions enough to make one's mind turn somersset, we wheeled about and came away) or the weather, or some such varied topic. Wonder if they had such weather "in the days of ancient Greece and Rome." If so, classical students ought not to complain, though we are tempt-

ed sometimes to say "bad words" about it. Speaking of bad words brings to mind a recent discovery, which really ought to be inserted in "Memorabilia," but being omitted, we insert it here. It is the constitution of a Collegiate Society, without date, but supposed to have been in existence at some point in "a measured portion of indefinite duration."

"PREAMBLE: *Whereas*, There is a great and undue tendency on the part of students to addict themselves to polite conversation in their intercourse with each other, therefore, we, in order to correct this dangerous mistake, do form ourselves, &c.

"ART. 1st. This Association shall be called The Darned Anti-Over-Particular Society.

"ART. 2nd. Its officers shall be, an 'Arch-Darned Scalawag,' a 'Confounded Scamp," and a "Darned Scribbler."

"ART. 3d. It shall be the duty of these officers to promote the interests and objects of the society. More particularly it shall be the duty of the 'Darned Scribler' to record the names of members, and the peculiar expressions which may be used by them in their model conversations.

"ART. 4th. No student shall be a member of this society who is not of the best extraction, and of the first reputation for good breeding.

"ART. 5th. The following shall be rules of the society in respect to conversation.

First. Free use shall be made of the devil and all his derivatives. More particularly, Interrogatory, "what in the devil?" Exclamatory, "the devil it is!" Descriptive, "devil of a thing." Salutary, "devilish fool," &c.

Second. Free use shall be made of all words which though apparently meaningless, are generally supposed to be vulgar.

Third. Every epithet considered by the world in general rather low and opprobrious, shall be applied by the members to each other with the utmost familiarity.

Fourth. Things generally considered sacred, shall be spoken of whenever a joke can be improved by, or made out of them and on no other occasion.

"ART. 6th. In the presence of ladies, the rules of this society, with the exception of rule 4th, shall be suspended.

"ART. 7th. It shall be thought no disgrace to belong to this society.

"ART. 8th. As this society professes to encourage morality, no member shall be allowed for any cause to indulge in 'Profane Swearing,' unless some one treads upon his toes, or otherwise disturbs his equanimity, when he is expected to relieve his mind in the most self-satisfactory manner.

"ART. 9th. Every member shall justify himself on all occasions in the most emphatic and appropriate language at his command.

"ART. 10th. Every member upon being disciplined by the Faculty, shall immediately repair to the 'Darned Scribbler,' and select his choicest epithets which he shall bestow upon the Faculty at his discretion.

"ART. 11th. Every member of this society who is also a member of the church, shall often repeat the prayer of the Psalmist, 'Set a watch, O Lord, over my mouth; keep the door of my lips.'"

Since copying the above, we have heard that this society is soon to be restored in full operation in our community. Is it possible?—It is hardly necessary in this advanced stage of our "Table Talk" to make the customary announcement that

another No. of our dear Magazine is before our readers. Such, however, is the fact. We hope you will enjoy yourselves reading it. Read especially the "Letter from Home," and especially all the rest. Indeed we advise you to take time—begin at the beginning and read in the "following order." The Table may be had in a separate form, if desired, by buying a No. and tearing out the two or three last leaves.—We would also mention, in confidence, an economical way of taking the Lit. Call on your friend soon after he has obtained his copy. If the first chance at it is desired, go with him to the Post at the proper time, returning on the other side of the street.—We close with a word in earnest

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We have inserted the "our" in the above heading, on the supposition that there are contributors to the "Yale Literary Magazine." It is a noticeable fact, however, that but a single communication has been received by the present Board of Editors, through the regular channel, viz: the Post Office. The inference is obvious that we are in the habit of soliciting contributions in private. We wish now to give a *general* solicitation, it being premised that we have ample accommodations at the Post for the favors of our friends. A word on the inferiority of the former mode. 1st. The necessity of private solicitation shows a lack of interest. 2nd. We do not know to whom to apply. The brightest geniuses we might not discover, and the Magazine might suffer in consequence. 3d. We have not the needful freedom in rejecting pieces. It is much better to select *articles* than *writers*. Will contributors think of these points? Be assured that every attention will be paid to unsolicited contributions which is paid to others. As a general rule the name of the writer will be required, as a condition of insertion, but this we pledge ourselves to keep entirely secret, if it is the wish of the contributor. The reason of requiring the name, is obvious; if, however, we can in any manner be assured that an anonymous contribution is made by a *student*, we shall not hesitate to insert it, if it is suitable.

A word in particular to those who are considered the best writers in College. If any of you think it beneath your dignity to send pieces through the Post Office, we ask you to review the matter considerately. You think it is no honor for you to appear in our columns, your reputation being already established, and you will not write unless you are asked. You are willing to write for us as a favor. Now why should it be considered simply a favor to the Editors to write for the magazine? we ask no such favors. The magazine belongs not to us but to you. We ask you then to take a proper interest in *your* magazine. Lay up your choice and witty thoughts for it. Write for it without solicitation.

ERRATA.

The Astronomical prizes in our last number were incorrectly given. They are as follows:

Class of 1853.

1st Prize, HIRAM BINGHAM. 2d Prize, GEORGE PALFREY.

Page 324, in quotation, read *ere* for *as*. At bottom of page, read *functions* for *function*. Page 325, *nomad* for *normal*. Page 326, line 12, *characteristic* for *character*.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

The EIGHTEENTH VOLUME of this Magazine commences with October, 1852. Three Numbers are published during every Term, and nine Numbers complete an Annual Volume.

Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

TERMS.—$2.00 a Volume, payable on the delivery of the First number. No one can receive the remaining numbers until the subscription is paid. Single numbers, 25 cents each.

Communications or remittances may be addressed, through the Post Office, to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.

VOL. XVIII. No. IX.

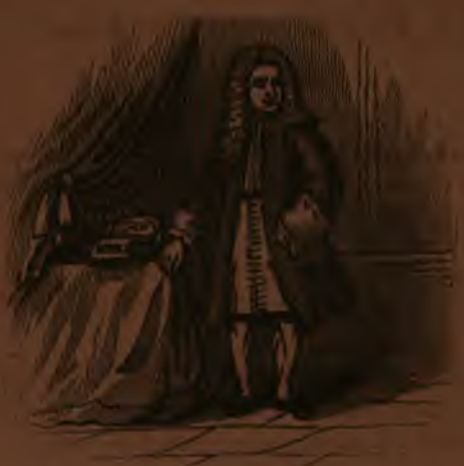
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hoc nobis quem modi, nomen Indicique Yalensis
Carolinus Sidnaeus, omnimique Patres."

AUGUST, 1853.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

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MDCCCLIII.

CONTENTS.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. AUGUST, 1853. No. IX.

Character and Reputation.

THESE terms, though often loosely used one for the other, and thus perhaps, conveying to some minds the same idea, express, in truth, things which are widely separated, and which may be clearly distinguished from each other. Character and Reputation! What are they, and wherein do they differ? Character is what a man really is—Reputation, is what the world think and say of him. The former depends upon the man himself, and is subject to his control. The latter depends, to a great degree, upon others, and outward circumstances. A man presents himself as a theme—the world take it and develop it as they will. Character is the subject, reputation the predicate of a sentence coming from a double author, viz: the man himself and the world about him.

Were this world an honest and a just one, reputation and character would coincide. But it is not so. The spirit is not always seen in the expression—the motive in the act. Words and deeds are not always the true exponents of the heart. And as the avenues of expression are the only ones open to mortals for approach to the heart; as its inward workings are hidden from their gaze, its many windings and recesses discoverable only to the eye of Heaven; the ideas which they get of character, that is, the true character, are imperfect and limited. Then, too, the bar

of the world, to which the character comes for judgment, and at which it receives its stamp of reputation, does not dispense strict justice. There is much partiality; there are many imperfect and unjust decisions. With a fickle and whimsical world as judges and arbiters, it is a matter of no wonderment that reputation, in so many instances, is not faithful to character. Considering the source of the decisions on character, and the circumstances under which they are made, the inconsistencies and errors in this respect, which we see continually in every department and sphere of life, are rendered accountable. The world seems blind sometimes—totally blind and willfully so too. The good, the great, neglected and unknown, are suffered to remain in obscurity; or, perhaps slandered and depreciated, they fall as sacrifices to ignorance, blindness, and caprice. While, on the other hand, the ignorant and the vicious are permitted to rise high in the public favor, and have their praises trumpeted abroad. But high worth and genuine talent are often made too high. Mediocrity is exaggerated into superiority, and thus by freak and fancy does reputation exalt or depress.

They who are distinguished either in greatness or goodness, those eminences, so to speak, in the moral world, are the marks at which are directed many thoughts and feelings. They furnish examples for emulation, and the ambitious and aspiring make them the guideposts on their road to distinction. They elicit admiration and respect. But on the heights they occupy, however lofty they may be, they are not free from the attempts of envious and malevolent depreciation. Excellence has much to contend with, many enemies to confront. The great monster, Selfishness, who holds extensive sway, with his aids, malignant Envy and dark Jealousy, are continually busy in their foul work. Nothing is so lofty or so pure that they may not mark it with their contaminating touch. Men's judgments are perverted by the deceitful influence of self-interest. Its insidious whisperings catch the ear and find an easy passage to the heart. The appeals of selfishness are difficult to resist. They strike home with force and power. Envy and jealousy blind and distort the mental vision. They raise a cloud before the eye, which shuts out the pure light and displaces the natural medium of sight. Thus on every great character there are fixed eagle eyes to catch, if possible, some points of imperfection—some flaws or blemishes whereon to feed envy and satisfy the hankerings of a morbid jealousy. The tongue of slander and the voice of calumny raise their hoarse notes, too often not in vain. Their poisonous breath too often takes effect. It blasts the fair and withers the beautiful. Ignorance, too, views that which it cannot comprehend

with distrust. She often puts on the lion skin of caution. Some characters seem to go beyond their generation in thought and action. They make bold excursions and desert the old and beaten track for new paths. Such are looked upon with doubt and suspicion. Their originality and independence are more likely to meet with ridicule and contempt than with honor and encouragement. We have been speaking of great characters, but the same is true, on a diminished scale, of course, with humbler and less distinguished ones. The same influences are at work, and the same kind of results follow in every case.

Now while we see the great and the good often falling victims to the influence of envy and ignorance; while true worth is depreciated and neglected; on the other hand we behold displayed on the part of the world a singular tendency to encourage the opposite when assisted by cunning and supported by audacity and assurance. There is a chord in the general heart, which vibrates to the touch of humbug. He who may touch this chord with skill and shrewdness, will seldom fail of a response. It seems as if men generally loved to be duped, and they submit themselves cheerfully into the hands of him who does it most skillfully. This tendency is fully exhibited at the present day, and especially in our own country. Every day there springs into existence some new child of humbug, which lives its life and gains its crowd of votaries. This tendency is nowhere displayed more clearly than in the case of character and reputation. There are quacks and empirics in every profession, in every sphere—in science, literature, and morals. These not only impose upon the simple and the ignorant, but gain credence and favor even among the intelligent and the educated—among those who are styled "*men of sense.*" Some shrewd observers of human nature, who know and take advantage of its weak points, who favor its whims and caprices, who watch attentively the signs of the times, and are ever ready to adapt themselves to circumstances, succeed in building mighty reputations on very diminutive bases. Little capital of character is many times required to amass considerable property in the way of reputation. The shrewd man may easily succeed. The veriest knave, by careful management, becomes a pattern for honesty. The vilest sinner, by hypocritical cunning becomes the holy saint. The ignorant pretender becomes the wise-headed sage. Thus by cunning, by art, and by intrigue renown is often gained. They sow the seed and are the sun and rain to many a plant of reputation. But unmerited reputation is not always the effect of intrigue and art. Some characters seem accidentally to fall into the lap of fame. Some single deed, some isolated action perhaps performed unawares, some

peculiar juncture of circumstances over which they had no control, may place them on the list of the great. And it is astonishing to see how long the influence of such single efforts or circumstances sometimes continues. We are surprised to see how long those rays linger on the western sky, after the sun has hid himself beneath the horizon. Many men live on the glory of a single deed. Here begins and here should end their reputation; but once on the tide, they are borne passively along.

The College world furnishes a soil eminently adapted to the growth of reputations. There are some huge plants and some tremendous specimens occasionally produced, considering the size of the garden. Reputation seems to be easier attained, to be aspired after more, and to gain more here than in almost any other quarter. Character here sometimes obtains its strict due, but by no means always. Reputation often either shoots far ahead of it, or falls far behind. The advent of many to this microcosm is ushered in by the trumpetings of fame. These favorite children of renown—who dares dispute their claims? The whisperings of report proclaim them great, and great they are. Imaginary laurels crown their brows. There seems to stand forth in bold relief upon their foreheads, the terrible, awful mark, which brands them as distinguished. They set their sails—take the helm—and, wafted by the breezes of fame and reputation, sail calmly down the river of College life. Look out, my friends, your bark may not be strong enough to encounter the waves of the ocean beyond. How many are there yclept "smart men!" How many are there who "could if they would!" How many young volcanoes are there whose fires are only sleeping! Sometimes these fires break forth—the thunders roar, and the mountain heaves—and then succeeds a calm. Some gain reputation, as 'twere, by the Fabian policy, or by a masterly inactivity. To come forth boldly and openly on the field of action, and take decided steps—would, mayhap, discover their failings, and disclose their wants. The plan which they adopt—the course which they pursue, is to do but little, and get the credit for the ability to do a great deal more. Occasional flashes and periodical efforts are sufficient to give them the credit, which in the interims they live upon.

There are many kinds of reputation in College, and many ways of obtaining them. Here, too, are they sought with eagerness and anxiety. As I said before, the merits of character sometimes meet just rewards. There is much true greatness, and sound, substantial worth that is acknowledged and appreciated. Reputation is often the free, spontaneous expression of appreciating minds, and not the product of art and contrivance. But the general College reputation has a great deal of sham and

emptiness about it. If it lives through four years, it is not always found to stand the proof of active life. What become of all the great men who are the centers of College admiration and praise? How stand their reputations? Go they on increasing in magnificence and glory? Often do their edifices of praise fall in ruins—their halos of glory fade away. Many of these great ones, from giants, dwindle into pigmies. Their superiority sinks into mediocrity, if not into inferiority. We look in vain to see them shake the world—we strain our eyes in endeavoring to behold their fingers writing destinies—their hands moulding events. Obscurity becomes their grave. Their lights either go out, or are lost sight of by greater brilliancy.

From what has hitherto been said, the uncertainty of reputation may be clearly seen. It is a gift from a very capricious giver, who may at any time see fit to demand it back again. The man who has a bad repute may feel more secure in his possession; but he who is the recipient of a favoring fame has no sure and certain thing. Some slight offense, on his part, or some freak on the part of the giver, may strip him of his honor and doom him to disgrace. The ambitious aspirant after a name, therefore, is in continual anxiety. He who owns a reputation which is unmerited, and is not based on sound, substantial foundations, may well be anxious. He is ever liable to be exposed and cast down from his seat of eminence and favor. In a game of hazard, he, with gambler-like solicitude and nervous excitement, watches each successive throw. His solicitude is natural; for, his reputation lost, all is lost. He has nothing to fall back upon. Not so with the man who has a capital of character, who has striven for true greatness and excellence, and not for an empty name. Strip him of his reputation—his name is not his all, and the want of this is not his ruin. True greatness and excellence of character may, like the staunch forest oak, survive a storm, and, bending awhile beneath the blast, regain itself and stand as firm and erect as ever. But if this may not be—if the world refuse to acknowledge his merit, and deny him favor, he has that which will support him in the hour of trouble. He holds that inestimable treasure, self-respect. Poor is the man without it—rich is he, indeed, with it.

We have spoken of the difference between character and reputation; we have said that they are far from always coinciding, and have shown the cause of this. But there are occasional instances where it seems as if the reputation did truly and accurately mirror the character, when greatness and goodness are fully acknowledged and appreciated—when the word of praise is just, and the voice of fame speaks truth—when charac-

ter and reputation react upon each other, each giving and imparting, and both joining to produce a glorious whole.

But there is another view to be taken of our subject; and this, not in its relation to this single point of time, but to an unending eternity. What a man really is, will one day be the only ground of judgment concerning him. Then reputation will be cast aside, as good for nothing. Empty names and shallow praises of men will be of no avail. Stript of every such covering, the character will, in this day of truth, stand forth and receive the just and impartial reward of its merits. J. W. H.

The Moonlight Invocation.

Fair moon, that in the heavens above
  Upon our way art smiling,
Thy glance is like the glance of love,
  The passing hours beguiling.
Where'er we steer across the sea,
  Upon the water's hoary,
A radiant path, which leads to thee,
  Is marked in lines of glory.

How could the poets call thee pale,
  Who sang in ages olden?
Did they, like us, thus sweetly sail
  Beneath thy circle golden?
The feathered oars look cold and white,
  And pearls are on them gleaming,
As oft they rise amid the light
  From thee so softly streaming.

No scorching heat, no burning noon,
  Oppresses while it brightens,
But thy soft radiance, gentle moon,
  Harms not and yet enlightens.
O ever thus upon our way,
  While down time's stream we're gliding,
May Friendship shed its genial ray,
  Secure with Love abiding. L.

Izaak Walton.

A NATION'S literature has regular stages of development and decay. Those of the existing generation may flatter themselves that they are growing in thought, and the verbal moulding of thought, but after times must often reverse the decision and pronounce what was once termed advancement and freedom, the corruption and license of a tastless and extravagant age. This rise and fall is contemporaneous, or nearly so, with national character. A nation's literature almost invariably portrays the sentiments and actions of the time, and is an exact exponent either of causes at work, or results produced.

National character has never been highly developed and so remained. There is first a long season of buried, frozen, and undeveloped thought. Then men waken beneath the genial rays of imparted intelligence, and a time of flowers and fresh verdure succeeds. Next in hardened wood and ripened fruit development is complete, and straightway comes decay and death, gorgeous often with golden glories, redolent, perhaps, with dying perfumes, but none the less certain and melancholy. We do not wish to follow the figure farther, and imply that each nation makes no advance beyond that of its predecessor, for that would be obviously false, but only assert that no nation has *sustained* a high position. Many a state, once great, is now in dissolving corruption or withered preservation.

The nation's literature must nearly mark this rise and fall. Conservative good may sometimes cling unusually long to an old style. Advancing decline may occasionally reach prematurely forward to vitiated practices: as in the case of Herodotus, Lucian, and perhaps Spencer on the one hand, and Euripides, Sallust, and, we suspect, Carlyle on the other; but the general truth is not impeached by these exceptions. This contemporaneousness can be more easily seen by a review of history. The youth of Grecian civilization produces Homer, first of poets; and, when history was craved, Herodotus, father of historians. Faithful and minute description, and the soft flow of the Ionic, marked sufficiently well the state of the popular mind. A transition came, with advanced refinement. The childish gave way to the deeper, more earnest feeling of awakened self-consciousness, which was shown in the thought more curtly expressed and the very shortening of vowels and endings in the erotic, lyric verse of the Aeolian Alcaeus and Sappho. The manhood and height of Grecian character were attained and "ald Plataea's day" and "sea-

born Salamis" bore witness. A coeval transition through the supernal drama of Æschylus, and with the culmination of Grecian glory, literature reached its acme in Sophocles. Then followed a rapid decline. Thought was depreciated and style was overwrought. Long swelling periods gratified the senses of those who had lost higher cravings. And yet there was one more gleam ere all was dark. For a corrupt age intensifies the feelings of solitary integrity. The setting sun, ere its rim dipped, threw an unnatural glare aslant the darkening earth. The thunders of Demosthenean eloquence, the steadfast impartiality of the inflexible historian,

"Rebuked the age's popular crime,"

and the day was gone.

Rome showed the same thing. There were Livius Andronicus, Naevius, Ennius, and Terence in early times. There were Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil in its best days. And when, through corruption, the Republic failed, there was a Horace essaying by satire an impossible amendment: a Livy vainly seeking to kindle the quenched fires of patriotism at her altars; and when the shadow even of old times was passing away, a Tacitus, a Martial, and a Juvenal to lash the corruption which they despaired of expelling by gentler means.

These facts seem to show that the conditions of national and literary advance or decay are inseparable. Higher civilization and more polished writing may coëxist and seem to disprove the theory when the vitality of state and letters has fled, but it is a civilization without depth, a literature without high aims. These conditions are mutually dependent. Doubtless literature was the offspring of national growth, but doubtless too it is a strong supporter of its parent. It perpetuates the sentiment which gave it birth, and, as a divinity, often shapes the ends of society. Homer, Virgil, and Cervantes are proofs.

We consider therefore that no unimportant preservative of the purity of the body politic is a good literature maintained. This may be easily done in times of advancement by mere cultivation; when development is complete by retrospective views. In the case of English literature, we consider the last rule applicable, for we think our development is completed, and would have been sooner but for foreign influences and continual infusion of new elements. We cannot trace this development, from its lack of uniformity, but the fact that Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, and Newton died almost within the same century, (between 1616 and 1727,) is significant of the degeneration of our literary giants. It is an unpleasant but very natural truth. The Latin language, and we might

almost say, the Grecian, culminated in less time than has elapsed since the age of Chaucer. And now as Chateaubriand says, "in an aged language the simplicities of style are but reminiscences, the sublimities of thought but the produce of an arrangement of words, sought with labor and contrasted with effort."

We must confess to having been led into the previous train of thought more by its intrinsic interest than its application to the subject in hand. And yet it may impress an important fact, that our literary excellence depends more upon conservatism than progress; that we should not so much reach after new extravagancies as hold fast to old heartiness. True the former is much sought. Carlyle is corrupting good English, and many who cannot think like him can yet ape his eccentricities. Yet we think it useful as well as pleasing to turn sometimes from the bright flashing colors of our modern word-painting to the softened tints and mellower light of the past. There is a feeling of relief as we put aside the vivid earnest realities of a concentrating age, and mingle our thoughts with the quaint quietness of an old author, who could loiter over his mental task, and enjoy what are now so exclusively means and appliances; who dwelt more upon the beauty and goodness of earth than its sin and deformity; and wrote for his own pleasure as well as the reader's; yet by his unaffected goodness makes us better men than many a dry homilist or over-earnest reformer.

We wish, therefore, to say somewhat of Izaak Walton; the more so as we suspect he is one of those neglected in order to converse with later and worse authors, and who receive many laudatory epithets from young writers which are altogether predicated on others' opinions. He is one of those quaint old authors who enchain our attention and affection far more than greater, but sterner minds, and awakens a sympathy with his simple, frank and cheerful spirit, an interest in his life and times that may excuse a retrospective view of his life, works, and character.

Izaak Walton was born on the 9th of August, 1593, at Stafford, Parish of St. Mary's. His mother was a niece of Cranmer. He was thus a Protestant and Churchman by descent, as well as belief, and in his earnest affection "for the good old cause," we may sometimes think we discern no small share of the good spirit of his sainted relative. Of his earliest life little is known. In his nineteenth year we find him apprenticed to a relative of the same name, as a haberdasher. That he could have had little education seems evident, but his reading, extensive and miscellaneous, made him familar both with English literature, and, through translations, with classic and foreign works. At twenty-six, he

had a confined, we may suppose, but a fixed reputation as a writer; and though commencing business, as we are told, in a shop "only seven feet and a half long by five feet wide, in the Royal Burse, Cornhill," and continuing in trade until 1643, he must, both by his literary acquirements and also by his exemplary character, have risen much above the circle in which his fellow-tradesmen then moved. In 1643, left "a solitary man," by the death of his first wife and child, he left business, and quitting London at the age of fifty, afterwards "lived mostly in the families of eminent clergymen, of whom he was much beloved." "Some few friends, a book, a cheerful heart and an innocent conscience, were his companions." His literary labors, his favorite pastime, and the duties of true and active friendship, filled up the remaining days of a tranquil and happy life; and he died on the 15th of December, 1683, at the advanced age of ninety.

The works of Walton, besides the one more immediately in hand, were: The Life of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, published about 1640; The Life of Sir Henry Walton, Provost of Eaton College, 1644; The Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, the author of those learned books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, 1662; The Life of Mr. George Herbert, 1670; The Life of Mr. Robert Sanderson, 1678. Of these we have read enough to know their merit without feeling able to judge them rightly. We may be pardoned therefore in giving the opinions of others. "We shall indeed be disappointed, if we expect to find in the following volumes the brilliancy of wit, the elaborate correctness of style, or the ascititious graces and ornaments of fine composition. But that pleasing simplicity of sentiment, that plain and unaffected language, and I may add natural eloquence, which pervades the whole, richly compensates the want of elegance and rhetorical embellishment. Truth is never displayed to us in more graceful colors, than when she appears, not in a garish attire, but in her own native garb, without artifice, without pomp. In that garb Izaak Walton has arrayed her." To which we may add the testimony of Wordsworth:

> "There are no colors in the fairest sky
> So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
> Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
> Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
> We read of faith and purest charity
> In statesman, priest and humble citizen."

But the great work of "good Mr. Walton" which he and others have most loved, is "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation;" first published in 1653, passing through five editions before his

death, and many since; the last of note being that published with the Lives, by Sir Harris Nicholas, in imperial octavo, at twenty guineas. We have before us the first American edition, (Wiley, 1848,) edited with great ability and research, and above all *con amore*. This we chose as the work best exemplifying the man. As he himself says, "the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat, and R. Roe;" and we may say still, but he adds, "but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."

There are three ways of considering an author. As a mere writer he is an artist handling his material; as a thinker he deduces or advances; as a moralist, he has a philosophy of living and dying.

In style Walton is, in many respects, not peculiar. There was much involution of sentence among the writers of his day, and a redundancy of expression which often fatigues rather than satisfies the understanding. The writer was apt to be diverted from his course by some pleasant but irrelevant thought, or by something of personal not general interest. The concentration and suppression of self, which modern writers affect, was hardly known. Of these faults, as we call them, Walton had his full share. He is often diffuse to excess; he wanders far from his text, yet "the old man eloquent," has a gracefulness of deviation, a minuteness in description, a freedom from affectation, that wonderfully charms the reader. A descriptive quotation or two may show his power in this respect, better than we can describe it:

"Look, under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in an adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre—the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,—

> 'I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth.'"

And again, what can be more felicitous than his description of "mine inn?" "I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall; there my hostess . . . . both cleanly, and handsome, and civil."

No small part of the pleasure we experience in reading the Complete Angler arises from its poetry, some of which is more didactic than beautiful, yet much "choicely good," and as by adoption it is inseparable, it may be pardonably quoted from as an important part of the work. There are the verses of Jo. Davors:

"I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The watery clouds that, in the air uproll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colors fly;
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing rise from old Tithonus' bed.

* * * *

"The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song,
Do welcome with their quire the Summer's Queen:
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts among
Are intermixed, with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim,
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream."

The following conclusion of a song, "doubtless made by a lover of angling," is equally beautiful and more characteristic:

"Blest silent groves, oh may you be
Forever mirth's best nursery;
May pure contents,
Forever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, the meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every year
Meet when we come a fishing here."

As a thinker, "old Izaak" must be placed low. He had some of the shrewdness we see in Herodotus, and all his credulity. The former is shown in apt quotation, such as the motto to the first edition: "Simon

Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee." John xxi, 3; and in his ingenious eulogium upon his element and calling. The latter has innumerable instances, but yet may often be excused as a fault common to his age.

We come lastly to speak of Walton the moralist. Here he was pre-eminent. Though attached to the royal party in corrupt times, he neither succumbed to their licentious spirit, nor went over to the gloomy faith of the Roundhead. He suffered under the Commonwealth; he did not ignobly exult at the Restoration. He had no strong prejudices to gratify; no worldly interests to forward. He was an earnest pleader for the Church in his tract of "Love and Truth,"* but did not, like Milton, lose his temper. It is this sterling worth shining forth from every page, that constitutes the great charm of his works. Such thoughts as the following please the heart and head: " . . a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man," "and let me tell you good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue." Again, such thoughts as the following stir the soul both of every angler and every man with good and emulous thoughts. "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so (if I might be judge) 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

"When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him." The closing pages of the book are too good a whole to permit us to give a part. We have seen little so simply earnest and true.

There have been many greater and stronger minds, sovereigns in liter-

* For an account of this ascribed production see Gent's Magazine, vol. lxv, p. 766, and the life prefixed to Walton's "Lives."

ature, who have delighted to honor the good old angler. Sir Humphrey Davy has imitated him, and Wordsworth given him a sonnet. Sir Walter Scott said, "We have read our Walton, as well as others: and like the honest keeper in the New Forest, when we endeavor to form an idea of paradise, we always suppose a trout-stream running through it." Hallam gives him a high rank in his "Literature of Europe." Lamb said of his book, "it would Christianize every discordant feeling," and Hazlitt calls it "the best pastoral in the language." Irving, first of American authors, has a genial page of graceful praise for Old Izaak. Lord Byron alone makes an attack on

> "That solitary vice,
> Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
> The quaint old coxcomb in his gullet
> Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

We need not undertake a defense which Scott has already made, but suggest with him that Byron was perhaps one of the not innumerous few who

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

In conclusion, we only need exhort our uninitiated reader to read Izaak and go a fishing. Doing the first he will have much pleasure; and going a fishing, "atte the leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease. A swete ayre of the swete savoure of the mede flowers; that makyth hym hungry. And yf the angler take fysshe; surely then is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte." And we can do no better than give him honest Izaak's wish that he may have "a rainy evening to read this discourse; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing."

W. C. F.

The Harmonies of Nature.

"All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee." *R. H. Dana.*

Not in poetic license alone, were these words spoken, although the sentiment is expressed in language more glorious than prose can command. It is a glorious *truth*, as well as a lofty thought, that is declared in them. A truth that is powerful to refute every argument of the atheist, and to cause gratitude in every heart that rejoices to find new proof that the universe is subject to the sway of an intelligent and benign Ruler; for who can raise his thoughts to the harmonies that exist in Nature, without yielding a tribute to the Almighty power and exquisite skill that has so arranged them.

To love harmony is a trait universal in the human mind. The untutored savage, alike with the most profound philosopher, discovers and admires concordance and adaptation. Although different scenes present it to his view, yet it is no less the same quality that attracts and stays his contemplation.

Objects of beauty are as various and numberless as those who seek to find them. What is beauty to one is not that which will attract another, yet with each the essence of what pleases is the same—*that which to his eye appears harmonious*. This is true even in those objects which it seems most absurd to consider in any sense as objects of beauty. The Chinese admires the deformed foot, but he does so because the foot of natural size would be to him an anomaly, or, in other words, would not *harmonize* with that to which he is accustomed.

We admire a noble edifice for the beauty of its proportions and the adaptation of its form. We read with pleasure the writings of one, because they do not disappoint us in this particular, while we yet unsatisfied lay aside the work of another, for it lacks that harmony and congruity which alone could render it attractive. The various parts of some complicated machine may be each, in themselves, unsightly, but when they unite to form a perfect, symmetrical *whole*, we admire the very uncomeliness that was necessary for their more perfect union.

On the other hand, things in themselves beautiful, may have anything but a pleasurable effect on account of some inharmonic grouping. Among

the crags and wilds of Switzerland, the stirring melodies and cheering bugle of its hardy mountaineers infinitely increase the interest and add to the beauty of the scenes among which they had their origin. But in some massive cathedral, whose gothic arches are but faintly seen in the "dim religious light," and where we listen for the low deep melody of the solemn organ, *there* let the same sound break upon the ear, and what could cause a more jarring discord, or one that would sooner dissipate all thoughts of beauty?

In a like import it is remarked by another, "How comparatively unmoving were the creations of Salvator Rosa, without his groups of banditti! And how far less interesting were the rocks, valleys, and woods of the romantic Claude, were we to expunge his shepherds, his flocks, and his ruins!" And we may add, how ridiculous and unsatisfactory would the spectacle appear, were we in the paintings of Salvator Rosa, for his "groups of banditti," to substitute the shepherds and flocks of Claude, while we attempted to supply the place of the latter with what we had erased from the picture of the former.

Thus everywhere we seeek for *unity*, but for perfect unity, we look in vain elsewhere than in the harmonies of Nature.

Aye! the harmonies of Nature, for in Nature alone we listen in vain for one discordant note. Whether we examine the concourse of sweet sounds arising from the grand concert that nature's voices unceasingly raise, and borne to the ear upon every breeze, or—looking higher—learn to approve those harmonies—more figurative but none the less perfect—by which every movement of created worlds is influenced and governed, we can but be filled with wonder and admiration, as new beauties and renewed evidences of skill unceasingly open before us.

Man's genius has indeed produced much that is pleasing and satisfactory, but yet how beggarly and pitiful were his lot, could he not turn to nature and there find all that is really beautiful and symmetrical in richest profusion.

The paintings of an Angelo, a Raphael, or a Rubens will rivet the gaze of an admirer of beauty for hours, and unnumbered weary leagues have been traversed to enable the pilgrim to feast his eyes upon these triumphs of art,—yet nature affords to the humblest tiller of the ground a nobler picture.

Would he look upon gorgeous coloring? Let him watch the changing hues of the clouds as the sun breaks through at the close of some lowery day, and he will there see tints that Raphael might strive indeed to copy, but strive but to despair. Does he desire to see a bold, vigorous

sketch from Nature's gallery? What scene that has ever been pictured on canvas can compare with the majesty presented, when Nature rolls together black and turgid clouds—upheaves the huge surges of the ocean, and illumines the scene with the glare of the lightning.

Thus could we enumerate an endless diversity of scenes, each perfect in itself—harmonious; but we forbear. Nature's pictures are familiar to all.

But not to the eye alone is harmony pleasing. With many, discords strike much more harshly upon the ear; and although the love of harmonies that reach the mind through the sense of harmony is not so universal, it is often much more intense. Music will often influence where every other means has failed. It has aroused in slaves the courage of freemen—it has rallied failing armies—it has soothed the wildest passions to repose, and more than once has it nerved the down-trodden to cast from them the tyrant's chain. We cannot but place those whose genius has been directed to the unfolding and fashioning of this class of harmonies, in the first rank of those whom we delight to honor.

But has Nature no music! Are there no harmonies in "Nature's sweet and kindly voices!" Let the breeze rustling through the tree tops whisper an answer. Let the birds filling the groves with their carolings bear witness; or let the ocean, adding the deep bass with its sullen roar, bring proof to the contrary. Truly it was not childish fancy alone, that caused the dying boy to earnestly question, "What are the wild waves saying?" for they sound a never-ending strain of harmony—at one time soft and low, and again breaking forth into the wildest and most majestic chords.

Yes! Nature has *music* amid her many harmonies, and when she issues her mandate,

> "Wake! all ye powers of earth and air,
> Or great, or grand, or wild, or fair;
> Wake! minds and waters, vocal be
> And mingle with the melody,"

such strains arise as art may strive in vain to equal.

Thus have we endeavored to speak of some of the "harmonies of Nature," but there are others that are rather to be studied than described—the laws that govern the universe—laws which, whether they extend their influence to restrain the farthest star, or stoop to perfect the organization of the humblest insect, alike possesses a beauty and harmony that far transcends our feeble comprehension.

And noble indeed is this study, for it purifies and enlarges the heart, expands the mind, and lifts the thoughts above the world. Then let

each one cultivate a love for the beautiful in Nature, and he will find that there is nothing in all her wide domain, that has not been created with a view of exciting pleasure as well as of satisfying the ends of mere utility. E. N. W.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

The Part which the Soldier has Acted in the History of Man.

BY ANDREW J. WILLARD, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MAN has ever lived a life of strife. From the time when violence first shed fraternal blood, to the time when "demoniac phrenzy" seized for death the incarnate Deity; from the time when the sword of Roman despotism ruthlessly ruled the world, to the time when Europe's armed alliance fled so oft before the shock of Gallic cavalry, History seems a congeries of cruelty and crime—of bravery and brutality—of tumult and anarchy—of assault and repulse—of victory and defeat. The chief part herein has the Soldier acted.

Civilization is the History of man. War is the embodiment of the Soldier's acts. What has been the influence of war upon Civilization may, therefore, be one point of our inquiry. We presume not to unfold fully the plans of Omniscience. We speak not the things that we do know; but, rather, as far as possible, develop the seeming course of God's providence.

Were it just, fain would we say naught of war's evils. The World knows them by heart. Ten thousand battles have not "been eloquent in vain!" Though Justice has, indeed, armed the oppressed;—though Right has, indeed, spurred the down-trodden to deeds of deathful daring;—though Deity himself has set opposed embattled millions in shock of sanguinary strife, yet even here "the groan, the tear, the knell, the pall, the bier," have not been eloquent in vain.

When thus righteously,

> "Red Battle stamps his foot and nations feel the shock,"

are then ravage and desolation, pestilence and famine, smouldering cities, wasted plains, untold sufferings, drained treasures, crushing burdens, cor-

rupt lives, debased morals, unshriven deaths, eloquent to man in vain? Ah, no! Full well he sees them—knows them all. And now myriads of anguished souls are heard to cry,

"Oh! be the warfare of the world accursed!"

To contend for freedom is, indeed, sublime. But who contend against that freedom? And "Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name?" Unjust wars may, indeed, at times accomplish some good. But what ill do they not inflict? Surely, darkness worse than Cimmerian must surround the warrior's gleaming deeds.

When human rights have been confirmed, we may overlook the price, so crushing, in the acquisition, so ennobling. But, when we remember that struggles for Liberty have oft miscarried for ages and forever; that a disputed throne has equipped more armies than has freedom since time began;*—when we recollect how hair-breadth honor,—how fondness for excitement, for notoriety,—how some chance-medley,—how lust for dominion, for power, for fame,—how passions of envy, of jealousy, of revenge,—how restlessness in peace, love of peril, bigotry in religion, have again, again and still again, sent forth their myrmidons to fight against friend and foe;—when, in vain, or well nigh in vain, we seek for some immediate benefit to humanity, and when, instead of benefit, we see the wonted horrors of war, increased by worse sins, sullied by worse excesses, defiled by worse enormities; what, *then*, must be our verdict upon the Soldier? When we read of the frequent fate of the conquered—their goods, their rights, their lives, torn away—complete extermination their end;—when we reflect how oft the victorious nation, with its citizens slain, its treasure spent, its industry checked, amid feuds and anarchy has staggered for years beneath oppressive burdens, or, corrupted by vice, enervated by luxury, weakened by expansion, has sunk at last to lowest degradation;—when we see how "mercenary murder, grown a trade," has turned its sword hither and thither for despotism, for anarchy, for every evil that can inflict humanity;—when, in fine, we faintly trace the influence that all this—more than all this—has had upon the world's progress; what, *then*, must be our verdict upon the Soldier? Have examples of ferocity, of cruelty, of baseness, of recklessness, been unheeded by man? Has the deprivation of a people's dearest rights, or, the annihilation of a nation's character been harmless to human advancement? Has civil feud—fraternal hate—dismembered society;—has destroyed industry—leveled repositories—ravaged fields;—has fettered commerce;—has ruined art;—

* The President.

has neglected science;—has corrupted literature;—has the desolated home—the sorrow, the want, the woe;—has contempt for religion, for its rites, for its institutions, for its injunctions, done naught to impede Civilization? Has that huge hand on Time's bournless dial-plate steadily moved on its measured way despite of *such* obstructions? Though we fathom not the depth of Omnipotence, yet human reason and experience unite to confirm this grand truth: war is humanity's sorest enemy!

Thus, then, the Soldier's deeds, baneful to mankind, though ofttimes performed—apologetically let it be said—only in obedience to some commanding power. What, now, is his character, the offspring of such pernicious influences? "Bred in broils;"—nurtured in camp, siege, and onset, the warrior's mind receives an impress and oft his character, a change which time serves but to promote. Vice, triumphant over the firmest, then revels with unbridled license. If Experience were a closed book, Reason now would tell too sad—too truthful a tale! Thus does she speak.

Can men who for years have acted the fiend at once act the saint? Can a Surajah Dowlah at once become a Howard? Can Tamerlane, with his mounted hordes at once cast down the cimetar and work the works of peace? No! not thus easily can "the leopard change his spots!" From the Soldier's character society must needs suffer. Into her constitution will oft be cast the individual principles of coldness and inhumanity, even, in feeling,—of wavering and waywardness in action,—of sluggishness and torpor in business,—of restlessness and then insubordination under civil restraint. Think you that these will cause no harm? Think you that human progress will receive no backward thrust from these influences? Can cruelty exercise philanthrophy? Can fickleness advance art? Can perverseness succor science? Can inertness earn bread by the sweat of the brow?

Thus asks Reason. Mournful epochs in every nation's history answer most truly. Long is it, ere the disbanded servitors of violence, coldness, lawlessness and tumult, casting aside the pæans of onset and triumph, willingly—earnestly—heartily sing the songs of security and peace!

Looking thus upon this dark, tumultuous streamlet that meanders down to us from the Past, sadly now ask we ourselves—Have the waters been "troubled" in vain? Has man done naught but to hate and to kill? Has this gloom no glimmering to cheer? Has the ensanguined field yielded no fruit of hope? Has the soldier done deeds of darkness alone;—deeds, over which Humanity mourns and Depravity exults?

Has he done no good to man? Has he always acted Macbeth's part, shedding blood that would

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine?"

Has he never acted a part worthy of that One

"[Whom] murmuring demons hate, [while they] admire?"

Come, then, we will open the History of man. Let us peruse it together candidly. Let us survey the Soldier narrowly. For, peradventure, he may be like the "Venus de Medicis that expresses different passions according to the points from which it is contemplated."

Man's existence has, indeed, been stormy. Yet our own age tells of a wonderful progress. Not of a progress which, inseparable from our being, *must be* and therefore *is* despite of war and war's attendant evils. But of a progress aided in some measure by what appears at first view the source of unmitigated woe. Even as the influence which has dragged down our world to the Sun, has, in our onward course, kept us from illimitable space, where, like the missing Pleiad, we had been lost forever.

To tell how the Egyptian Oziris conquered and civilized,—how the Titans, subduing Greece, never deified by those who thus were freed for a while from the most debasing barbarism;—to consider many such as these, so early that myths have enclouded them;—then to bring forward the unfortunate Sicilian Expedition of the Athenians, as a proof that disaster even is sometimes for the good of a nation;—to note "the retreat of the ten thousand," a grand testimony to man of the power of human energy and endurance;—to point out Decius, an example of exalted patriotism, but one amid myriads;—to recall to mind the many cities founded by Alexander, which, in some measure, compensated for his devastations;—to argue from known events that intestine contentions have made a nation greater by nourishing the patriotic spirit;—to cite the instances of numerous states to show how war "consolidated in each of them apart the political union, and, by strengthening the hands of government prepared the way for the progress of Society;"*—in a word, to detach thus here and there a fact from the past to establish individual principles, must indicate to unprejudiced minds that war, though undertaken unjustifiably, has at times been of signal and lasting benefit to the human race. But, passing over many of this nature, known to every attentive reader of History, we prefer briefly to illustrate our meaning by several connected examples nearer our own times.

* Dugald Stewart.

Consider, first, the beginning of the Christian era. The Roman legions subdued the world. Then in their track followed the refinement of civilization which, counteracting the grossness of the Barbarians, opened the way for the Soldiers of the "Prince of Peace."

Look at this "vast despotism of the Cæsars" several ages later? Corruption, torpor, luxury, every imaginable vice, bore unbounded sway. Then came the terrible invasion from the North. The fierce worshipers of the war-god, Odin, seized the cities and plains of Italy. Europe was doomed to a thousand years of barbarian bondage. But happy for her was this conquest, so dreadful, so complete! Else, had she met with a far worse fate. Else, had the beginning of the "second civilization of mankind"* been deferred—we know not how long. In what manner all this "has produced such lasting and beneficial results to European civilization,"† history tells truthfully—scholars trace clearly.

But time rolled on. Barbarism had accomplished its mission. Its savage hordes must now be checked. Europe—"rudis indigestaque moles"—again needed the warrior's aid. Other important influences, we acknowledge, were here brought to bear. But yet the continued triumphs of Charlemagne over Germanic and Mohammedan invasion, confessedly stand prominent.‡ Most happily for civilization his deeds make him worthy of the title of "Great."

Still time rolled on. Then bigotry and restlessness eight times spurred on the Crusaders against the overweening tyranny of the Mussulmans. The plains of Asia Minor were whitened with the deads' unburried bones. Europe was decimated! But its medieval darkness vanished before the splendor of Grecian and Moslem civilization. Mind awoke from its Endymion-slumber. Art and Science revived. Society was centralized. Europe was rejuvenated!

But far happier an influence than all this has the world received from the warrior's deeds. A nation's freedom seldom comes save by mighty throes. Yet cheerfully and wisely are they endured; for their end is peace and prosperity. Here despotism's defeat is liberty's victory. Liberty's victory is civilization's triumph. Oppression laid low, causes Humanity to smile. For the enslaved are deaf to the voice of their immortality within, as long as the Sirens of pitiless absolutism chant in their ears this "old Claudian litany:

'Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub *rege* pio.'"

* Macaulay. † Guizot. ‡ Guizot.

But let the spell be once broken;—let man once know his rights, and, "knowing, *dare maintain*," then midst war and confusion must despotisms and tyrannies servilely slink to their doomful dens. This to the Soldier's praise. This to the Soldier's eternal glory! Shall we look to History for proof?

Patriotism, when the very life-blood of the warrior, has once and again opposed invading armies to preserve freedom. She has triumphed! She triumphed, when Miltiades met the Mede at Marathon. She triumphed, when Thebes encountered Lacedæmon on the field of Leuctra. She triumphed, when Alfred routed the Danes at Eddington. She triumphed with Bruce at Bannockburn. Time was, when the proud house of Hapsburg fain thought to crush to lowest bondage the mountain-bred children of Switzerland. Time was, when Spanish inquisitors fain essayed to place the martyr's San Benito upon Holland's hardy burghers. Time was, too, when—strange to tell!—England did forget that *England's Sons* "never can be slaves." But, the sufferings of the Helvettii;—Philip's auto da fé;—North's infatuation!—Say, served they not to raise up nations of heroes? In the blessings, handed down by these same heroes as a legacy for all ages, say! rejoice not now their sons—rejoice not we ourselves with joy ineffable?

But not always has instant victory crowned the patriotic warrior. Oftimes have been heard the wailings of despair:—so unlike the shouts of jubilee!—so dissonant from the songs of prosperity! "Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!" Gallic arms again laid waste the "Eternal City," as Garibaldi fled for life to the massy fastnesses of the Apennines. "Leagued Oppression" cruelly rejoiced, as Gorgey cast his bleeding country at the feet of the Autocrat.

But is that the end? "Has all this gallant blood gushed forth in vain?" Must now freedom and human progress cower *forever* before the Cossack? Not thus. For, see! in the workings of the past "Providence to accomplish his designs is prodigal of courage, virtues, and sacrifices." See! it is only after a host of noble hearts have fallen into despair, that the triumph comes. But it *does come* at last! God "makes a step, and ages have rolled away!" Then behold. As continued droppings of water loosen the huge stone upon the mountain's side, that now one blow hurls it from the foundation, so the remembrance of former strivings and the gratings of bondage slowly undermine old abuses, until another struggle of humanity sends them to their doomed destruction. This is the "part" of the citizen-soldier. Though his labored moles roll back the huge tide-wave of time, *not forever* do they keep it there. On it soon

comes, with accumulated, redoubled power, submerging thrones, principalities, tyrannies, despotisms, in one, unfathomable depth of ruin!

So must it now and ever be. The ensanguined field has long nourished the seed of hope, and now no human power can resist the upheavings of mighty nature's growth.

As history shows these illustrious achievements of the warrior, so she points to this, his noble character. Noble—for, the offspring of war, it has grown into the perfect statue of peace. Born in the wild woods of Germany, cradled in the ferocity of feudalism, nourished by the violence of anarchy, it manfully opposed the barbarian fury of the middle ages; and, smoothing the rugged pathway of human progress, became the "glory of Europe," and her hope forever. The gorgeousness of its primordial greatness has perished! Yet, the gentler humanities of life will ever delight to ponder upon the fostering care of Knight-errantry, and sing to the praise of Chivalry. Herein admire we the Paladin's character—a character unique, yet uniform; wild, yet refined; contradictory, yet consistent; a temple, uniting Doric strength with Corinthian beauty, whose well nigh every column and cornice cause us to wonder and to admire.

Long ere the name of Knight was heard, the warrior's bravery stood before the world, a noble model for imitation. Nor was it unheeded. The moral courage of a Socrates, of a Cicero, of a Regulus, is immortal. But the signet of true valor was stamped upon Chivalry's sons, when the pure, the innocent, the unfortunate, the helpless, looked to their armipotence for protection from overweening oppressors. Has the world beheld their gallantry in vain?

Long ere the clash of tournaments were heard, clemency to the vanquished foe was made the warrior's praise. The "attribute to God himself" became the poet's theme. Men of peace caught the song. But the mercy that "is twice blessed" chants no human voice more sweetly, more purely, more nobly, than the minstrel of knight-errantry. Chants he to the world in vain?

But more ennobling has been the soldier's character. Valor had been violence; lenity had been ferocity, without honor and justice. Honor dignifies; justice deifies. Honor, pure, scrupulous, manly, heroic! Justice, calm, dignified, refined, impartial! Where find ye these oftener than in the warrior? Where more conspicuously than in the true cavalier! Stand these forever before the world in vain?

Yet gentler has been the soldier's character. Gentler; for he has honored, cherished, protected, the gentleness of humanity. From savage

debasement to patriarchal respect; from feudal isolation to knightly reverence, we reach the grand climacteric of her moral and social life-time. Here we pause. Though ever so truthfully the historian write; though ever so eloquently the orator speak; though ever so divinely the poet sing; unwritten, unspoken, unsung, were woman's praise and woman's worth. And now, the amenities of civilized life, the noble sentiment, the polite intercourse, the nice punctilio, the refined deference, the pure respect, the chaste admiration, which make woman what she is, trace back their ancestry to the romantic time of gothic and feudal chevaliers.

This—more than this—to the praise of chivalry. Upon it have after ages looked with gratitude and with admiration. With gratitude; for all take therefrom life-long blessings. With admiration; for it stands forth a statue of the true warrior. Throw round, now, the drapery with which time has so oft adorned it; firmness, scorning at peril; energy, laughing at impossibility; generosity, unmindful of self; enthusiasm, rising to sublimity; friendship, nourished amid hate; devotion, prodigal of life; magnanimity, worthy of Deity. Then, say! stands it not forth a far nobler statue? Will man gaze unmoved? Will the world feel, and not act?

Breathe, now, into that statue the breath of life. There he stands, an active, living reality! Glorious power—"tremendous power," is his! Eternity alone can measure his deeds. Omniscience alone can know his might.

Inexplicably, yet palpably radiate forth from the page of History the achievements of these Dii Majores in human progress.

Glance to the time when Hampden, the Orator, the Statesman, the Soldier, his country's hope and leader, with his life-bood proved himself that country's defender and martyr. Hampden died! But he lived again. For, soon one, like

> "Neptune, show'd his face,
> To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race."

With might—with might of iron-will—saved he them;—for omnipotence came from Heaven. Let, now, sectarists sneer at "cant," as they may;—let factionists denounce "sword-law," as they may;—let monarchists rave at "regicide," as they may;—yet, even when "the king-becoming graces"* of England's Protector are forgotten, human progress with human liberty will

> "In this conjunction still on Britain smile,
> The *greatest leader*, and the greatest isle."

* Macbeth, Act 4: Sc. 3.

But, Hampden and Cromwell may be forgotten. Errors and imperfections may consume the towering pagodas of their fame;—for, the light and creeping lichen spares not the mountain, nor the castle. But look ye for "Time's noblest offspring?" His praise is on every tongue. For him Columbia's gratitude rears a cloud-capt obelisk, transcending Egyptian pyramids, yet unequal to the loftiness* of his fame. *He was a Soldier!* And now o'er lands oppressed, as Freedom's

> "Watchman on the battlements partakes
> The stillness of the solemn hour,"

no mortal sound is so potent for hope and for joy, as the small voice that whispers the name of "Washington."—*He was a Soldier!*—His gleaming sword was a nation's beacon. With riveted eye that nation gazed and followed. For,

> "The light which led him on
> Was light from Heaven!"

Jupiter Ultor stands not alone in the Pantheon. Other warriors have acted a "part" in the scenic past. Would that we here could pause! Would, rather, that the Soldier's ambition had not thus often sullied his fair and honored name! Behold, then, the Heroes of History—the grand Leaders of mankind—the Conquerors of the world. Combining many—well nigh all, even—of the Soldier's noble attributes;—the embodied glory of their country—leading her, as if they were

> "Made by some other deity than nature;—

dazzling in their deeds, but dark in their designs, mournfully oft—too oft—for humanity are they portrayed on the "historic page." Mournfully; for, with some unworthy motive or some unholy ambition, as the guiding star of their life, they

> "Dipp'd their swords in blood, and wrote
> Their names on the lands and cities desolate."

All, then, that war has done of good and of evil;—all that Society has suffered from disbanded violence and lawlessness, and all that freedom has received from the patriotic spirit;—all that martial and chivalric virtues and vices have wronght in man's character;—all the baneful and beneficial influence that the mighty leaders of human power and energy have exercised upon the world's destiny—known alone to the ken of Omniscience—is "the part which the Soldier has acted in the History of Man." He has spurned with untold contempt the Cross of Life! He has bowed in humble submission before its melting influences!

* Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

The Diplomatic History of Modern Times.

BY THEODORE BACON, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE warrior marks his course with blood: the world sees, admires, deifies. But there is yet another power in history, whose weapon is the pen, far mightier than the sword—whose panoply is parchment, not triple brass—whose arena, the council-chamber, not the battle-field. This power is Diplomacy. Has not it, too, heroes and triumphs? Has not *peace*

"Her victories,
No less renowned than war!"

Let us see.

We stand as in the long, dim aisle of some old cathedral, looking forward into the unknown future—back, into the misty past. Across the narrowing vista, at our bidding, seem to pass in review the actors in the ages;—and first, we gaze far back amid the clustered columns. There, where hostile armies are marshaling for the fray, the eagle of Spain looks fiercely down from his bannered state upon the lily of France—that snow white lily, by whose side, in loving emulation, waves the tall white plume of her warrior-king. We gaze and admire, while there sweeps grandly down to us among the echoing vaults of time,

"The mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin,"

and high and clear, above the noise of battle, that kingly voice—

"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!"

The world, too, sees, and rings with plaudits to the intrepid victor; but the world sees not that in that wounded, discomfited soldier, scarce able to drag his fainting limbs from the battle-field, there lies more of the destiny of France than in her triumphant monarch. *Henry* led the armies of the Lily to victory at Ivry, but *Sully*, in the council-halls of Switzerland, had first to call those armies into being.

We look again; and see now the veterans of Tilly and Wallenstein scattered before the progress of that warlike Swede, like fleecy clouds before the fierce blast from the Baltic. Again we wonder at the glories of the warrior, and we grant him a willing apotheosis; but we see not, in his closet at the Louvre, that peaceful priest, who steals but an hour from the indulgences of the licentious capital, to plan the treaties which hurl foreign armies against the enemies of France—which urge the light shallop of Swedish nationality athwart the threatening prow of the Austrian

ship of State—stopping the course of the one, though the other be crippled in rigging, and shattered in hull. And we hear too, the wily voice of *Richelieu*, in the pride of a patriotic selfishness, send its utterance down the ages—"I wrought not for France, but for myself—*I am the State.*"

Again we gaze into the perspective of the past; but our glance rests now on that terrific death-struggle of the nations, scarce half a century back. We look with wonder on the warrior of the age, and count him the greatest hero in history, as he makes crowns and purple bow to the dust before his unheroic garb, and Czar and Kaiser sue for alliance with the son of the Corsican lawyer. But there is also another Corsican—a diplomatist, as well as a warrior. Mingled with the thunder of that well-served battery at Toulon, there had gone up to Heaven a vow of vengeance, for *Paoli's* sake, on that renegade family whose efforts had frustrated his patriotic plans for Corsica. But surely, that slim, lithe form was but a feeble force to withstand the armies of France! So thought indeed the general—the consul—the emperor: the warrior scorned the diplomate, nor heeded, in the midst of his victories, that snake-like figure, gliding from court to court, the citizen of every empire that would make his private foe its own—urging the panic-stricken monarchs to bethink themselves of their boasted might—teaching them, by that art their foe despised, to render bootless his victories, and doubly disastrous his defeats—riveting, by the craft of argument, the links of the Alliance—appealing, in the name of Christendom, against the slightest show of indulgence to the scourge of Christendom—protesting against the perilous mercy of Elba, with a prophetic monition of the Hundred Days—and sitting finally triumphant in the Tuilleries, the very embodiment of successful vengeance, to partition the empire of that old Corsican rival. *Di Borgo* was no hero: Bonaparte scorned diplomacy; but the serpent struck its fangs to the heart of the lion—the base hound dragged to the earth the tiger it had tracked for others' darts to wound, and the friend of Paoli lived to say of the Emperor of the French, "Though I have not politically killed him, yet I have cast the first clod of earth upon his coffin."

But one figure more, and we have done with the group:—it is that of *Talleyrand de Perigord.* The mind shrinks appalled from his unabashed and consistent perfidy; and the exultation of the Arch-Traitor himself must have been tinged with apprehension lest the palm of duplicity should be no longer his. Possessed by the conflicting passions of debauchery and ambition, we see him lay his plans with equal deliberation and equal success, to effect the ruin of an unsuspicious maiden, and to gain and

betray the confidence of a nation. We see him commence his career by deserting his Church, when his Church could help him no farther in the road to power; then, plunging into all the fury of the Revolution, he saves his power and his life at the expense of his nobility, and comes out of the fiery furnace at last, the well-tried servant of the Directory. The Directory threatens to fall; he leaps in good time from the tottering edifice and seizes hold of the rising fortunes of the conqueror of Italy. He foresees the Consulate and then the Empire, and identifies himself with the glory and the power of both by being the first to advise them. His cautious nature is appalled at the imperial contempt of diplomacy; and when the Emperor, in the flush of Marengo, scorns to haggle with his vanquished foes over the scales of negotiation, but Brennus-like, flings haughtily the sheathed sword into the opposing balance, the wary politician, in these foreshadowings of *Chatillon*, saw no less clearly than in the days of Moscow, "the beginning of the end." Then, casting his eyes about him for a new cause to serve and to betray, we see the premier of France in the pay at once of the Emperor, the Bourbons and each of the allies, all trusting that her foreign relations were managed for their advantage alone, and all alike his dupes. The hour comes for tearing away the mask of duplicity, and he sways the movements of five obedient empires with the mighty apothegm—"The Restoration is a principle, everything else an intrigue." Then, when the Three Days had changed the power, and with it Talleyrand, from the house of Bourbon the house of Orleans, having kept his hand upon the helm throughout the roughest voyage of the ship of state, whatever crew might gain possession of her, whatever gale might threaten her destruction—ever guarding his own security with his chosen motto—"*Je plie, et ne romps pas*"—I bend but break not—ever guarding the secrets of his bosom by that other apothegm, "Language is given to man to conceal his thoughts"—ever holding out to those in power that utterance full of solemn warning, "There is something in me that bodes no good to the governments that neglect me," having made thrones and dynasties the sport for a generation, not of France, nor of France with Talleyrand, but of Talleyrand alone, he sinks quietly to rest at last, surrounded by a more than Oriental magnificence of wealth, in that old mansion in the Rue de Rivoli where the Restoration was accomplished, his dying hours consoled by that "King of the French," for whom he had overthrown the Restoration; the very incarnation of successful villany; a Satan in wiles and a Satan in perfidy; the devil in his chosen human form of the diplomatist.

Such, then, have been the diplomatists of former times. Must the diplomatist of the present day, and especially of our own country, be only

such as these? Is the Ambassador then in truth merely "a worthy gentleman sent abroad to *lie* for his country?* Alas! then, if this be so, for the republic which entrusts its guidance to the integrity of a man whose profession is mendacity. The days of one-man power are passed; there is none who can stand up in the midst of a democracy and say like Richelieu, "*I* am the state;" who shall feel that he can do himself no greater good than by doing the State good; and when integrity and interest are gone, what other safeguard has the State? But duplicity is *not* the only requisite for success in negotiation. So long as the bright examples of *Temple* and *De Witt* are handed down as a rich legacy to posterity—so long as the name of our own *Franklin* shall stand connected with the treaty which gained our independence, and with the treaty which secured it, so long may the American diplomatist, feeling and acting upon the principle that there is no policy better than honesty, lift up his head like a true man among the lying dogs that crouch about the feet of despotism.

Thus the diplomatist must have first integrity. But if he would not have his honesty made the dupe of knaves, and the laughing-stock of all men, let him guard it well with good store of *tact*. Let him cultivate as a rich endowment, not the tact of knaves, which seeks only to entangle an adversary, but that honest tact, which, not only shuns the snare, but can lead into it the dastard foe that laid it; not that whose highest achievement is to "keep the back to the light, and learn to take snuff,"† but which at Copenhagen found its impersonation in that bluff old Admiral, who saw with the eye of the true diplomatist that a question of wax or a wafer might be a question of failure or success in negotiation; not that tact which smiles and asks, "Art thou well my brother?" while it plunges a dagger to the heart, but that which with the good broadsword of the true man, parries the most artful stroke of broadsword or of dagger: that tact which catches the bird, while talent shakes the bush—without which intellect is but a dead Titan. With tact like this, let him maintain his influence at Versailles, at Potsdam, at St. James, not by dinner-parties, not by bribery, not by personal intrigue, not by fomenting conspiracies nor by meddling with administrations, but by that nobleness of action, which, scorning to sacrifice great manhood to petty statesmanship, by great manhood and great statesmanship, makes each sentence of the republican envoy more noted than wordy proclamations from pompous representatives of royality.

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* Sir Henry Wotton. † Lord Malmesbury.

Our true diplomatist, then, has tact; he has integrity: but there is one thing more. He cannot *be* the state; let him then represent the sentiment and the will of the state with the faithfulness of the upright advocate, who makes his client's cause his own. He stands before the bar of the universe, to plead upon the eternal principles of national justice—the advocate of a nation—the noblest advocate in the world! But let him bear in mind that the government is not the country, nor its principles of course the principles of the country. The ivory sceptres of our Senators themselves may be held by profligates and demagogues; our veteran Cato from the Northwest lakes, may close again and again his malignant tirades against our mother-land with his impotent "Delenda est Brittania;" our youthful Catiline of the Crescent State, openly plotting dissolution, yet cling closely to a share in administration, may pour forth his glowing rhetoric in torrents against the "despotism" of Her Catholic Majesty; but let our diplomatist remember that he represents not the Senate, but the country. Let him then represent the liberty of the country, to the slavery of Europe—the republicanism of the country to the despotism of Europe—aye! and let him represent the religion of the country, and the God of the country, to the priestcraft of Europe. Let him seek his model of the consummate statesman not in Machiavelli, not in Metternich—let him look to his own illustrious antecedents, let him look to Adams, to Franklin, to Livingston, to Jay. I may not name the living; but the just-closed mouth of that lone sepulchre that overlooks the sea at Marshfield, bears sad memorial that Webster is to be named with Adams and Franklin. Look, then, to him—not with contempt, because that great brain showed the torpor of approaching death in later South American diplomacy, but with emulous admiration that it dictated the treaty of Washington,—that it gave birth to that letter to Hulsemann which even now makes tyrants quake, even as the armed goddess sprang at once into terrible existence from the brain of Olympian Jove.

Thus equipped, let the American diplomatist stand up for his country before the universe. I discuss not questions of policy; the examples of such statesmen, the dignity of his country, and the Law of Nations being kept ever in view, his policy cannot fail to be right. But I see on the page of the last century's history, two instances of widely different national policies, which he would do well to compare and to choose between. I see that pale young empress-queen, standing upon the Mount of Defiance, the iron crown of St. Stephen upon her brow, wave mournfully the great sword of state to the north and the south, the east and the west, and call upon the four quarters of the earth to avenge her child

upon the invader. I see every sword spring from its scabbard, as every heart leaps responsive in its bony prison-house—and I hear ten thousand voices roar in unison with the ringing of those sabres—"Moriamur, moriamur pro Rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" I see the armies of Britain and of France rush impetuous at the summons, into conflict to maintain the cause of right, and snatch the struggling dove from the bloody talons of the hawk. My heart warms at the magnanimity of the nations, and I look again with hopefulness. I see another figure upon another mount. On Buda's hill of carnage the Genius of Hungarian Liberty waves abroad the red sword that has drunk the blood of tyrants, and calls upon the world, as Hungary's queen a hundred years before, to defend her cause and the insulted Law of Nations. The free peoples of the earth looked anxiously upon the deepening contest; but who among them moved to help as in those days of yore? Sinking beneath the united power of Austrian despotism and Russian despotism, Hungary, in the wide world of freemen

> "Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe—
> Strength in her arms, or mercy in her woe;
> Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
> Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!"

The heart of an *American* throbs with indignant shame, that his country should prove false to freedom, and a disgrace to those whose blood anointed her nativity. He asks the cause of such recreance, and hears faintly echoed back to him from the pillared magnificence of our national council-chambers, sage words of caution, and appeal to the venerated "policy of Washington." The policy of Washington a *selfish* policy! The policy of Washington destructive of the law of nations; opposed to every interest of human freedom? The policy of Washington *is* for us; not for us against the world, but through us, for the world, and for mankind. The policy of Washington is our country's, even as our country guards his ashes. Beneath his mossy tomb by the rolling Potomac, our Washington sleeps well; and the sacred presence sends its sweet influence through the land. It is felt in our own New England, and the hardy pine grapples its roots more lovingly to the earth that boasts of such a trust. It is felt beneath the warm sun of Carolina, and the magnolia spreads its snowy blossoms in richer luxuriance to the breeze. It is felt beyond the "father of waters," and the broad prairies smile as they feel it, and blossom into fields of wavy corn. But ah! thou false diplomate! vain is the selfishness that would make this blessing all our own—"canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades?" Gently

the broad Potomac sends its ripples against that neglected grave, and receives back with them a consecration to freedom, from that hand so hostile to tyrants. On rolls the Potomac to the sea, and the ocean-billows receive in turn the blessed quality; and the ocean-currents speed them on their way, bearing to every struggling nation the influence which nerves them to success; to every haughty tyrant the spirit of impending destruction. On it speeds, on its world-mission; on through the classic Mediterranean; on till dashes its spray against the farthest cove of the "inhospitable Euxine"—it eddies mournfully, yet hopefully, among the palaces of fallen Venice; resounds with stern admonitions of speedy vengeance against the castle-walls in the glorious "Bay of Naples," and sends its surges fearlessly through the well-guarded Baltic, till in the city of the Czar itself, it makes the cruel Bear of Muscovy plunge wildly back, with impotent gnashings, from the poison that is gnawing at his very heart. It dashes mightily among those snowy hills; and in spite of the struggles of the diplomatists of obsolete tyranny, against our modern, yet old diplomacy of freedom, it still

"Shall guard that ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

Memorabilia Yalensia.

SUMMARY OF OBITUARY RECORD OF YALE ALUMNI,

Read at the Meeting, July 27, 1852.

Class.		Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.
1780,	Æneas Munson,	New Haven,	Aug. 22, 1852,	89.
1784,	William Lord,	Lyme,	Feb. 13, 1852,	89.
1785,	Micah Jones Lyman,	Bennington, Vt.	1852,	85.
1786,	Benjamin Ely,	Bloomfield,	Aug. 26, 1852,	85.
"	Rev. Calvin White,	Derby,	Mch. 21, 1853,	90.
1787,	John Stoddard,	Cleveland, O.	May 9, 1853,	86.
1790,	Rev. Asahel Strong Norton,	Clinton, N. Y.	May 10, 1853,	87.
1795,	Jared Scranton,	N. Guilford,	Mch. 15, 1853,	82.
1796,	Elisha Stearns,	Tolland,	Oct. 27, 1850,	74.
1797,	Josiah B. Andrews,	New York City,	Apr. 26, 1853,	75.
1799,	James Luce Kingsley,	New Haven,	Aug. 31, 1852,	74.
1801,	Peter Hitchcock,	Painesville, O.	Mch. 4, 1853,	72.
1802,	Elisha Hammond,	Brookfield, Mass.	May 10, 1851,	71.
"	Silas Higley,	Granby,	June 21, 1853.	76.
"	Nathan Johnson,	Hartford,	Oct. 12, 1852,	73.
"	Junius Smith,	Astoria, N. Y.	Jan. 22, 1853.	72.
1803,	Rev. Elisha Deming Andrews,	Armada, Mich.	Jan. 11, 1852,	69.
"	Joseph Harrington,	Roxbury, Mass.	Dec. 7, 1852,	71.
"	Rev. George Perkins,	Norwich,	Sept. 17, 1852,	68.

Class.		Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.
1803,	Jonathan Kellogg,	New Canaan,	May 12, 1853,	73
1804,	Jeremiah Vanderbilt,	Rahway, N. J.	Aug. 29, 1851,	64.
1806,	Henry Strong,	Norwich.	Nov. 11, 1852.	
"	Josiah B. Strong,	Starksboro, Vt.	July, 1850.	
1807,	Rev. Samuel Thomas Mills,	New York City,	Feb. 27, 1853,	69.
"	Rev. John Lewis Tomlinson,	Cleveland, O.	Mch. 18, 1853.	
1808,	John Brainard,	New Orleans,	Nov. 22, 1851,	69.
1810,	Frederick Gunn,	New Milford,	Nov. 21, 1852,	65.
1811,	Edward Carrington Mayo,	Richmond, Va.	July, 1852.	
1815,	Rev. Orin Fowler,	Washington, D. C.	Sept. 3, 1852,	61.
"	William Sidney Rossiter,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Aug. 31, 1852,	54.
1818,	Cyrus Hall Beardsley,	Fairfield,	Aug. 13, 1852,	53.
1820,	Rev. Zabdiel Rogers,	Charleston, S. C.	Nov. 22, 1852,	57.
"	Richard H. Lee,	Cincinnati, O,	July 21, 1853.	
1821,	Rev. Joseph Goodrich,	Wethersfield, Ill.	1852.	
"	Rev. John A. Hempsted,	Hartford,	Dec. 1851,	48.
1823,	Simeon Hart,	Farmington,	Apr. 30, 1853,	57.
"	Rev. Thomas John Young,	Charleston, S. C.	Oct. 11, 1825.	
1852,	William Rutherford Hayes,	Barbadoes, W. I.	July 13, 1852,	48.
1826,	Zina Denison,	Peninsula, O.	Nov. 4, 1852,	45.
"	Rev. Horatio N. Graves,	Orange, N. J.	Oct. 21, 1852,	47.
1828,	Sidney Brainard Willey,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Apr. 13, 1853,	46.
1829,	George Richards Lewis,	New London,	June 18, 1853,	44.
1830,	Anthony Dumond Stanley,	East Hartford,	Mch. 16, 1853,	43.
1832,	William Power,	Baltimore, Md.	Aug. 1852.	
1836,	Rev. Sylvester Judd,	Augusta, Me.	Jan. 26, 1853,	40.
1837,	Abel Bellows Robeson,	New York City,	Mch. 22, 1853,	36.
1839,	Endress Faulkner,	Dansville, N. Y.	Nov. 12, 1852,	34.
1840,	Rev. Edward Wright,	Orange,	Oct. 22, 1852,	37.
1842,	James M. Thacher,	New Haven,	June 8, 1853,	30.
1843,	James Perrine Outler,	Trenton, N. J.	Sept. 25, 1851,	28.
"	Edward Munroe,	St. Augustine, Flor.	Dec. 1851.	
1844,	Alexander Fisher Olmsted,	New Haven,	May 5, 1853,	30.
"	William Horace Elliot,	St. Croix, W. I.	Dec. 8, 1852,	28.
1845,	George Terry Wright,	Hartford,	Oct. 20, 1852,	27.
1846,	Charles Goldthwaite Adams,	Paterson, N. J.	Sept. 11, 1852,	25.
1846,	Lewis B. Jennings,	Charleston, S. C.	Mch. 17, 1853,	26.
"	Philemon Ferdinand McLallen,	St. Louis, Mo.	June 4, 1853,	29.
1848,	Edward Burr Harrison,	Alexandria, Va.	July 31, 1852,	25.
1850,	Clinton Camp,	Pisa, Italy,	May 15, 1853,	24.
"	Richard Lamb,	Norfolk, Va.	Oct. 3, 1852,	22.
1851,	Rev. Charles Haskell,	Dover, N. H.	May 26, 1853,	24.
"	Benjamin F. Martin,	Lancaster, Co. Pa.	Aug. 26, 1852,	23.
"	Noah Smith,	Westville, Ohio,	July 7, 1853,	23.
1852,	Angelo W. North,	Louisville, Ky.	July 2, 1853,	23.
Hon. 1846,	Prof. John P. Norton,	Farmington,	Sept. 3, 1852,	30.

Editor's Table.

Dear Readers:—By the stern decree of the Printer I am compelled, as 'twere to merely say, "*how-dye do?*" and immediately bid you "*good bye.*" There is an-old saying which no doubt is quite new to you. It runs as follows: "All's well that ends well." If this is true, I sincerely hope that its contrary may not be true in the particular case of this No. of the Yale Lit. Well, in accordance with my programme at the beginning, how-dye do? Considering you to have answered this

polite inquiry, and also to have returned the compliment by asking after myself, I shall immediately and unhesitatingly pronounce myself as warm and busy. I was always very strongly impressed with the idea that heat in the summer season is inevitable, and therefore must be expected; but there was a time in "days gone-by," when I looked at the region around senior year as a land of rest. I fondly imagined that its inhabitants had nothing to do but attend lectures, "*get out*" Magazines, &c. But, O alas! this was but the "delusive phantom of hope," which Mr. Patrick Henry so earnestly and eloquently entreated the American people to refrain from embracing. No sooner had I put my foot within the boundaries of this Paradise in the Freshman's eye, when I found myself deluded and deceived. Its imaginary glories faded away, and the stern reality stared me in the face. Being a modest man, of course this unmitigated stare staggered me. Ah—apropos of modesty—I remember a story. Draw up your chairs near to the table—lean back, put your feet on it if you like, it's nothing extra and can't be easily damaged, being constructed on very economical principles. There, now, take it easy. Have a cigar? O, you don't smoke. Well, that's fortunate.

This story is short, as was said of the man who was obliged to mount upon a stump to tie his shoes. It is related of two men who were formerly members of this Institution, but who long ago became "Alumnusses," as the lady said, (by the by, I heard an educated man the other day speak of Omnibi,) and have sometime since left this "millpond" to encounter the "waves, storms, &c., of the great ocean of life," as Shakspeare very pleasantly remarks. These men were excessively modest, (I believe the incident occurred during their Freshman year,) and as is the case with all modest men, adored the female sex.

"O woman, &c."—*Byron.*

Their adoration was in most cases however conducted on "the ten foot pole" principle. But a crisis arrived when it became their duty, and certainly it was their pleasure, to make a call on a certain young lady who resided in town. Both blushed in secret for sometime over the thought, but finally they tremblingly agreed with each other to take the leap. Accordingly one evening they started, "armed and equipped as the law directs." They *felt* extremely. Added to their natural modesty in regard to females, they shuddered at the thought of meeting "papa," who was a gruff, stern old man, and wondered many times during the walk "whether he *would* be at home." But they finally reached the house and stood shaking upon the door stone. After much hesitation about ringing the bell, one of them, summoning all his resolution, pulled the handle. He was nervous, and pulled nervously. Instantly sleeping echoes waked within the house and reverberated through its passages. This was too much for the other, who left suddenly. His companion waited a moment, when a heavy step resounded through the hall and a gruff voice asked "Who's there?" Mr. To-to-tomkins," was the faint reply. "Good evening, Mr. Tomkins," said the gruff voice again, "won't you walk in?" "No, I thank you sir," replied the retreating voice of Mr. Tomkins, "I haven't time."

Where was I before I commenced this story? O, I remember, I was talking about the very singular idea which seems to have gained possession of the mind of "those who sit in high places" in this College, viz. of keeping all students, seniors even, busy. This Institution is a great Institution. Moreover it is destined to exist forever. All admit this; nature even joins to confirm this idea. The very trees bear the inscription written in legible, yea very legible, characters, "Yale Forever." Prophecies were anciently written on leaves, but here the staunch trunks foretell the future. But the trees say more. Not content with merely uttering the prophecy, they even enumerate the several bulwarks of Yale's perpetuity—the solid corner-stones of the eternal edifice. Foremost among these stands out in bold relief, the glorious work, the literary prodigy, the child of superhuman genius, called "Hircus Pertica Cœrulea Flamma." But why, we ask with tears in our eyes, why was there no place in the glorious list for the Yale Literary Magazine? Was there no humble position even left for her? O that she might have been named! O that she might have been allowed a proximity to "Hircus Pertica Cœrulea Flamma," and have been permitted to reflect some of its glories! But our eager eyes saw

her not there; and we turned away and wept sorrowfully. But though our darling was left out, we could not refrain from acknowledging the glory of the prophecy—the beauty of its form, and the certainty of its fulfillment. Who could doubt but that on such solid foundations there should rise a glorious structure! What son of a gun could dare, with desecrating hand to efface one of the sacred inscriptions! In the words of Horace:

> "Illum et parentis crediderim sui
> Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
> Sparsisse nocturno cruore
> Hospitis: * * *"

But however sure Yale is to exist forever, it is certain that this Table must have an end, and a sudden end too. It is certain also that this term has had an end. Vacation is now before us. After a week of dissipation, mental, moral, and physical, at the conclusion of which most I think will be ready to exclaim with the Latin poet, "Jam satis est," the classic shades will be deserted, and students will be rare things in this City of Elms. Vacations are jolly arrangements; this we hope will be your opinion, dear readers, when some weeks hence you step into the traces again. Drink your fill of enjoyment, (don't, pray, give a wrong interpretation to this injunction, for I am enlisted in the glorious ranks of Temperance myself.) Let the cares and labors of College be swallowed up in fun and jollity. Drive your pleasure wagon clear through Vacation as fast as you can without killing your horses. But there's one caution; I nearly forgot it! Look out for that part of your organization which supplies the ceaseless flow of the life-current through your veins. Don't, I beseech you, as you value yourself, don't do anything rash in this quarter. Not that I am misogynist—by no means. But then I know the dangerous power of women's eyes, and also the extreme susceptibility of the student's heart—that is, I know them by hearsay.

And now in behalf of the Yale Lit., I bid you good bye. When you return to the classic retreats, she will be among the first to welcome you back again—*subscription payable on receipt of first number.*

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal of the value of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the author of the best essay sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions: The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every essay designed to compete for the premium must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned through the Post Office on or before the fifth Wednesday of next term, (Oct. 12th,) accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, and inscribed with an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College, elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

LEMUEL S. POTWIN,
Chairman of Board of Editors.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

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Contributions to its pages are solicited upon any subject of interest to students; but local, humorous, and spirited articles are particularly desired.

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